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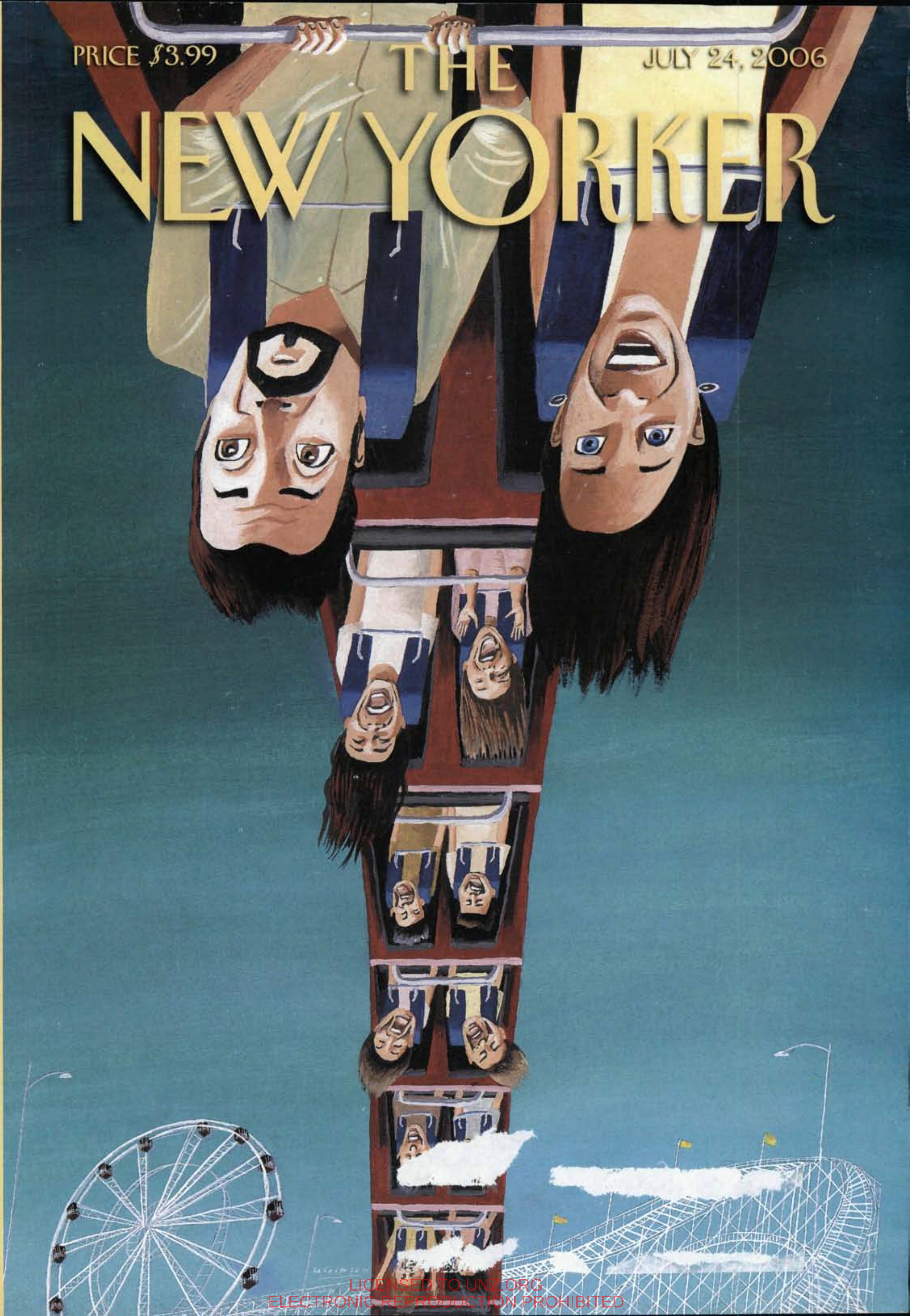
THE
NEW YORKER

JULY 24, 2006



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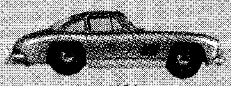
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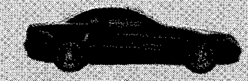
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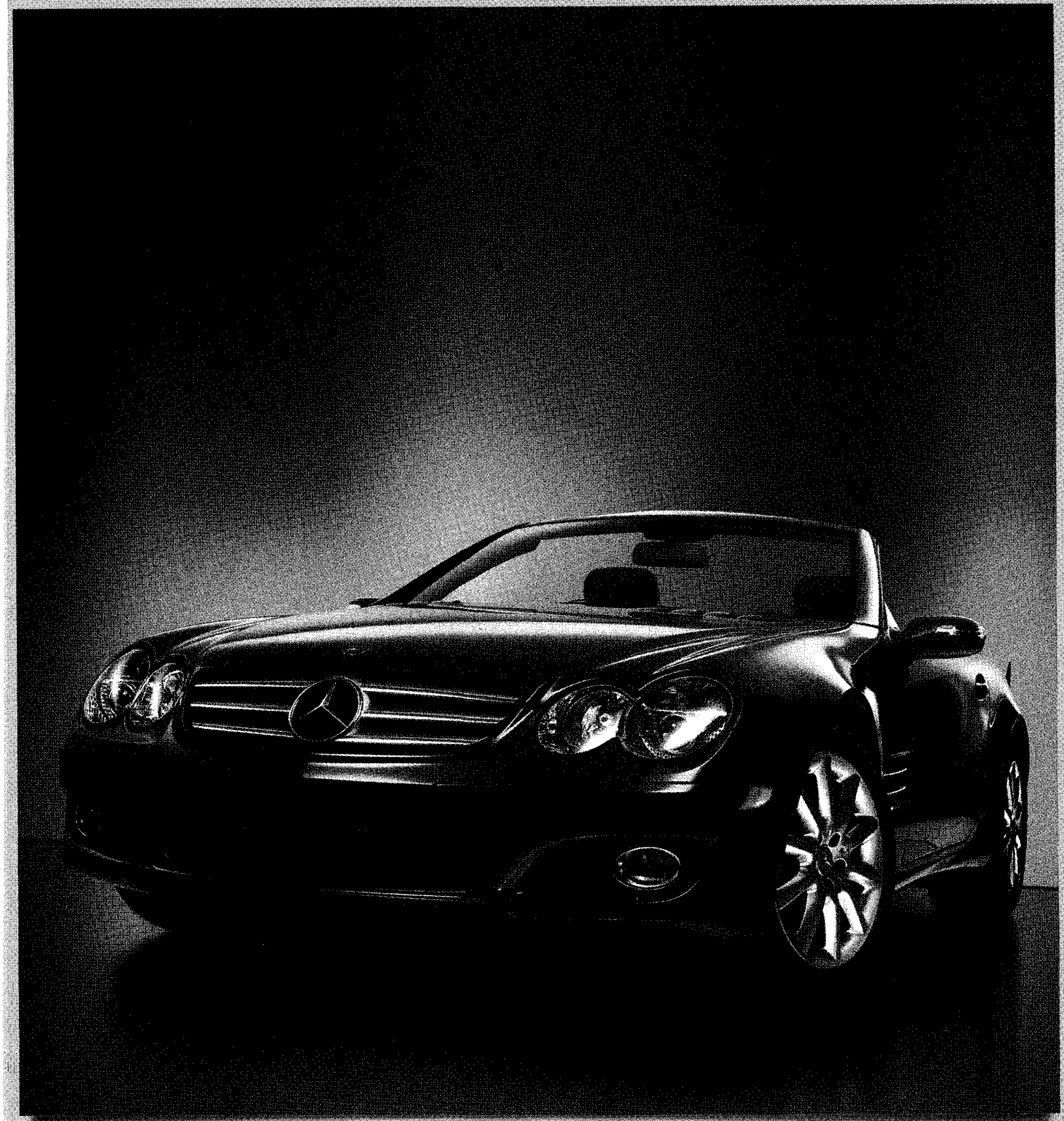

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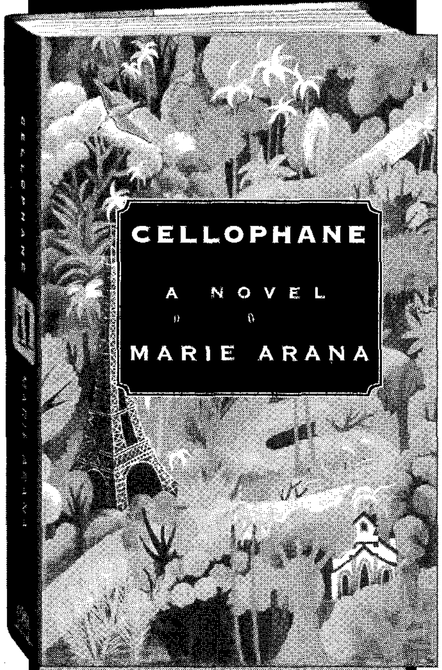

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Marie Arana is editor of *The Washington Post Book World.* This is her first novel. *The New York Times* wrote that her memoir, *American Chica*, a finalist for the National Book Award, **"reads like a collaboration between John Cheever and Isabel Allende."**

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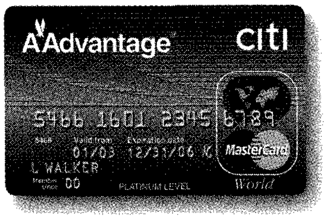

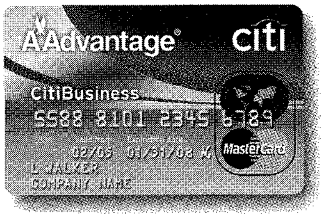

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Ken Auletta ("Hollywood Ending," p. 38) writes the magazine's Annals of Communications. His book "Backstory: Inside the Business of News" is out in paperback.

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Jerome Groopman ("The Preeclampsia Puzzle," p. 26) is the Recanati Professor of Medicine at Harvard. His new book, on clinical decision-making, will be published next year.

Patricia Marx ("You Shouldn't Have," p. 34) writes for film and television. Her novel "Him Her Him Again The End of Him" will be published in January.

Mark Ulriksen (Cover) has a second illustrated children's book, "The Biggest Parade," with words by Elizabeth Winthrop, coming out next month.

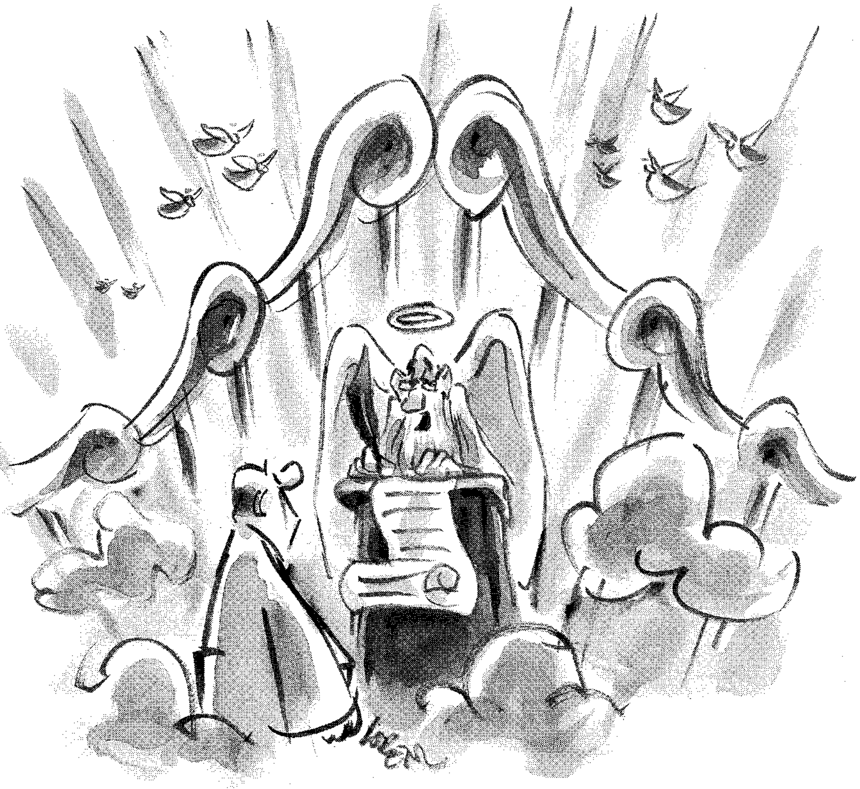
Alec Wilkinson (The Talk of the Town, p. 23; "The Tenth Planet," p. 50) is a longtime contributor to the magazine.

Josephine Dickinson (Poem, p. 55) will publish the first American collection of her poems, "Silence Fell," in the spring. She lives in England.

William Trevor (Fiction, p. 60) is the author of fifteen novels and eleven collections of short stories, including "A Bit on the Side."

Alex Ross (A Critic at Large, p. 66) is the magazine's music critic. His book "The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century" will be published next year.

Charles Simic (Poem, p. 69) is a poet, essayist, and translator, who won the 1990 Pulitzer Prize in Poetry for "The World Doesn't End." His latest collection is entitled "My Noiseless Entourage." ♦



"Just so you know—the official language of Heaven is Aramaic."

THE MAIL

PRESIDENTIAL POWERS

At the end of Jane Mayer's excellent article about David S. Addington, the Republican legal expert Bruce Fein describes Addington as a satisfactory lawyer but an unsatisfactory student of American history ("The Hidden Power," July 3rd). Yet history is integral to law. If one strips law of history, then there is only the moment-by-moment "making stuff up" by folks who use power, not law, to get their way. Addington may be a satisfactory or unsatisfactory broker of ideology and power. As a lawyer, however, he is a disgrace.
Douglas K. Smith
LaGrangeville, N.Y.

Addington argues zealously for maximizing Presidential power, citing the New Paradigm, a formulation that, in Mayer's words, "few legal scholars share." It doesn't take a scholar to understand that our system is designed so that chief executives (and Vice-Presidential advisers) come and go; the principles, or paradigms, expressed in our Constitution are by definition fundamental and permanent—safeguards against transient ideologies. Would Addington be so keen on restoring the "weakened" powers of the President, if say, Al Gore were sitting in the Oval Office today? Clearly, the strong executive branch that Addington champions so ardently is the one that this particular Administration happens to control. But, thanks to the Twenty-second Amendment—and barring a military coup—not even George W. Bush can occupy the White House forever. It is possible that Bush has done this country a favor by exposing the weakness in our political system which has allowed his cohorts to shred the Constitution while pretending to uphold it. For this, the obvious remedy is not a stronger President but a stronger Constitution.
Michael Flanagan
Lyme, Conn.

SOCCER IN THE STATES

As one of the "evangelical" American soccer fans just returning from the World Cup in Germany, I was disappointed that Jeffrey Toobin seems to think that soccer in the United States is the same as it has always been—weakened by general indifference, with a barely sustainable domestic league and a lack of match toughness in its players ("Un-American Activity," July 3rd). A decade ago, it was nearly impossible to see any league's regular-season soccer matches on television; today there are two soccer-only cable television channels (more than for football, baseball, or basketball). At that time, the fledgling U.S. professional league was playing in baseball stadiums and on football fields; today there are four soccer-only stadiums, with more in the works. Then the U.S. team could barely field eleven men who played professionally; today our team is filled with young talent gaining experience in leagues around the world. Toobin also misses one of the things that I think most appeal to U.S. soccer fans: when else do we Americans appear on the world's stage not as bullies but as underdogs?
Adrian Slobin
Minneapolis, Minn.

Toobin astutely observes that soccer games are "more stressful than enjoyable to watch" and that the reason many American fans aren't interested is that the continuous nature of the game doesn't allow for logical breaks. Perhaps more to the point, if the common spectator isn't given the time for a break companies don't have an opportunity to hawk their products. Soccer isn't a marketable sport in America at least in part because corporate America, able to profit more from other mainstream sports, has no real interest in subsidizing soccer.
Carlos Eduarte
Minneapolis, Minn.

•

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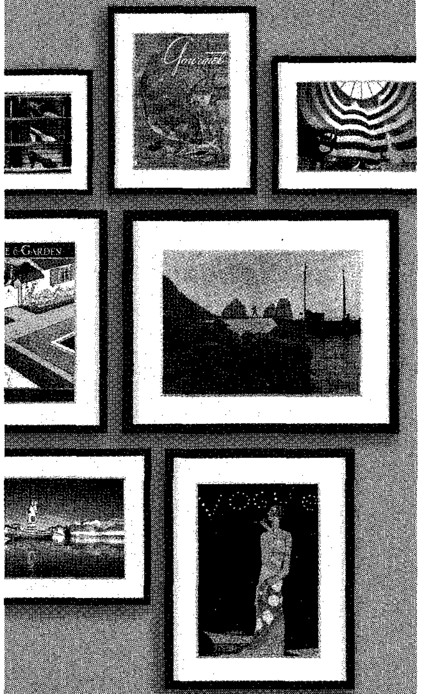

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A Jazzmobile concert outside the Louis Armstrong house, in Corona, Queens. Photograph by Gus Powell.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
FAMILY TREE

"Indian Blood," a coming-of-age comedy by the prolific playwright and novelist A. R. Gurney, centers on a privileged young man with roots in the Seneca tribe. Mark Lamos directs the Primary Stages season opener, which premières at 59E59 Theatres. (See page 9.)

NIGHT LIFE
FROM DOWN UNDER

The Sleepy Jackson, which comes from Australia and is led by the chameleonic singer and songwriter Luke Steele, mixes up a pop cocktail that is one part Beatles and one part Beach Boys, with a dash of early Pink Floyd. The band is making two stops in the U.S. One is in Los Angeles, and the other is at the Bowery Ballroom. (See page 10.)

ART
A REIGN IN SPAIN

Albert Ràfols-Casamada was born in Barcelona in 1923, just as the *noucentisme* movement, which breathed fresh life into the arts of Catalonia, was coming to a close. No matter: Ràfols has become the prime mover of post-*noucentisme*, as a promoter of Spanish intellectual life and an accomplished poet and artist. An exhibition of fifty years' worth of his paintings goes on display at the Queen Sofía Spanish Institute this week. (See page 13.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
LEVINE TIME

James Levine, back at the podium for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, brings "Don Giovanni" to Tanglewood with a bevy of leading singers from the Met, including Mariusz Kwiecien (as the Don), Tamar Iveri, and Soile Isokoski. (See page 15.)

MOVIES
BLOODY GAMES

The German-born filmmaker Michael Haneke has long chronicled the psychic malaise of modern Europe, focussing on themes ranging from media and politics to family relations. A retrospective at Anthology Film Archives has early works such as "The Seventh Continent," hits like "The Piano Teacher," and "Funny Games," which Haneke is currently remaking. (See page 17.)

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Manager of High-Speed Data and
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THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

ALL THIS INTIMACY
Second Stage Theatre presents the world première of a play by Rajiv Joseph, about a thirty-year-old man juggling several girlfriends. In previews. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 212-246-4422.)

EVERYTHINGS TURNING INTO BEAUTIFUL
The New Group concludes its season with a new play with music by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld, about a luckless songwriting duo. With songs by Jimmie James. Carl Forsman directs. In previews. (Acorn, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

INDIAN BLOOD
Primary Stages presents the world première of a new play by A. R. Gurney, a comedy about a young man who uses his Native American ancestry as justification for his defiant behavior. Mark Lamos directs. In previews. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

SHOUT! THE MOD MUSICAL
England in the nineteen-sixties is the setting of this musical revue, about the coming-of-age of five young women. Phillip George directs. In previews. (Julia Miles, 424 W. 55th St. 212-239-6200.)

NOW PLAYING

CLOUD TECTONICS
Out of Line Productions presents a revival of this 1995 play by José Rivera ("School of the Americas"), about a lonely man and a hitchhiker who insists that she's been pregnant for two years. (Culture Project, 45 Bleecker St. 212-868-4444.)

DRUIDSYNGE
Ireland's Druid Theatre Company presents a cycle of the six complete plays of John Millington Synge in a single day. Garry Hynes directs. (Gerald F. Lynch Theatre, at John Jay College, Tenth Ave. at 58th St. 212-721-6500. Through July 23.)

EAST TO EDINBURGH
This series showcases plays that will appear in the Edinburgh Festival Fringe later this summer. For a full schedule, visit www.59e59.org. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

FOOD FOR FISH
This new absurdist comedy by Adam Szymkowicz ("Nerve") is a gender-bending take on Chekhov's "Three Sisters," set in Manhattan. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 212-352-3101.)

THE HOUSE IN TOWN
Set in 1929, in a town house on the stretch of Twenty-third Street once known as Millionaire's Row, Richard Greenberg's play focusses on Sam (the stolid, square-jawed Mark Harelik), a responsible Jewish furniture-store owner with a past, and his wife of many years, Amy (Jessica Hecht), a Wasp from Saratoga. Now in their forties, Sam and Amy are bound together only by money, comfort, prestige, and exoticism. The actors generate a tension that doesn't exist in the script, and Hecht brings a rare intelligence to her role. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/3/06.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.)

ICE FACTORY FESTIVAL
Soho Think Tank's festival of new work continues with the Team's "Particularly in the Heartland." (Ohio, 66 Wooster St. 212-868-4444.)

LOOSE
WestBeth Entertainment presents the Irish comedian Tommy Tiernan. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 212-239-6200.)

NO CHILD . . .
Nilaja Sun's astounding one-woman performance piece, now at the Barrow Street Theatre, is based on her own experiences teaching in a tough New York City high school while dealing with problems with the I.R.S. and getting the back rent to her landlord. Taking on a number of roles—a disaffected student, a surly security guard, a school administrator, and a no-nonsense teacher, among others—Sun, who is half Puerto Rican, half black, exposes the hypocrisy from which the play takes its name. By showing us how the other half lives, Sun and her passionate, committed director, Hal Brooks, provide an object lesson in what should not be missing from any life curriculum: hope. (5/22/06) (27 Barrow St. 212-239-6200.)

RICHARD MCGUIRE

ORANGE LEMON EGG CANARY
Rinne Groff's latest play is a love story about a magician and his beautiful assistant. Directed by Michael Sexton. (P.S. 122, at 150 First Ave. 212-352-3101.)

PIG FARM
Sludge gets on everyone in Roundabout Theatre Company's deranged farce, by Greg Kotis ("Urinetown"), including a foursome of outstanding comic actors and an unseen cast of around fifteen thousand swine, who oink expectantly from the wings. The only thing that isn't sloppy is John Rando's meticulous direction; up until the play's dénouement, which is outright ludicrous, Rando brings a necessary touch of restraint to this story of a potbellied farmer (John Ellison Conlee), his lonely wife (Katie Finneran), a hired hand (Logan Marshall-Green) with an eye for the lady of the house, and a government bureaucrat (Denis O'Hare) who comes to inspect the pens. Mayhem ensues, and New York audiences get to learn about the combination of blood, sweat, and slapstick that goes into their bacon supply. (Laura Pels, 111 W. 46th St. 212-719-1300.)

ROOM SERVICE
Peccadillo Theatre presents a suave and cunning revival of the 1937 show-biz farce, about an unscrupulous would-be producer, Gordon Miller (David Edwards), who is holed up with an entourage of actors and lackeys in a hotel managed by his mousy brother-in-law (played by Dale Carman, a man who exudes anxiety). Miller, of course, hasn't a cent to his name, and his financial troubles worsen when the hotel chain's bullish supervisor (Sterling Coyne) comes around, vowing to throw all the thespian con artists into the street before their play can open. Under the able direction of Dan Wackerman, the thirties gags receive the proper period accents, making for some colorful and outrageous antics. (Bank Street Theatre, 155 Bank St. 212-868-4444.)

SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS
José Rivera, whose screenplay for "The Motorcycle Diaries" captured Ernesto Guevara at the dawn of his revolutionary career, imagines the same man as a seasoned guerrilla, with mixed results: he has more to say about the older Che, but less to show. In this Labyrinth Theatre Company production, Guevara (John Ortiz), bloodied and iron-willed, is depicted as a prisoner of the Bolivian Army, with only a feisty local schoolteacher (Patricia Velasquez) to keep him company during his final days. Rivera scripts their conversations with a biographer's tempered reverence, but he doesn't work up much action between them. In the end, it's the pronouncement-heavy dialogue, not the incarceration, that keeps this self-eulogizing Che on a leash. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 212-239-6200. Through July 23.)

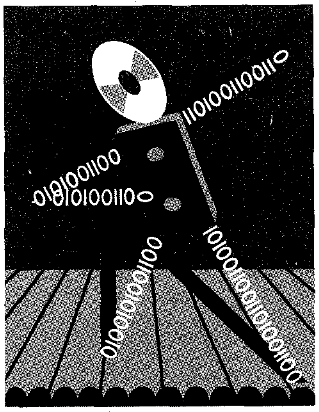
SECRETS
In Gerald Zipper's drama, a dinner party devolves into depravity for a group of married couples. Ted Mornel directs. (St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 212-239-6200.)

SPRING AWAKENING
In Michael Mayer's exciting musical reimagining of Frank Wedekind's 1891 play (at the Atlantic Theatre Company), fresh-faced teen-agers in a late-nineteenth-century provincial German town dream of the salvation of the flesh. The teen-agers do the singing here, while in the stifling world of adulthood—personified by two actors (Frank Wood and Mary McCann) who play a variety of authority figures—song is an impossibility. The awakening, it turns out, is not just to sexuality but also to musical storytelling. The lyricist Steven Sater

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

STAGE TO SCREEN

For intrepid theatregoers, recalling a brilliant or innovative dramatic moment from productions past is often as thrilling as discovering a new play



or musical. To that end, the vital Broadway Theatre Archive DVD series is something of a marvel. Comprising more than three hundred original stage productions recorded for television from the sixties through the eighties, the archives offer a number of gems, from the late Joan Hackett's subtle and terrifying turn in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" to a young Meryl Streep singing and dancing in Elizabeth Swados's "Alice in Concert." First produced at the Public Theatre in 1978, "Alice" helped introduce an actress who defies becoming a staid institution by virtue of her wit and imagination. Streep will return to the Public this summer, in a new production of "Mother Courage and Her Children," directed by that most quicksilver of directors George C. Wolfe. One hopes that someone, somewhere, has the foresight to record it.

—*Hilton Als*

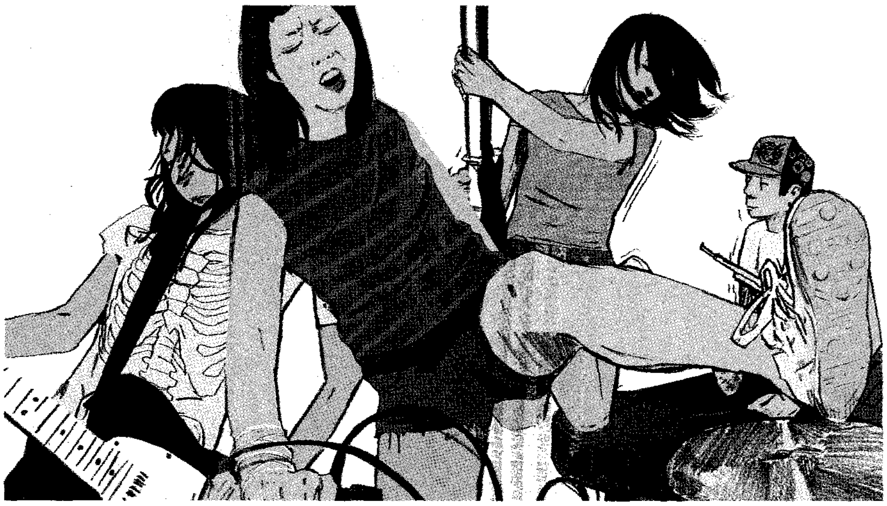
conveys, in the youths' syntactical fumblings, the inadequacy of speech to cope with the vortex of feeling, and the rigor of Mayer's direction communicates a powerful and poetic intelligence. (6/26/06) (336 W. 20th St. 212-239-6200.)

SUMMER PLAY FESTIVAL
The third annual festival at the Theatre Row Complex showcases fifteen new works by emerging playwrights. (410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

TROUBLE IN PARADISE
Elyse Singer directs this stage adaptation of Ernst Lubitsch's 1932 romantic comedy, about a love triangle involving two con artists and the heiress they team up to swindle. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 212-352-3101. Through July 22.)

OUT OF TOWN

BERKSHIRE THEATRE FESTIVAL
"Coastal Disturbances," by Tina Howe, is the story of a romance between a lifeguard and a photographer. (Stockbridge, Mass. For more information, visit www.berkshiretheatre.org. 413-298-5576.)



The Brazilian art-punk band CSS plays Avalon and Warsaw this week.

RACHEL DOMM

HELLO, DOLLY!
Tovah Feldshuh stars in the 1964 Tony-winning musical, at the Paper Mill Playhouse. Through July 23. (Millburn, N.J. 973-376-4343.)

HUDSON VALLEY SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
Terrence O'Brien directs "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Opening July 19, Gia Forakis directs "The Rivals." (Garrison, N.Y. For more information, visit www.hvshakespeare.org. 845-265-9575.)

WILLIAMSTOWN THEATRE FESTIVAL
Tennessee Williams's "Sweet Bird of Youth" opens at the Main Stage on July 19. At the Nikos Stage, Cusi Cram's "Lucy and the Conquest" closes July 23. (Williamstown, Mass. 413-597-3400.)

Also Playing

BRIDGE & TUNNEL: Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **THE COLOR PURPLE:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 212-239-6200. **THE DROWSY CHAPERONE:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 212-307-4100. **FAITH HEALER:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE FIELD:** Irish Repertory, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737. **THE HISTORY BOYS:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 212-239-6200. **JERSEY BOYS:** August Wilson, 245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200. **THE LIEUTENANT OF INISHMORE:** Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE LION KING:** Minskoff, 200 W. 45th St. 212-307-4747. **MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **SUSAN AND GOD:** Mint, 311 W. 43rd St. 212-315-0231. **SWEENEY TODD:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **TREASON:** Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 212-868-4444. **[TITLE OF SHOW]:** Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 212-353-0303. **THE 25TH ANNUAL PUTNAM COUNTY SPELLING BEE:** Circle in the Square, 50th St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave. 212-239-6200. **THE WEDDING SINGER:** Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

AVALON
47 W. 20th St. (212-807-7780)—July 19: The Philadelphia d.j. and producer **Diplo**, known for his work with M.I.A. and his love of the Brazilian sound known as *baile* funk, is touring with his favorite new group, **Bonde do Role** (the Roller Coaster Band), which was the first act that he signed to his record label, Mad Decent. It's easy to see why—Bonde do Role whips up dizzying dance tunes out of snippets of well-known songs (by the likes of Tone-Loc and AC/DC). The opening act is **CSS**, an artsy, coed ensemble from São Paulo that approaches dance rock with an old-fashioned punk attitude. (The members claim that they didn't know how to play their instruments when they first got together, a few years ago.) Their début album, "Cansei de Ser Sexy" (Portuguese for "tired of being sexy"), is full of bubbly guitar-and-synth-fuelled English-language romps about the socialite Paris Hilton, the fashion magazine *Visionaire*, and other twenty-first-century pop-culture ephemera.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—This polished Times Square club steps back in time with visits from the **Yardbirds** (July 19), the **Marshall Tucker Band** (July 20), and **John Mayall** and the **Bluesbreakers** (July 21).

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—July 22: David Lowery, the erstwhile Camper Van Beethoven vocalist, has been turning out snarky, country-tinged rock with his band **Cracker** since the early nineties. At this point, there's a lot for him to look back on, and the band's latest release, "Greenland," explores melancholy and regret (about bad judgment, among other things) with great wit and charm. July 24: The **Sleepy Jackson**, the brainchild of the Australian musician Luke Steele, serves up eclectic pop on its new album, "Personality (One Was a Spider, One Was a Bird)." With the local band **Sam Champion.**

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE
Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. (212-360-2777)—July 19: A night of standup and sketch comedy, courtesy of the Upright Citizens Brigade Theatre. The hosts are **Paul Scheer** (VH1's "Best Week Ever") and **Rob Huebel** ("Curb Your Enthusiasm") and the performers include **Aziz Ansari** (Comedy Central's "Premium Blend"), **Todd Barry**, and **Jackie Clarke.** July 20: The jam band **Umphrey's McGee** performs a benefit concert. July 23: The monster rock-*en-español* band **Maldita Veccindad.** With **Konono No. 1** (see S.O.B.'s) and **Daara J**, a hip-hop trio from Senegal, whose name means "school of life" in Wolof.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—July 25: Expect high spirits and quick thinking as the Upright Citizens Brigade celebrates the tenth anniversary of its long-form improv show Asssscat. The show's founders—**Matt Besser, Amy Poehler, Ian Roberts**, and **Matt Walsh**—haven't appeared together in more than a year. **Horatio Sanz, Tina Fey,** and **Kevin Dorff** will lend their support.

JONES BEACH
Wantagh, N.Y. (212-307-7171)—July 19: The **Black Crowes** continue their jam-friendly trajectory. July 21: Three storied acts of the disco era—**KC and the Sunshine Band, Gloria Gaynor,** and **Sister Sledge**—conjure the sounds of a simpler age. July 22: The outspoken, smoky-voiced singer-songwriter **Fiona Apple** remains endearingly left-of-center. With **Damien Rice**, an exceedingly romantic singer from Ireland. July 23: The notorious lip-syncher and reality-TV starlet **Ashlee Simpson** continues her ruse.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—July 20: The **Handsome Family** is Rennie and Brett Sparks, a husband-and-wife team from Albuquerque with a flair for gothic country songs. She writes the lyrics (often highly detailed narratives with unexpected subjects or settings; "Tesla's Hotel Room" is a good example) and he writes the music and sings, in a deep, deep voice. They're touring with the Meat Puppets guitarist and vocalist **Curt Kirkwood,** who, as one of the first hardcore-punk players to abandon convention, once carved out a middle ground between Black Flag and the Grateful Dead.

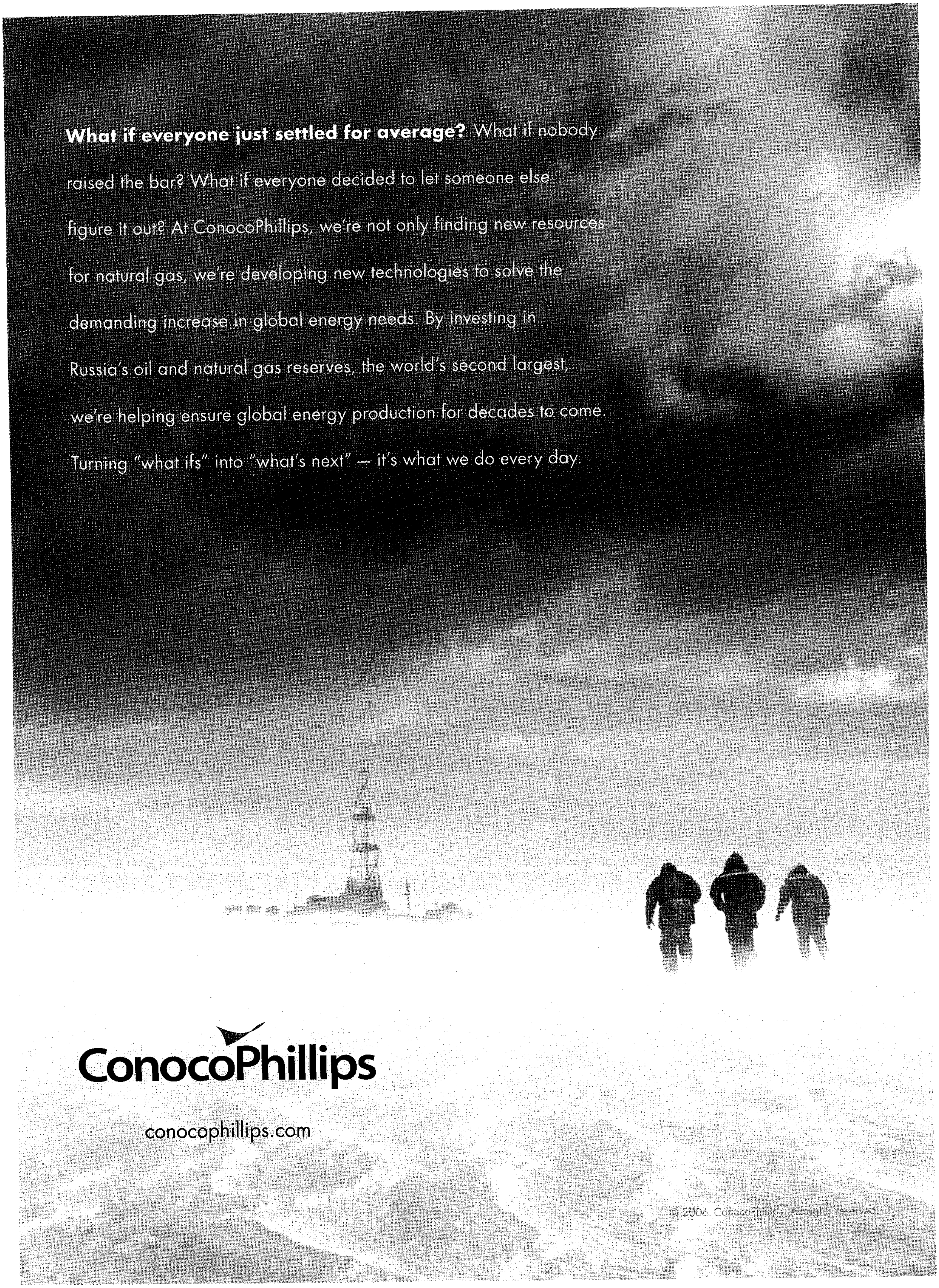
MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING
The dancing under the stars at Lincoln Center winds down this week. July 19: The polka band **Brave Combo,** in an all-request night. July 20: **Gonzalo Grau y Su Timba Loca.** July 21: The Afro-Brazilian sounds of **Ogans.** July 22: The **Harlem Renaissance Orchestra** performs a special tribute to the late Illinois Jacquet. (For more information, call 212-721-6500.)

NORTHSIX
66 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-5103)—July 21: **Jesus H. Christ and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.** This lovable local band transcends the novelty of its name with wry, thundering power-pop songs about such previously underexplored subjects as the boredom of living in the Constitution State ("Connecticut Is for Fucking"), the appeal of the recently widowed ("Do Me"), and how pharmaceuticals can help love ("Happy Me").

ROSELAND
239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171)—July 22: The **Eagles of Death Metal** play a not so serious blend of garage boogie, with Josh Homme, the vocalist and guitarist for the group Queens of the Stone Age, on drums. The sexually assertive Canadian performer **Peaches** (a.k.a. Merrill Nisker) opens with her purposely crude brand of lo-fi electronic music.

S.O.B.'S
204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (212-243-4940)—July 24: **Konono No. 1**, an ensemble from Congo, builds its microphones from car parts, and the percussion section includes pots, pans, and more car parts. The group's music is distorted and raucous in the manner of the finest rock bands.

3LD
80 Greenwich St. (212-645-0374)—This recently reborn and relocated performance space (the original venue was destroyed on September 11, 2001) is home to the experimental-theatre troupe 3-Legged Dog. On July 21, it presents the guitarist and comedian **Aldo Perez**, who will be joined by the drummer **Nick Parker** and the percussionist **Richard Ginocchio** for "Return of Mystic Renaldo The," an hour-long performance piece mixing music and comedy.



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WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-0505)—July 20: **Diplo, Bonde do Role,** and **CSS** (see Avalon).

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—July 21: The seminal psychedelic-rock band **Os Mutantes,** led by the Brazilian brothers Arnaldo and Sérgio Dias Baptista, is on its first tour since its mid-seventies demise.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—July 18-22: The singer **Hilary Kole,** part of the popular "Our Sinatra" revue, is accompanied by the masterly pianist and arranger **Alan Broadbent.**

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—July 18-23: Is **Maynard Ferguson** the last of the big-band leaders? The high-note trumpeter may not play your grandfather's variety of swing (one of his biggest hits was a brassy take on the theme from "Rocky"), but this perennial crowd-pleaser, here with his **Big Bop Nouveau Band,** deserves points for longevity.

DIZZY'S CLUB COCA-COLA
Broadway at 60th St. (212-258-9595)—July 18-23: **Grady Tate** will be remembered as one of the great drummers, but he'd just as soon sing. For this gig at the Latin in Manhattan Festival, he gets a chance to step up to the microphone, backed by the *conguero* **Wilson (Chembo) Corneil,** the drummer **Montez Coleman,** the saxophonist **Lance Murphy,** the pianist **Ray Gallon,** and the bassist **Paul West.**

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—July 20-23: Until jazz ensembles start regularly incorporating oud, tuba, and acoustic guitar into their lineups, **Henry Threadgill's** adventurous ensemble **Zooid** will remain outside the mainstream, but that's where Threadgill seems most comfortable anyway. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** The **Mingus Big Band** takes over on Tuesdays.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—July 18-23: **Dr. Lonnie Smith,** a master practitioner of funky jazz on the Hammond organ, takes a break from Lou Donaldson's band to front his own trio. His new album, "Jungle Soul," covers everything from Marvin Gaye to Thelonious Monk.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—**Joe Wilder** made a memorable Vanguard début back in January, turning heads with his swinging, dulcet-toned trumpet playing. Now eighty-four, he's capping an understated if brilliant career as a musician's musician. He's here with a quartet July 18-23. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—From the first millennium B.C. to the first millennium A.D., the Maya ruled a territory stretching between present-day Belize and Honduras. As demonstrated in **"Treasures of Sacred Maya Kings,"** they inherited from the Olmec a religion based on the deification of their staple crop, maize, and on a culture of complex rituals in which lords and kings communicated with powerful ancestor spirits. The riches displayed here include carvings in green jadeite and black serpentine, intricately painted ceramic vessels, and a statuette (c. 600 A.D.) of King Yax K'uk' Mo, which wears thick-rimmed goggles and is crowned by a disk-shaped headdress adorned with severed hands. Through Sept. 10. ♦ **"Raphael at the Metropolitan: The Colonna Altarpiece."** Through Sept. 3. ♦ **"Girodet: Romantic Rebel."** Through Aug. 27. ♦ **"The Art of Betty Woodman"** gathers ceramic works from throughout the artist's career. Through July 30. ♦ **"Rembrandt and His Circle: Drawings and Prints."** Through Oct. 15. ♦ **"Anglo-Mania: Tradition and Transgression in British Fashion."** Through Sept. 4. ♦ **"On Photography: A Tribute to Susan Sontag."** Through Sept. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—**"Dada,"** a large and illuminating survey of the anti-art movement that countered despair with absurdity. Through Sept. 11. ♦ **"Douglas Gordon: Timeline"** includes the artist's most famous work, the glacially paced movie "24 Hour *Psycho*." Through Sept. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"No Limits, Just Edges: Jackson Pollock Paintings on Paper."** Through Sept. 29. ♦ **"Zaha Hadid."** Through Oct. 25. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—**"Full House,"** the Whitney's seventy-fifth-anniversary extravaganza, includes a floor devoted entirely to the works of Edward Hopper. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

MORGAN LIBRARY AND MUSEUM
225 Madison Ave., at 36th St. (212-685-0008)—The midtown oasis has reopened after almost three years of renovation and a Renzo Piano expansion. It marks the occasion with **"Masterworks from the Morgan,"** a selection of manuscripts, drawings, books, and seals from the collections. Manuscripts in the Brontë siblings' tiny handwriting, a libretto of "Aida" annotated by Verdi, and Picasso's pen-and-ink portrait of Marie-Thérèse Walter are among the items on display. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5, Fridays, 10:30 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

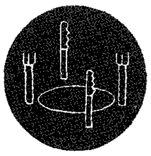
NEUE GALERIE
1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-628-6200)—**"Gustav Klimt: Five Paintings from the Collection of Ferdinand and Adele Bloch-Bauer,"** a show of five spectacular works that were recently returned to the heirs of the Bloch-Bauer family after a lengthy legal battle with the Austrian government, travels to New York from its first venue, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. The star of the show, a 1907 gold- and silver-leafed portrait of Adele, will be joining the Neue's permanent collection. Through Sept. 18. (Open Thursdays, and Saturdays through Mondays, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 11 to 9.)

FRICK COLLECTION
1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700)—**"Jean-Étienne Liotard (1702-89): Swiss Master."** Through Sept. 17. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (212-423-3200)—**"Eva Hesse: Sculpture."** Through Sept. 17. ♦ **"Max Liebermann: From Realism to Impressionism."** Through July 30. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45, Thursdays, 11 to 9, and Fridays, 11 to 3. For the duration of the Hesse show, the museum will also be open on Saturdays, from 11 to 5:45, with no charge for admission.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (212-873-3400)—**"Legacies: Contemporary Artists Reflect on Slavery."** The museum's first foray into contemporary art explores an ignoble history, via works by Betye Saar, Carrie Mae Weems, Glenn Ligon, Kara Walker, Fred Wilson, and others. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.)

NOGUCHI MUSEUM
9-01 33rd Rd., at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-204-7088)—**"Best of Friends: R. Buckminster Fuller and Isamu Noguchi."** Through Oct. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and weekends, 11 to 6.)



TABLES FOR TWO
THE GOOD FORK

391 Van Brunt St., Brooklyn (718-643-6636)—This pleasant little spot on the Van Brunt strip in Red Hook (halfway between the pioneering 360 and the brand-new Fairway, a surprisingly vibrant area, given that it sits well off the subway grid) found itself caught up in a perfect storm of foodie buzz when it opened, in March; the small staff—led by the husband-and-wife owners, Ben Schneider and Sohui Kim, who is also the chef—were quickly beset by crowds enticed by the promise of Korean-inflected comfort food. (Appropriately enough, the restaurant's name, according to Kim, comes from the Italian phrase for a chowhound—*una buona forchetta.*) Since then, they've added some staff and opened the back garden, and, despite some early reports of two-hour waits, they seem to have found their footing. The trajectory from easygoing drop-in joint to destination eatery could be considered complete when, one recent Sunday, Charles Kiely and Sharon Pachter, the owners of the Grocery and the first couple of Brooklyn culinary arts, were spotted on their way out.

The dining room, which Schneider built up from a nearly raw space, has a curvy wood-panelled ceiling; the effect is something like being inside a Stradivarius. It can get pretty noisy, but two corner booths near the door offer cozy privacy. The food is as inviting as the atmosphere, with standout appetizers from around the world—homemade pork-and-chive dumplings, plump and greaseless; a meaty crab cake, its dryness ameliorated by a lively chili aioli; tempura zucchini blossoms that are airy and crisp, despite being stuffed with Manchego cheese.

The entrées are mostly revisions of the classics, like roasted chicken, which has golden skin and juicy flesh and comes with an Asian black-bean butter sauce and potato-parsnip mash. Kimchi rice makes tenderly grilled skirt steak and an accompanying egg unconventional without being overbearingly whimsical. More straightforward dishes suffer in comparison: the pork is perfectly braised but a little boring. Manhattanites, a delicate and demanding tribe, might fuss at the thought of making a pilgrimage for such simple pleasures, but the warmth with which Kim and Schneider run the place offers a rare luxury: they make you feel like a well-loved neighbor. One evening, a table's order of Steve's Key Lime Pie, a local specialty, was supplemented by a complimentary helping of flourless chocolate cake, a truffle-like version of the often bricklike restaurant standard. The waiter explained, "We just thought you deserved it." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays for dinner. Entrées $9.50-$20.)

—*Andrea Thompson*

QUEEN SOFÍA SPANISH INSTITUTE
684 Park Ave., at 68th St. (212-628-0420)—**"Ràfols-Casamada Paintings, 1950-2005"** opens July 21. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERIES–UPTOWN

Summer-hours warning: Many galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Others follow the normal Tuesday-to-Saturday schedule. It's best to call ahead.

"DAUGHTERS OF DADA"
In 1915, Marcel Duchamp declared the American female "the most intelligent woman in the world today—the only one that always knows what she wants, and therefore always gets it." Duchamp knew who buttered his bread; he was essentially describing his patron base. But his words also characterize the small motley crew of women in this show, including patrons, painters, performers, and poets. The work ranges from Art Nouveau-style illustrations by Clara Tice to paintings in the German Expressionist vein by Katherine Dreier to collages by Mina Loy (a poet admired by T. S. Eliot) to a re-created costume worn by the nuttily outré Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven. "Daughters" is both a pendant to MOMA's grand Dada survey and a firm reminder of an avant-garde movement in which women were not only included but vitally active. Through July 28. (Naumann, 22 E. 80th St. 212-472-6800.)

TAIJI MATSUE
There are no horizons in Matsue's aerial photographs of Munich, Osaka, New York, Kuala Lumpur, and Paris, only a sense of oppressive density and emptiness. People don't seem to have any place among these intricately arranged buildings; even the parks look deserted. But, if there is something alarming about Matsue's vision of the modern city, his images can also be surprisingly seductive. The cool, unnatural uniformity of the light in his pictures—even more evident in aerial views of deserts and forests—gives the landscapes a distinctly artificial quality. In the end, Matsue takes realism to such an extreme that it's no longer believable. Through Aug. 25. (Cohen Amador, 41 E. 57th St. 212-759-6740.)

Short List

RUDY BURCKHARDT: De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. 212-262-5050. Through July 28. **JAMES CASTLE / WALKER EVANS:** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 212-794-0550. Through Aug. 11. **WANGECHI MUTU:** Salon 94, at 12 E. 94th St. 646-672-9212. Through July 28. **RICHARD PRINCE:** John McWhinnie at Glenn Horowitz Bookseller, 50 1/2 E. 64th St. 212-754-5626. Through July 22. **NANCY RUBINS:** Lincoln Center, Broadway at 64th St. 212-980-4575. Through Sept. 4. **LOUIS STETTNER:** Benrubi, 41 E. 57th St. 212-888-6007. Through July 29.

GALLERIES–CHELSEA

ROSA LOY
History is simultaneously compressed and expanded in Loy's canvases, like a fever dream in which fairy tales, medieval manuscripts, Renaissance icons, feminist crusaders, and modernist masters make cameo appearances. Unlike her fellow-Leipziger, and husband, Neo Rauch, whose drab-hued paintings are an inescapable touchstone, Loy avoids grand German narratives and draws on personal history, including her family's move to the city from a small village. Pitched roofs, owls, and snow, along with flaxen-haired maidens, give these paintings a properly Teutonic flavor. References to the Asian-influenced compositions of Gauguin (by way of Hiroshige) and the Morocco-tinged paintings of Matisse add still other elements to an already complicated, but pleasing, painterly mix. Through July 28. (Zwirner, 525 W. 19th St. 212-727-2070.)

"PHOTOGRAPHY IS NOT AN ART"
This may not be the most sophisticated show to address the vast range of photographs made without aesthetic concerns, but it is one of the most instructive, engaging, and fun. With more than a hundred images, it explores the unexpected pleasures of artlessness through snapshots, mug shots, evidence photographs, spirit photographs, NASA moon maps, surveillance pictures, gag postcards, and X-rays. Pictures of automobile accidents, overpainted with arrows to show the trajectory of the errant vehicles, look like instant John Baldessaris, and there are echoes of Atget, Weegee, Eggleston, and the Bechers. But art-world citations are beside the point. Anonymous—protean, witty, unruly, inimitable—is the star of the show. Through Aug. 22. (Klotz, 511 W. 25th St. 212-741-4764.)

"THE BEAUTIFUL GAME"
This multi-venue celebration of the World Cup is understandably long on videos of kicking, running, and screaming. At Roebling Hall in Chelsea, Chris Beas's posterish painting of Bob Marley dribbling a soccer ball accompanies Nelson Leirner's elaborate toy stadium, in which action figures of the Hulk, statuettes of Buddha and the Virgin Mary, and waving Chinese good-luck cats pack the stands and take the field. (Through July 21.) Roebling Hall in Williamsburg focusses on Juergen Teller's video portrait of a man writhing, cursing, and nearly weeping at an unseen television. (Through July 23.) At BAM, Paul Pfeiffer digitally erases the ball from a series of game clips, so that players seem to be diving into the turf in pointless, self-punishing ecstasy. (Through July 22.) An affiliated show, at the Rotunda Gallery, in Brooklyn, presents Andrew Dosunmu's photographs documenting the sport in Africa. (Through July 22.) (Roebling Hall, 606 W. 26th St. 212-929-8180; Roebling Hall, 390 Wythe Ave., Brooklyn. 718-599-5352; Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100; Rotunda, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn. 718-875-4047.)

"GWENN THOMAS REVISITS JACK SMITH"
It's 1974 at the zoo in Cologne, Germany, and the performance artist Jack Smith is collaborating with Gwenn Thomas on a series of black-and-white photographs that unfold storyboard style. Their opus is called "Fear Ritual of Shark Museum." In it, our hook-nosed, goateed hero wears a dime-store pasha's drooping, feathered headdress; his blond handmaiden sports a smaller but still insane chapeau of tulle and fake flowers. They lounge beside a gimcrack castle, fraternize with a camel on the loose, and peer at caged buzzards. It's all good freaky fun, as is Ken Jacobs's 1963 film "Blonde Cobra," which stitches together fragments of Smith's performances. (Too bad it isn't on a larger screen.) Through July 28. (Lambert, 564 W. 25th St. 212-242-3611.)

Short List

MARK DI SUVERO: Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 212-255-1105. Through July 28. **ZAHA HADID:** Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 212-633-6999. Through July 29. **ALEXANDRE ORION:** Foley, 547 W. 27th St. 212-244-9081. Through Aug. 12. **MARTIN SCHOELLER:** Hasted Hunt, 529 W. 20th St. 212-627-0006. Through Sept. 1. **RICHARD SERRA:** Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111. Through Aug. 11. **"MAPPLETHORPE/WARHOL":** Sean Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. 212-239-1181. Through July 28. **"SOUTINE AND MODERN ART":** Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. 212-242-7727. Through Sept. 9. **"TOM ADLER: REDISCOVERED ARCHIVES AND GRAPHIC WORKS":** Danziger, 521 W. 26th St. 212-629-6778. Through July 28.

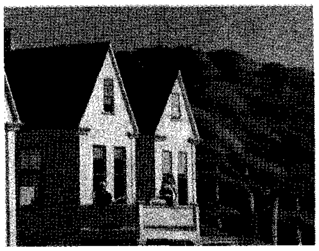
GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

CHRISTINE OSINSKI
Osinski tempers the reportorial rigor of her black-and-white photographs of people and places in the West Brighton neighborhood of Staten Island

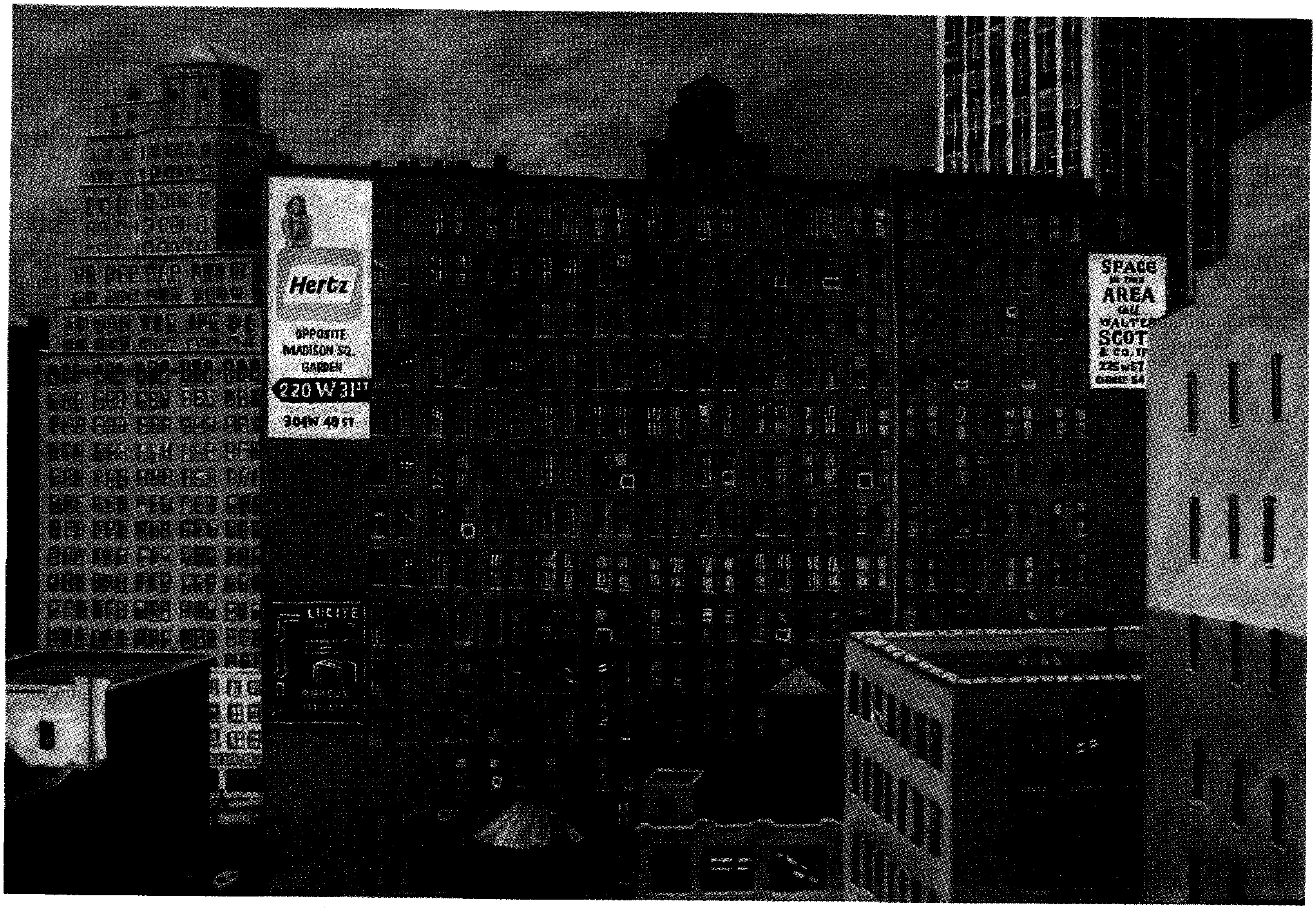
CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
ALL-IN

The Whitney Museum, celebrating the seventy-fifth year of its efforts to cage a chimera called "American art," devotes its five exhibition floors to "Full House," a themed selection of works from its permanent holdings. Among the divisions—Abstract Expressionism, Pop, minimalism, Alexander Calder, and Edward Hopper—Hopper wins: really American, really great art, explored in depth through drawings and minor works and fleshed out, for the occasion, with masterpieces borrowed from other museums. A sharp, pendant section presents Hopperesque photography and Nan Goldin's indispensable slide show with music, "The Ballad of Sexual Dependency" (1976-92). Big galleries of Abstract Expressionist and minimalist touchstones demonstrate, with enervating aesthetic crossfire, the penchant of artists in those movements for making jealously competitive, once-and-for-all statements. The sportive Pop floor is titled with a line from William Carlos Williams, "The pure products of America go crazy." It's catchy, but silly. America hasn't had a pure product since the 1964 Ford Mustang.

—Peter Schjeldahl



EDWARD HOPPER, "SECOND STORY SUNLIGHT" (1960)



The photographer and experimental filmmaker Rudy Burckhardt's oil painting "Hertz Girl" (1981), at de Nagy.

by presenting them with the informality of a family album. Half of the pictures were made in 1983 and 1984; the others, which focus mostly on women and children shopping, were taken a decade or so later. But all of them have a distinctly retro quality, and Osinski is alert to telling details, like the little boy standing all alone near a picnic table, wondering where to point his rifle. Through July 30. (Silo, 1 Freeman Alley. 212-505-9156.)

ZOE LEONARD, LIZ DESCHENES, AND VIJA CELMINS

This shrewdly conceived and installed exhibition invites the viewer to eavesdrop on the quiet, subtle conversation between three women artists. Celmins, the best known, shows prints of signature subjects—a starry sky, a choppy sea, a spiderweb—that slip from the literal to the abstract. Leonard shares Celmins's range of platinum and graphite tones in several grainy, black-and-white aerial photographs of landscapes that also appear to be on the verge of dissolving. Deschenes absorbs all these figments of the imagination in an elegant series of silver-toned photograms whose virtually unblemished surfaces act as both mirrors and windows on infinity. Through Aug. 4. (Tracy Williams, 313 W. 4th St. 212-229-2757.)

JOSEF FELIX MÜLLER

Müller's supersized (most are a little over nine feet by fifteen feet) expressionistic woodcuts from 1986, with their gaping human figures drawn in nervous, jiggling outline, possess a sort of anachronistic, poetic interest of their own, but it's difficult to keep from thinking about how they were created. The catalogue states that "the chainsaw is [Müller's] most important instrument," and a video shows assistants shuffling, sock-footed, around a huge sheet of paper pressed against a huge block of wood covered with ink. In this case, the behind-the-scenes aspect threatens to take precedence over the objects themselves. Through Aug. 26. (Peter Blum, 99 Wooster St. 212-343-0441.)

DANCE

BILL T. JONES / ARNIE ZANE DANCE COMPANY

"Blind Date" premièred last year in New Jersey; this Lincoln Center Festival presentation is its New York City début. Because Jones has described the work as an antidote to "toxic certainty" and the contemporary erosion of Enlightenment values—and because it is a work by Bill T. Jones—"Blind Date" has been called controversial. It isn't even provocative. Statistics of the recent dead are recited, as are national anthems and salient passages from Leviticus, but these are only patches in a ruminative collage of ideas and movement worked over to suggest the way we have the same conversation again and again. (LaGuardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. 212-721-6500. July 18-20 at 8.)

PILOBOLUS

Now in its thirty-fifth year, the crowd-pleasing troupe from Connecticut is known for incarnating flora and fauna, but in the new time-travel duet "Memento Mori" the dancers are cast as humans: two lovers magically revisiting their youth and courtship. "Memento" shares an eclectic bill with last year's "Aquatica" and other repertory pieces, while this week's other rotating program highlights "Pilobolus," the 1971 dance that launched a thousand shapes, and some of its latter-day offspring, descendants of that symbiotic partnering, those tensile balances, and those trompe-l'oeil theatrics. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave. 212-242-0800. July 18-21 at 8 and July 22 at 2 and 8. Through Aug. 12.)

CAPACITOR

In the science-minded troupe's "Digging in the Dark," performers gather in a suspended orb or dance in the dark, captured by heat-sensitive cameras. (American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 212-352-0131. July 19-23 at 8. Through July 30.)

NOCHE FLAMENCA

The flamenco troupe, led by Soledad Barrio and her husband, Martín Santangelo, returns with "Cielo de Tierra" ("Heaven of Earth"). (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Marks Pl. 212-352-3101. July 19 at 8 and July 23 at 5. Through July 30.)

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY

The Israeli troupe's last New York appearance, in a small studio, was intimate, odd, and compelling. This Lincoln Center Festival presentation of Ohad Naharin's "Telophaza" is, like the company's last Lincoln Center appearance, more bloated. Or, rather, it tries to play both ways, with a cast of forty and cameras that magnify the faces and feet of the dancers. Audience-participation games set an access-your-inner-child tone without quite overwhelming the appealing, rough-edged quirkiness that Naharin brings out of his idiosyncratic dancers. (New York State Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 212-721-6500. July 20-22 at 8.)

COMPANY C CONTEMPORARY BALLET

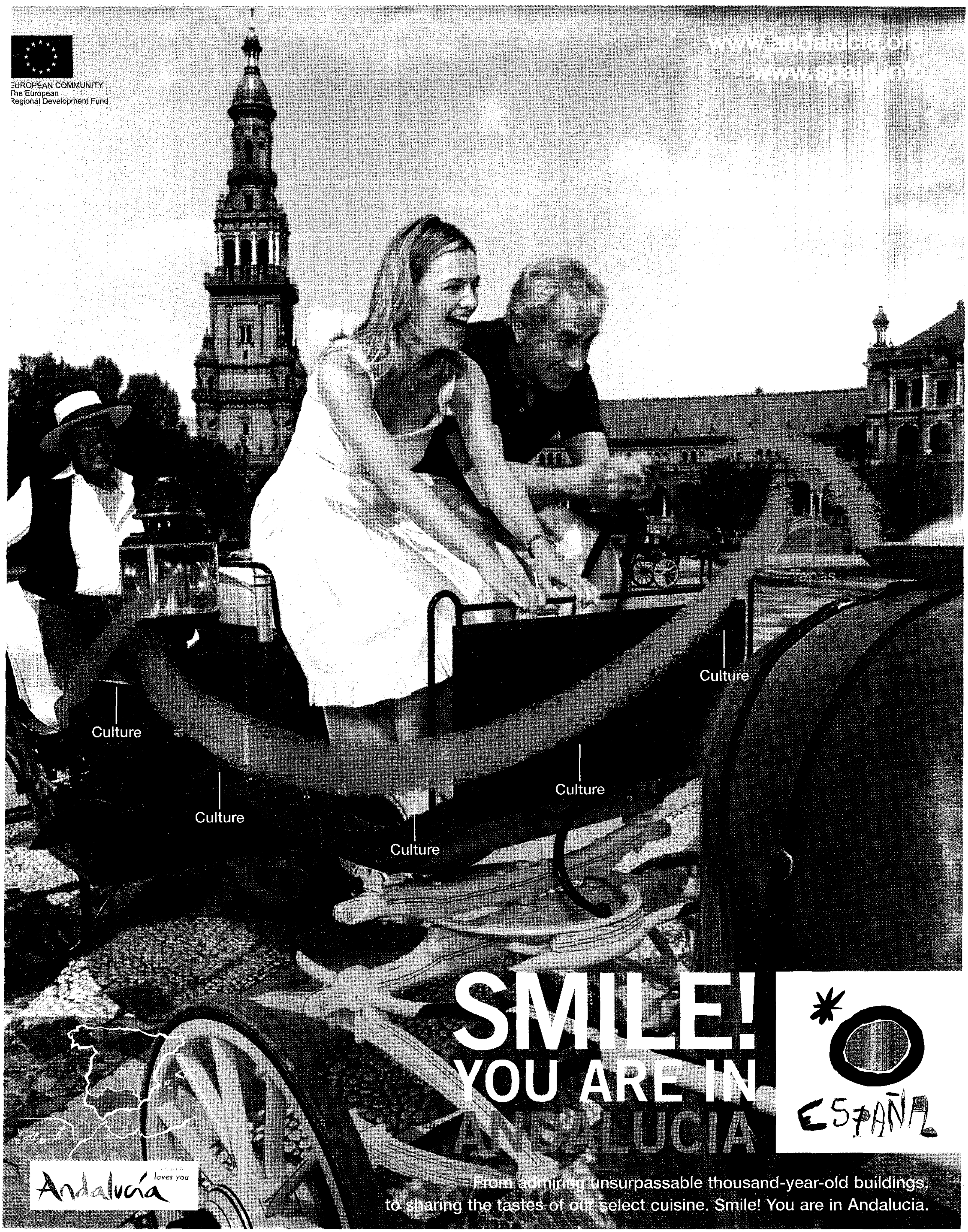
The budding Bay Area company of the former New York City Ballet dancer Charles Anderson makes its New York début. The lineup is long on variety: Twyla Tharp's jazz-shoe hoedown "Country Dances" rubs shoulders with works by the former Paul Taylor leading man Patrick Corbin and the former N.Y.C.B. soloist Alexandre Proia. Anderson's own entries, "Aposiopesis" and "Hush," show his taste for pop music, pretty movement, and colored lighting. (Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. 212-334-7479. July 20-23 at 8.)

SABURO TESHIGAWARA

Celebrated in Europe and in his native Japan, Teshigawara is as much an installation artist as he is a choreographer. For his expressionistic "Bones in Pages," at the Lincoln Center Festival, he's splayed a thousand books and fixed their spines to a wall, and piled up hundreds of shoes. Through this space he moves, contemplating broken glass and a Gothic crow, briefly under the spell of two apparitional women. His dance is an extended seizure, isolated and undulant. (Rose Theatre, Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500. July 21-22 at 8.)

"LAUNDROMATINEE"

In Heidi Duckler's native Los Angeles, her site-specific, surrealism-tinged dance-theatre works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Views from the Top

Drive inland from the Cádiz coast into the rugged Sierra de Cádiz and you'll be greeted from the hilltops by a series of fortified *pueblos blancos*. These whitewashed villages, built from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, were lookouts for Muslims and Christians during their conflict for control of Spain.

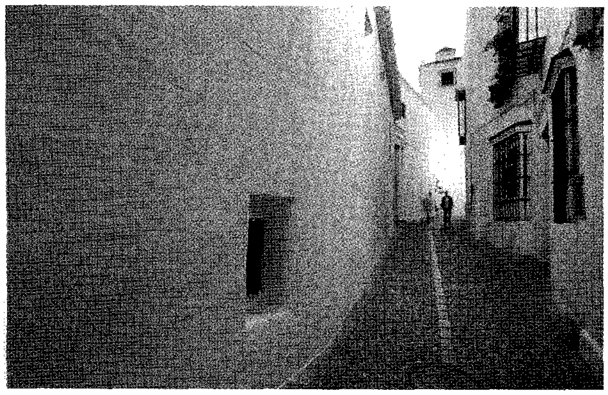
But today, *pueblos blancos* are serene outposts with spectacular views. Many of these towns lie within two adjacent natural parks, Sierra de Grazalema, designated a UNESCO Biosphere Reserve in 1977, and, south of it, Los Alcornocales, named for its large cork oak forest.

Arcos de la Frontera, perched atop a limestone cliff about twenty miles east of Jerez de la Frontera, is a good place to appreciate the lay of the land. At the pinnacle of its narrow, winding streets is a plaza and a castle from which you can look straight down the cliff's sheer drop to the Guadalete River and its fertile plains below.

Northeast of Arcos, amid the peaks and gorges of Grazalema National Park, visit the whitewashed aerie of **Zahara de la Sierra** and the unusual village of **Setenil de las Bodegas**, where dwellings anchored in caves seem to emerge from the rock. The stunning white sprawl of Olvera, meanwhile, holds one of the area's finest Moorish castles.

Located in Alcornocales National Park, **Alcalá de los Gazules** was cited by Spanish poet Federico García Lorca as being "intimately Andaluz." The nearby village of **Benalup** holds caves remarkable for their primitive drawings. The notable mountain scenery to the east is framed by the narrow cobbled streets of **Jimena de la Frontera**.

Perched high above the Barbate River gorge, southwest of the park and only a few miles from the sea, **Vejer de la Frontera** dazzles visitors with the intense whiteness of its Moorish houses. Here you can wander twisted streets to peer at hidden gardens and squares. They lead to a tall fountain in a palm-shaded plaza near a Gothic-era church built on the site of an older Mudejar mosque. Climb to the top of the town walls and the vantage will suggest why Carthaginians are thought to have built a citadel here two millennia ago.



Top: Zahara de la Sierra, Left and Right: Arcos de la Frontera

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ©ATLANTIDE PHOTOTRAVEL/CORBIS, ©FOTOLINCS/ALAMY, ©ATLANTIDE PHOTOTRAVEL/CORBIS

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have played in (among other places) municipal buildings, hotels, and an abandoned jail. For the New York début of Duckler's Collage Dance Theatre (part of the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council's free "Sitelines" series), the group reprises "Laundromatinee," a piece for seven harried women and dozens of washers and dryers, at a Nolita laundromat. As the hardworking gals shift between crazed housework and limp exhaustion, housecoats and slips, the sly pop music keeps things fizzy. Still, Duckler's kitsch has a steel core. (Laundromat, 168 Elizabeth St. 212-219-9401. July 21-23 at 8:30.)

SAN FRANCISCO BALLET
Helgi Tomasson's company makes its first appearance at the Lincoln Center Festival. The opening-night gala offers a varied sampler of pas de deux, pas de trois, and excerpts—including William Forsythe's "The Vertiginous Thrill of Exactitude" and Balanchine's commedia-dell'arte "Harlequinade Pas de Deux." The company will be accompanied by the New York City Opera Orchestra. (New York State Theatre. 212-721-6500. July 25 at 8. Through July 30.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW
The Finnish choreographer Tero Saarinen is on the rise, and his "Borrowed Light," receiving its American première in the Ted Shawn Theatre, is something special. Set to Shaker songs sung live by the excellent Boston Camerata, the dance is both stark and robust, handling that certain slant of spiritual light with stomping vigor. In the Doris Duke Studio Theatre, the Nrityagram Dance Ensemble offers its superlative contemporary renderings of the classical Odissi style of Indian dance, presenting its newest work, "Sacred Space." (Becket, Mass. 413-243-0745. July 19-23. For a complete schedule, visit www.jacobspillow.org. Through Aug. 26.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC CONCERTS IN TOWN

BARGEMUSIC
July 20-21 at 7:30: Olga Vinokur joins the Gala Quartet in music by Schubert, Mozart (the piano-and-string-quartet version of the Concerto No. 12 in A Major), and Schumann (the Piano Quintet). ♦ July 22 at 7:30 and July 23 at 4: An impromptu quartet made up of some of New York's most engaging young string players—including the violinists Colin Jacobsen and Jonathan Gandelsman—perform an expansive program of works by Haydn, Bartók (the Quartet No. 2), Mozart (the Quartet in E-Flat Major, K. 428), and Philip Glass. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

INTERNATIONAL KEYBOARD INSTITUTE AND FESTIVAL
Jerome Rose's annual series of concerts and workshops, which intriguingly combines the educational and the exploratory, continues at Mannes, the New School's musical arm. July 20 at 8: Jeffrey Swann, admired as both a pianist and a lecturer, offers "An Evening Chez Madame Verdurin," a Proustian concert with commentary featuring works by Franck, Fauré, Wagner, and Debussy. ♦ July 22 at 8: The great Earl Wild, fleet-fingered at ninety, performs "A Chopin Bouquet," a round of the composer's nocturnes, waltzes, preludes, and études. (150 W. 85th St. 212-580-0210, ext. 4858. For full schedule, see www.ikif.org.)

FRANCES-MARIE UITTI
Giacinto Scelsi, the magnificent eccentric of twentieth-century Italian music, was lucky to have his works for cello performed by this glamorous and dedicated interpreter, who has pioneered the use of the double bow in cello playing. She performs his solo "Trilogy" at the Teatro of Columbia University's Italian Academy. (1161 Amsterdam Ave. 212-854-1623. July 21 at 8.)

SUMMERGARDEN
The series, a hardy survivor of the Museum of Modern Art's physical transformations, continues as a showcase for contemporary music from around the world. Joel Sachs's next concert with members of the New Juilliard Ensemble, offered al fresco in the museum's Sculpture Garden, features premières of works by such composers as Betty Olivero, Wen Deqing, and Martin Butler ("Jazz Machines"). (11 W. 53rd St. July 23 at 8. No tickets required.)

NAUMBURG ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS
The century-old series of free summer concerts in Central Park—given at the Naumburg Bandshell, an echo of the Roman Pantheon—continues with a pleasing program conducted by Sarah Ioannides that includes music by Mozart (the Symphony No. 38), Poulenc, and Nino Rota (the Trombone Concerto, with Scott Hartman). (Concert Ground, south of 72nd St. July 25 at 7:30. No tickets required.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANGLEWOOD
James Levine, back at the podium for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, dominates a vital week of concerts at the orchestra's summer home. July 19 at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet was not the first Western ensemble to bang the drum for Shostakovich, but they have done so with intensity and devotion. They offer the composer's last three quartets (Nos. 13-15), a true journey into the night. ♦ July 20 at 8:30: The energetic American pianist Garrick Ohlsson, also thinking of last things, completes his survey of the Beethoven piano sonatas with the final three: No. 30 in E Major, No. 31 in A-Flat Major, and No. 32 in C Minor (the titanic "Hammerklavier"). ♦ July 21 at 8:30: Levine and the B.S.O. begin an auspicious Mozart weekend with an *amuse-bouche* that features the concert aria "Ch'io mi scordi di te" (with the mezzo-soprano Susan Graham and Levine at the piano), the Piano Concerto No. 27 in B-Flat Major (with Richard Goode), and the "Jupiter" Symphony. ♦ July 22 at 8:30: Levine brings a first-rate Metropolitan Opera cast—including Mariusz Kwiecien, Tamar Iveri, and Soile Isokoski—up to Lenox for a semi-staged performance of **"Don Giovanni"** with the B.S.O. ♦ July 23 at 2:30: Levine celebrates Mozart's vast expressive range in a concert with the B.S.O. that offers not only the "Posthorn" Serenade but the majestic Requiem (with the vocal soloists Isokoski, Graham, Kenneth Tarver, and John Relyea, along with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus). ♦ July 25 at 8:30: "Tanglewood on Parade," the annual light-classics jamboree, features Levine, Keith Lockhart, and John Williams conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra, the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra, and the B.S.O. in a program that will close with Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" (with fireworks immediately following, of course). (Lenox, Mass. 888-266-1200.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL
July 20 at 7:30: One of Michael Barrett's innovations at the formerly too-elegant-by-half suburban festival has been the introduction of "Extreme Chamber Music," a series that highlights musicians of unusual intensity and reach. The pianist Christopher Taylor, an artist of both brains and brawn, is a good example; he'll offer his evening-long calling card, Messiaen's awesome and ecstatic "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jesus." ♦ July 21 at 8: Things reach a fever pitch with the clarinettist David Krakauer and his virtuosic ensemble Klezmer Madness!; the Jewish hip-hop artist Socalled sits in as d.j., on vocals, and on accordion. ♦ July 22 at 8: Will Crutchfield's second and final bel-canto blockbuster is Rossini's **"Tancredi,"** a concert performance in the Venetian Theatre that will feature the fiery contralto Ewa Podleś, an object of cult devotion who, for some reason, doesn't sing at the Met; Georgia Jarman, Yegishe Manucharyan, and Daniel Mobbs round out the cast. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA
July 21 at 8: Megan Monaghan, Anthony Laciura, and Chad A. Johnson lead the cast of Gilbert and Sullivan's **"Pirates of Penzance"**; Stewart Robertson conducts. ♦ July 22 at 8 and July 24 at 1:30: Stephen Hartke, an American composer renowned for his ability to meld the influences of Messiaen, jazz, and medieval music into a serene and confident whole, steps into the operatic realm with **"The Greater Good,"** a treatment of the Maupassant story "Boule de Suif" (a bitter tale about the manipulation of a good-hearted prostitute just after the Franco-Prussian War), with a libretto by Philip Littell. The world-première production features Caroline Worra in the leading role; Robertson. ♦ July 23 at 1:30: The mezzo-soprano Katharine Goeldner plays the ingénue Rosina in Rossini's deathless **"Barber of Seville,"** in a production led by David Angus. (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL
July 21 at 8: András Keller, the leader of the Keller Quartet, is an intimate colleague of the Hungarian master György Kurtág; short and scintillating works by the composer will flit through a performance of selections from Bach's "Art of Fugue." ♦ July 22 at 8: Some longtime colleagues at the Yale School of Music—the bassoonist Frank Morelli, the pianist Joan Panetti, and the violinist Syoko Aki—join the soprano Judith Malafronte for an all-Mozart evening of songs and chamber music. (Norfolk, Conn. 860-542-3000.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS
Two vibrant American groups take to the series's intimate woodland stage this weekend. July 22 at 6: In "Solisti Unplugged," Trio Solisti lets down its hair, playing music by Gershwin (a selection of favorite song arrangements), Paul Schoenfield (the zany "Café Music"), and Mussorgsky (Jon Klibonoff's piano-trio arrangement of "Pictures at an Exhibition"). ♦ July 23 at 3: A program by the Pacifica String Quartet, one of a wave of stunning young string ensembles, uses Mozart's "Dissonant" Quartet as a springboard for works by two modern masters: the Quartet No. 8 by Shostakovich and the Quartet No. 2 by the Russian's close friend Benjamin Britten. (Woodstock, N.Y. 845-679-8217.)

BANG ON A CAN SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL
Now five years old, the festival informally known as Banglewood brings an international crew of young musicians into contact with the formidable players of the Bang on a Can All-Stars, among other downtown masters. The All-Stars offer a concert of their own this week, featuring music by Michael Nyman ("Manhatta," an accompaniment to a short film by Paul Strand), Annie Gosfield, Don Byron, Edward Ruchalski, and David Lang (a world première). (Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art, North Adams, Mass. 413-662-2111. July 22 at 8.)

MARLBORO FESTIVAL
For more than half a century, some of the world's greatest musicians—and their extremely talented students—have trooped up to a little college campus in Vermont each summer to study and absorb the masterworks of the Germanic classical tradition. Programs are announced a week in advance at www.marlboromusic.org. (Marlboro, Vt. 802-254-2394. July 22 at 8:30 and July 23 at 2:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN
The St. Petersburg String Quartet—who play Shostakovich's music better than just about anyone—offers three masterworks: the enigmatic Quartet No. 9 in E-Flat Major, the impassioned Quartet No. 8 in C Minor, and the hearty Piano Quintet (with Alexander Mekinulov). (Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126. July 23 at 3.)

MOVIES OPENING

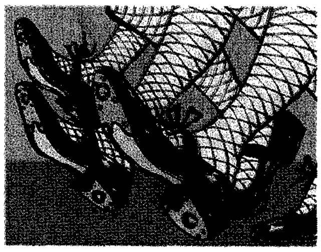
BEEN RICH ALL MY LIFE
A documentary, directed by Heather Lyn MacDonald, about a tap-dance troupe of elderly women who were chorines during the Harlem Renaissance. Opening July 21. (Quad Cinema.)

CLERKS II
The sequel to Kevin Smith's 1994 comedy about ethical slackers. Opening July 21. (In wide release.)

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
KEEP ON TAPPING

Tap is probably the only form of American dance that doesn't throw you out when you hit forty. Bertye Lou Wood, Cleo Hayes, Marion Coles, Fay Ray, and Elaine Ellis were all, in their youth, chorus girls in Harlem, at places such as the Cotton Club and the Apollo. When the bottom fell out of the tap scene, after the Second World War, they took other jobs. One was a bartender; one worked on the Alaska pipeline. In 1985, an energetic manager, Geri Kennedy, brought them together, and they hit the stage again, as the Silver Belles. This group is the subject of a documentary, "Been Rich All My Life," by Heather Lyn MacDonald, now playing at the Quad Cinema. The movie has marvellous archival footage. You get to see the chorus girls at the Apollo, tapping away in white shoes with pretty white bows. It will also improve your character to see the Silver Belles—all in their eighties or nineties, one with a pacemaker, another with a crutch—riding buses and subways for hours to get to their rehearsals. But the film's real treasure is the footage of the Silver Belles dancing today. "We mug now more than we used to," Coles says. They don't have to. They still swing.

—*Joan Acocella*


YUKO SHIMIZU

LADY IN THE WATER
A thriller by M. Night Shyamalan, about a character from a children's book who comes to life. Opening July 21. (In wide release.)

MONSTER HOUSE
An animated adventure, directed by Gil Kenan, about children who discover a house that is alive. Opening July 21. (In wide release.)

MY SUPER EX-GIRLFRIEND
Ivan Reitman directed this romantic comedy, about a man (Luke Wilson) who finds out that the woman he dumped (Uma Thurman) is a closet superhero. Opening July 21. (In wide release.)

SHADOWBOXER
A terminally ill woman who is a contract killer decides to take on one more job. Starring Helen Mirren and Cuba Gooding, Jr. Directed by Lee Daniels. Opening July 21. (In wide release.)

NOW PLAYING

ASHIK KERIB
The final film by the Armenian-Georgian director Sergei Paradjanov is a strange and wondrous hybrid: an ethnographic musical. It recounts the timeless tale of Ashik Kerib (Yuri Mgoyan), a poor minstrel who is refused the hand of the beautiful Mabul by her rich father, and who must wander for a thousand days and nights to earn the bride-price. His adventures and trials are the stuff of legend, as he is tricked by the villainous suitor Kurshid-Bek, left for dead by marauding horsemen, and—in pointed allusions to Stalin (whose regime Paradjanov survived) and Brezhnev (who imprisoned him)—menaced by a pasha who wants off with his head and a sultan who makes him sing dressed in chain mail. Paradjanov tells the story with mysterious, breathtakingly flamboyant images that display the elaborate rituals, ravishing dances, and sensuous, trancelike music of the Caucasus, and he lovingly documents its local customs, religions, architecture, art, and rugged landscape. Though the film is a mere seventy-eight minutes long, its earnest antics have an epic sweep: each frame is dense with layers of tradition, history, experience, and hard-won emotion. In Azeri and Georgian. Released in 1988.—*Richard Brody* (Anthology Film Archives; July 25.)

THE BEALES OF GREY GARDENS
Albert Maysles has put together a companion film to "Grey Gardens," the 1975 cult-classic documentary that he made with his brother, David, about Edith Bouvier Beale and her middle-aged daughter, Little Edie, the famously reclusive relatives of Jackie Kennedy Onassis who lived in a dilapidated cat-and-raccoon-infested Southampton manse. This loose assemblage of outtakes, while retaining the Maysleses' beautiful, intelligent cinematography and patient pacing, sheds light on the Beales' day-to-day life, giving them a more realistic context, but some of the original film's magic and mystery is gone: the Beales still seem crazy, but not quite as much. Fans will find satisfaction in this film, which plays like something of an homage to Little Edie, with her seemingly endless supply of fifties-fabulous outfits and head scarves. It is a revelation and a relief to watch her address rumors of her schizophrenia and shamelessly flirt with the filmmakers, in the presence of whose relentless attention she so guilelessly comes alive.—*Shauna Lyon* (IFC Center; July 21-22.)

CLICK
A high-concept, low-execution comedy, starring Adam Sandler as an overworked family man who is given a remote control that can fast-forward and rewind his complicated life. The film is supposed to be family-friendly, but the director, Frank Coraci, laces the comic situations with frat-boy humor (such as Sandler fast-forwarding to the future and ogling his daughter's breasts) that seems more inappropriate than funny. Sandler's lacklustre delivery enervates the entire film, which, for all of its back-and-forth movement, is stuck on pause.—*Bruce Diones* (In wide release.)

THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA
The plotting is conventional, and the movie never goes below the surface, but, still, what a surface! Bright and crisp and funny, "Prada" turns dish into the kind of dazzling commercial entertainment that Hollywood used to turn out in the days of George Cukor and Stanley Donen. In a triumphantly witty performance, Meryl Streep, never raising her voice, is Miranda Priestly, the terrifying editor of a thick fashion monthly; young Anne Hathaway is the Cinderella figure, who enters the office as Miranda's assistant wearing drab multi-blend sweaters and woollen skirts and gets transformed, after much hazing and many breathless errands, into a fashion princess; and Stanley Tucci is Miranda's acidulous but kindly second-in-command, who teaches the heroine the ways of the world. Jess Gonchor's production design features the chaste beiges and whites of impervious authority—even the cars have a slinky insolence—and Patricia Field assembled the clothes (by Blass, Dolce & Gabbana, Galliano, and others). Written by Aline Brosh McKenna, who toughened up Lauren Weisberger's trivially self-regarding 2003 best-seller, and directed, with the right mixture of satire and heartbreak, by David Frankel. With the mop-haired, spaniel-eyed Adrian Grenier, whose boring good nature as the heroine's boyfriend makes us long to get back to the wickedness of the office.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 7/10 & 17/06.) (In wide release.)

EDMOND
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS: TOKYO DRIFT
The third in a series about sexy boys and their supercharged cars stars Lucas Black as a reckless rebel who, after a drag race gone wrong, flees to Tokyo to live with his father. There he discovers the thrill of drift racing (rocketing a car sideways by gunning the engine and hitting the brakes at the same time) with a group of yakuza wannabes. The story is boilerplate misunderstood-teen drama, with macho posturing and rainy-night sulking, but the director, Justin Lin, films the vehicular stunts with verve and precision. In Japanese and English.—*B.D.* (In wide release.)

GABRIELLE
This intriguingly opaque costume melodrama, based on a story by Joseph Conrad, starts with the discovery by a renowned Belle Époque businessman (Pascal Greggory) that something has gone terribly wrong with his ten-year marriage to the enigmatic Gabrielle (Isabelle Huppert). The rest of the film concerns their attempt to negotiate new terms for their union and to sell it to their social circle. The director, Patrice Chéreau, avoids psychology in favor of intimate pageantry: he establishes the hard, brilliant veneer of the couple's social identity before opening the door to their private, dishevelled vulnerability, and builds the film around the guilty pleasure of spying on public people in their queasy domesticity. The choreographed comings and goings of a phalanx of mobcapped young chambermaids are less a matter of upstairs-downstairs than of inside-outside: what do they know, and whom are they likely to tell? Though the images are often generic, the lead actors, whose tough-minded theatricality is second nature, convey the fear and the heartbreak behind the glossy artifice. In French.—*R.B.* (IFC Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HEADING SOUTH
In Haiti, in the late nineteen-seventies, three middle-aged women from North America regularly show up at a minor beach resort in search of sexual companionship with young Haitian men. The awkward subject, rarely explored, could have been played for sensation or squalor. Instead, the writer and director, Laurent Cantet, deals with it plainly and candidly: the women want release, the men want money—but they also want the attention and the respect that they don't get in their violent and careless society. The strongest passages are straight-into-the-camera monologues by two of the women (Charlotte Rampling and Karen Young), describing their response to the touch of a handsome nineteen-year-old (Ménothy Cesar). With Louise Portal. In French and English.—*D.D.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

NACHO LIBRE
The story is just an excuse for Jack Black to jump around. He's Ignacio (Nacho), a corn-chip-fed cook at a school for Mexican orphans run by elderly monks. He looks great in thick curly hair and a mustache, his dark eyes glinting with the dirtiest

thoughts entertained by any religious functionary since Rasputin. To make money for the orphanage, and to win the love of a pure and chaste nun, he puts on a cape and mask in the style of Mexican wrestling (*lucha libre*), links up with a skinny thief (Héctor Jiménez) to form a tag-team pair, and heads for the arena. There are many wrestling matches in mock-*lucha* style, which become, for some of us, at least, as boring as actual wrestling. Directed by Jared Hess.—*D.D.* (6/26/06) (In wide release.)

PEEPING TOM

For connoisseurs of repellent cinema. There's never been a psycho thriller as insidiously skin-crawling as Michael Powell's portrait of a would-be director as a serial killer. The title creep, Mark Lewis (Carl Boehm), is a focus-puller at a London movie studio who moonlights as a pornographic still photographer and spends his spare time shooting a documentary about murder, starring his victims. Mark's father, played by Powell, was a celebrated biologist who wanted to chart every stage of human development and specialized in "fear and the nervous system." While using a 16-mm. camera to document his son's growth, he went to fantastic extremes, even scaring the boy awake with a lizard so he could study his hysterical reaction. Mark extends this line of research: he turns the third leg of his tripod into a bayonet, and films his female targets as they die in a state of excruciating fright. The movie has its witty moments—a shrink notes that Mark "has his father's eyes." But "Peeping Tom" isn't a black comedy. It's an obsessive-compulsive nightmare. (Brian De Palma borrowed the backstory when he cooked up "Raising Cain.") Released in 1960.—*Michael Sragow* (BAM; July 23.)

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: DEAD MAN'S CHEST

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (In wide release.)

A SCANNER DARKLY

The director Richard Linklater digitally photographed Philip K. Dick's 1977 futuristic-nightmare novel as a movie with actors, then turned the images into animation, adding oscillating colors and shadows. The effect serves to make the material—with its paranoid fears about mind-destroying drugs—even more menacing and strange. Keanu Reeves is the dissolving hero, a narc who takes on the personality of an addict; Robert Downey, Jr., is his weirdly overexplicit sidekick; Woody Harrelson is a hysterical goof; and Winona Ryder is a user who may be playing a double game. Some of the movie is startlingly funny, but it luxuriates in a kind of hip despair that may wear out a viewer well before the end.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

STRANGERS WITH CANDY

This hilarious prequel to the offbeat Comedy Central series stars Amy Sedaris as the profoundly odd Jerri Blank, an ex-prostitute and alcohol, drug, sex, and gambling addict who returns home after a thirty-two-year jail sentence and decides that she must go back to high school, where she left off, and find a way to be special. The plot may be thin—Jerri aligns herself with a couple of nerds who are determined to win the science fair and thus secure funding for the school—but the ridiculous characters, created by Sedaris, Paul Dinello (who also directed), and Stephen Colbert (who plays a closeted, religious science teacher), are so deeply felt, and the language and gags so sly, that the plot doesn't really matter. Sedaris, with mercurial comedic prowess, insinuates into each incident of dejection (there are many) a glimmer of truth, and then, as the reliably oblivious Jerri, bounces back and starts anew.—*S.L.* (In wide release.)

SUPERMAN RETURNS

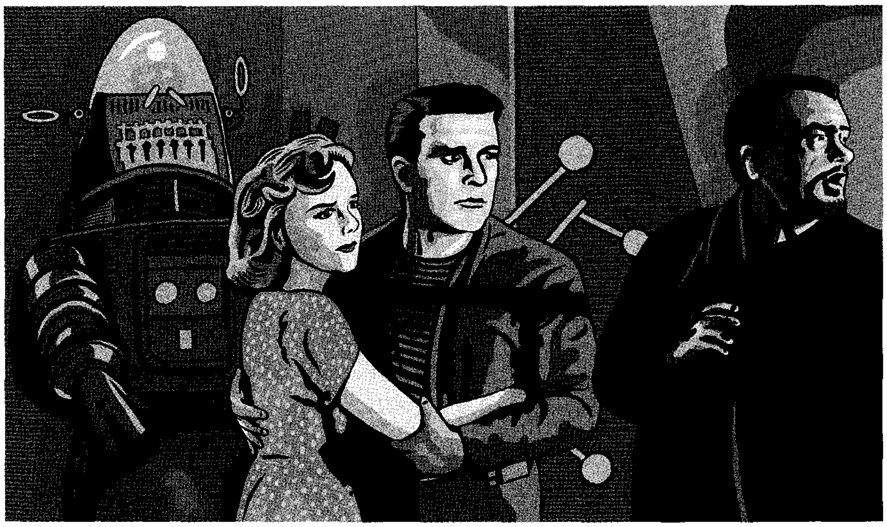
After a lengthy interlude, the Man of Steel is back. His mission to cleanse the world of evil remains as unswerving as ever, as does his belief that the addition of eyeglasses constitutes a deep disguise. In Bryan Singer's film, he is played by Brandon Routh, who appears to be under instructions to deliver his finest impersonation of Christopher Reeve. Also present are Lois Lane (Kate Bosworth), who has gained a child but lost much of her zip and wit, and Lex Luthor (Kevin Spacey), whose plan to hatch a new landmass made of crystal seems unwieldy even by his standards. The story jerks and drags along, with holes where the funny lines are meant to be, plus a number of enigmas (the true father of Lois's son, for instance) that come across as merely confusing. Nevertheless, comic-book fans will gorge themselves on the set pieces and on the now familiar sight of Spacey playing the devil—silken of voice, bare of morals, and infinitely bored.—*Anthony Lane* (7/3/06) (In wide release.)

WHO KILLED THE ELECTRIC CAR?

In 1996, General Motors launched its EV1, an electric car that was revolutionary—no gas, muffler, or oil needed. Chris Paine's documentary traces the history of a vehicle that was never really given a chance. The film examines the machinations of the automakers, the government, and the oil companies to undermine the promise of a non-gas-guzzling future. Paine is a skillful storyteller—he welds investigative reporting and the wistful opinions of former electric-car drivers (who could only lease their cars, and had to turn them in to be junked when manufacturers decided that they weren't worth the effort) into a sobering look at American greed and denial.—*B.D.* (In wide release.)

Also Playing

EXCELLENT CADAVERS: Film Forum. **LITTLE MAN:** In wide release. **OVERLORD:** Cinema Village. **THE ROAD TO GUANTÁNAMO:** In wide release (6/26/06). **YOU, ME AND DUPREE:** In wide release.



"Forbidden Planet," the science-fiction classic, screens July 22-23 at the Thalia.

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES

32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—Selected screenings. The films of Michael Haneke. July 19-20 at 7: "71 Fragments of a Chronology of Chance" (1994; in German). ♦ July 19 at 9:15 and July 22 at 7: "The Seventh Continent" (1989; in German). ♦ July 20 at 9:15 and July 23 at 4:15: "Benny's Video" (1992; in German). ♦ July 21 at 7: "Code Unknown" (2000; in French). ♦ July 21 at 9:30 and July 23 at 9: "The Piano Teacher" (2001; in French). ♦ July 22 at 4:45: "Funny Games" (1997; in German). ♦ July 22 at 9: "Caché (Hidden)" (2005; in French). ♦ July 23 at 6:30: "Time of the Wolf" (2003; in French). ♦ "Essential Cinema." July 22 at 6: Surrealist films of the nineteen-twenties, including "Entr'acte" (1924, René Clair; silent). ♦ July 23 at 5:30: Films by Christopher Maclaine (1953-58). ♦ July 23 at 7: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches (Walden)" (1964-68, Jonas Mekas). ♦ Through Aug. 10: "Kino Summer Series." July 24 at 7: "The Return" (2003, Andrei Zvyagintsev; in Russian). ♦ July 24 at 9:15: "Dersu Uzala" (1975, Akira Kurosawa; in Russian). ♦ July 25 at 7: "The Legend of Suram Fortress" (1985, Sergei Paradjanov; in Georgian). ♦ July 25 at 9: "Ashik Kerib" (†).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—"Cinema Tropical." July 19 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Destiny Has No Favorites" (2004, Alvaro Velarde; in Spanish). ♦ "Great Villains in Cinema." July 20 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Kiss of Death" (1947, Henry Hathaway). ♦ July 21 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "White Heat" (1949, Raoul Walsh). ♦ July 22 at 3, 6, and 9: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick). ♦ July 23 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Peeping Tom" (†).

BRYANT PARK

Sixth Ave. between 40th and 42nd Sts. (212-768-4242)—Through Aug. 21: HBO Bryant Park Film Festival. Lawn opens at 5; screening begins at dusk. July 24: "High Noon" (1952, Fred Zinnemann).

FILM FORUM

W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—The films of Billy Wilder. July 19 at 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, and 10: "Sabrina" (1954). ♦ July 20 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "The Fortune Cookie" (1966). ♦ In revival. July 21-25 at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30: "Fanfan la Tulipe" (1952, Christian-Jaque; in French).

FRENCH INSTITUTE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—In revival. July 25 at 12:30, 4, and 7: "Peppermint Soda" (1977, Diane Kurys; in French).

IFC CENTER

323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—The films of Akira Kurosawa. July 21-23 at noon: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960; in Japanese). ♦ "Waverly Midnights." July 21-22: "The Beales of Grey Gardens" (†).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—"Première Brazil!" All films are in Portuguese. July 19 at 6:30: "Two Sons of Francisco" (2005, Breno Silveira). ♦ July 20 at 6: Videos by Ximena Cuevas (1998-2005). ♦ July 20 at 8: "Vinicius" (2005, Miguel Faria, Jr.). ♦ July 21 at 6: "If I Were You" (2006, Daniel Filho). ♦ July 22 at 2: "Moacir—Arte Bruta" (2005, Walter Carvalho). ♦ July 22 at 4: "What Is It Worth?" (2005, Sergio Bianchi). ♦ July 23 at 3: "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus). ♦ July 23 at 5:15: "500 Souls" (2004, Joel Pizzini). ♦ "Another Wave: Global Queer Cinema, Part One." July 21 at 8: "Tropical Malady" (2004, Apichatpong Weerasethakul; in Thai). ♦

Films from CalArts. July 24 at 8:15: "Everyone Their Grain of Sand" (2004, Beth Bird) and "Seven Lucky Charms" (1992, Lisa Mann).

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Special screenings. July 21 at 7:30: "Crossing the Bridge" (2005, Fatih Akin; in Turkish and German). ♦ July 22-23 at 6:30: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). ♦ Through Aug. 20: The films of Frank Borzage. July 22 at 1:30: "Until They Get Me" (1917; silent). ♦ July 22 at 3: "The Gun Woman" (1917; silent). ♦ July 22 at 4:30: "Humoresque" (1920; silent). ♦ July 23 at 2: "The River" (1928). ♦ July 23 at 4:30: "Lazybones" (1925; silent).

PIONEER THEATRE
155 E. 3rd St. (212-591-0434)—Selected screenings. July 19-25 at 9: "Mad Cowgirl" (2006, Gregory Hatanaka). ♦ July 21 at 6:30: "NO!" (2005, Aishah Shahidah Simmons). ♦ July 21 at 11: "Fat Girl" (2001, Catherine Breillat; in French).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—"Sunshine@Midnight." July 21-22: "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" (1998, Terry Gilliam).

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—"Sci-Fi Marathon." July 22-23 at 4: "Forbidden Planet" (1956, Fred M. Wilcox). ♦ July 22-23 at 6: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957, Jack Arnold). ♦ July 22-23 at 7:30: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977, Steven Spielberg).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—"Heroic Grace: The Chinese Martial Arts Film, Part II." All films are in Cantonese. July 19 at 2:30 and 6:30: "Dirty Ho" (1979, Lau Kar-Leung). ♦ July 19 at 4:30 and 8:30: "Clans of Intrigue" (1977, Chu Yuan). ♦ July 20 at 6:30: "The Magic Blade" (1976, Chu). ♦ "Shaw Brothers Classics." Except where noted, all films are in Cantonese. July 21 at 1:30 and 6:30, July 22 at 4:10, and July 23 at 6:30: "The Love Eterne" (1962, Li Han-Hsiang; in Mandarin and Cantonese). ♦ July 21 at 4 and July 22 at 8:40: "Vermillion Door" (1964, Lo Chen). ♦ July 22 at 2 and July 23 at 4 and 9: "The Kingdom and the Beauty" (1958, Li). ♦ "*Film Comment* Selects." July 24 at 8: "The Descent" (2005, Neil Marshall).

READINGS AND TALKS

ALICE SPARBERG ALEXIOU
The writer reads from her new biography, "Jane Jacobs: Urban Visionary." (The Corner Bookstore, Madison Ave. at 93rd St. No tickets necessary. July 19 at 6.)

"IN THE FLESH"
The erotic-literature reading series, hosted by Rachel Kramer Bussel, the author of the "Lusty Lady" column in the *Village Voice*, presents the writers Desiree Burch, Diana Cage, Zaedryn Meade, Elspeth Potter, Doreen Orsini, Cecilia Tan, and Stacy Brown. Cupcakes will be served. (Happy Ending Lounge, 302 Broome St. No tickets necessary. July 19 at 8.)

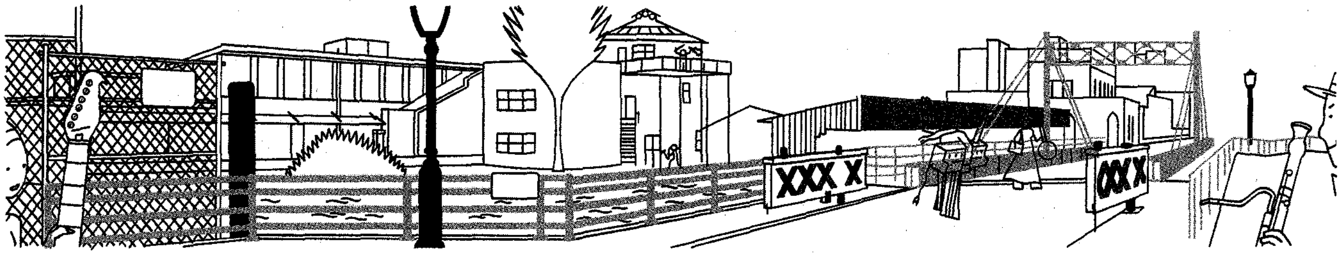
MICHELE TURK
The author of "Blood, Sweat and Tears: An Oral History of the American Red Cross" discusses the history of the organization with three longtime volunteers, Warren Zorek, Virginia Stern, and Ken Thompson. (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 66th St. No tickets necessary. July 20 at 7.)

KGB BAR
The novelists Terese Svoboda and Dawn Raffel read from their work. With the writers Justin Taylor and Shya Scanlon. (85 E. 4th St., 2nd fl. No tickets necessary. July 24 at 7.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"LITERARY UPSTART"
Throughout the past three months, contestants in *The L Magazine's* "American Idol"-like short-story-reading competition have presented their fiction before a panel of literary-world insiders, all in the pursuit of big bucks and fame, or at least a little cash and publication in the journal's summer fiction issue. The three finalists—Deborah Kuan, Sarah Harris, and Gabriel Delahaye—face off July 21, starting at 8. (The Baggot Inn, 82 W. 3rd St. No tickets necessary.)

"BAP-LAB 2006"
The nonprofit organization Bushwick Art Project presents a fourteen-hour festival of electronic music and new-media art. Inspired by the Mutek festival in Montreal and the Sonar gathering in Barcelona, this event, which takes place in a twenty-thousand-square-foot studio, features more than eighty sonic and visual artists. The music "starts off serene and academic," according to RJ Valeo, an executive director of BAP and one of the performers. "And as the day progresses it turns into a full celebration of the digital arts." (3rd Ward, 195 Morgan Ave., Brooklyn. For more information, visit www.bushwickartproject.org. July 22, starting at 4.)



LAURENT CILLUFFO

ON THE HORIZON

CLASSICAL MUSIC
SURROUND SOUND
July 28

The Issue Project Room, an experimental arts collective on the Gowanus Canal, is showing off its new sixteen-channel sound system with a monthlong festival that features a performance by the innovative sound artists Ikue Mori and Hans Tammen. (718-330-0313.)

MOVIES
BAM, BAM, BAM
Aug. 1-29

BAM will heat up August even more with the films of Sam Peckinpah, who filled his work with violence but somehow managed to make it look appealing. The series includes most of Peckinpah's major features, from the elegiac Western "Ride the High Country" to the thriller "The Osterman Weekend," as well as a recently restored version of "Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid." (718-636-4100.)

THE THEATRE
MOTHER STREEP
Aug. 8

Shakespeare in the Park concludes its season with Bertolt Brecht's classic war tale "Mother Courage and Her Children," adapted by Tony Kushner. Meryl Streep leads the cast, which also includes Christopher Walken and Frederick Weller. George C. Wolfe ("Angels in America," "Topdog/Underdog") directs. (212-539-8500.)

NIGHT LIFE
INSANE FUN
Aug. 17

The eccentric hip-hop duo Gnarls Barkley, known for the hit "Crazy" and the costumes worn by its two members—the vocalist Cee Lo Green and the producer Danger Mouse—returns to the city for a benefit show at Central Park SummerStage. (212-307-7171.)

ART
ANSWERING TRAGEDY
Aug. 25-Dec. 17

Five years after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center, the Brooklyn Museum is assembling a show of paintings, prints, drawings, and photographs of lower Manhattan made before and after 2001. Contemporary works by Christoph Draeger, Gerard Maynard, and G. N. Miller will be displayed alongside historical maps and Berenice Abbott photographs from the nineteen-thirties. (718-638-5000.)

The Issue Project Room, on Brooklyn's Gowanus Canal.

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"[Cesar] arrives amid canine chaos and leaves behind peace."
—Malcolm Gladwell, *The New Yorker*

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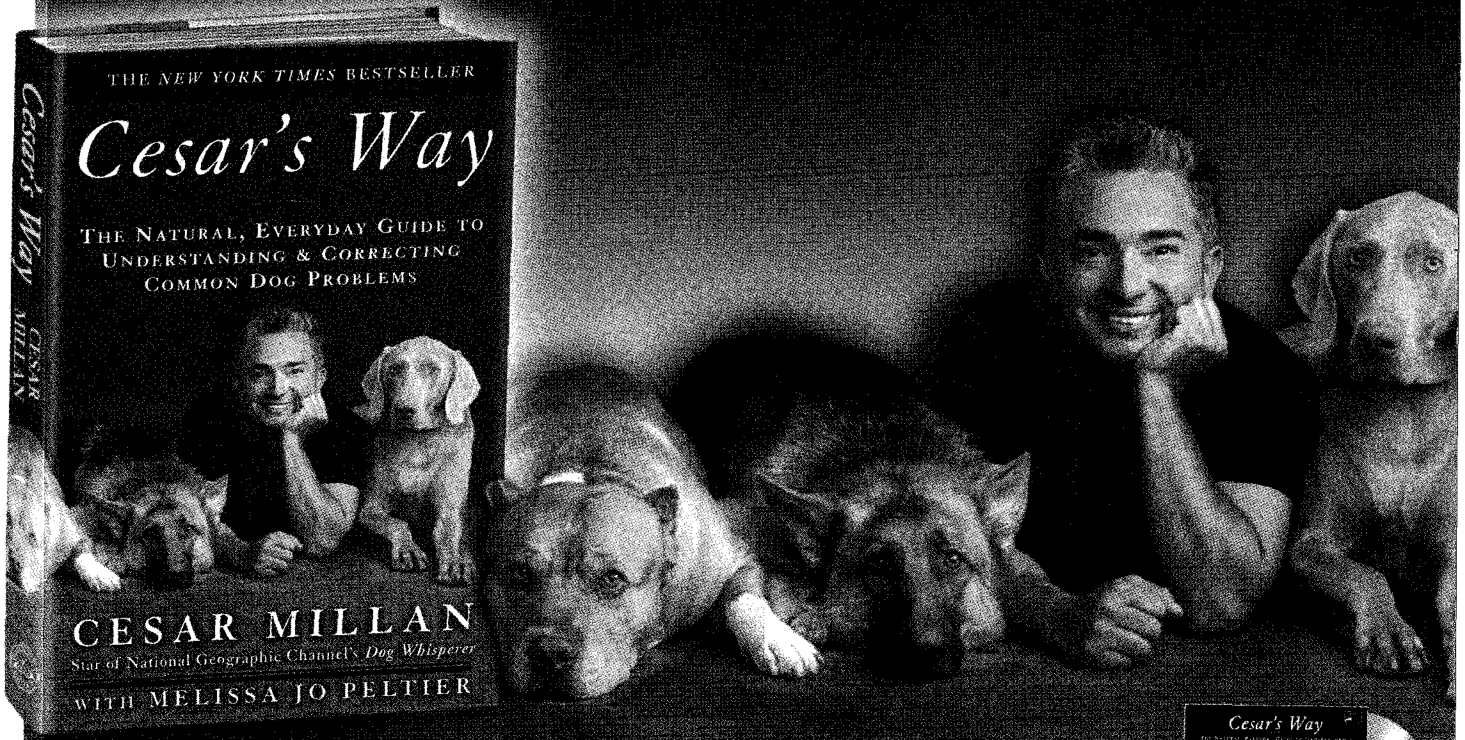
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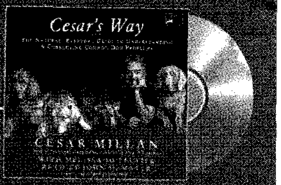
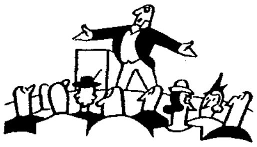

Cesar's Way
CESAR MILLAN

Don't miss Dog Whisperer week July 30-August 4 at 9pm et/pt only on the National Geographic Channel.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
NO MOJO

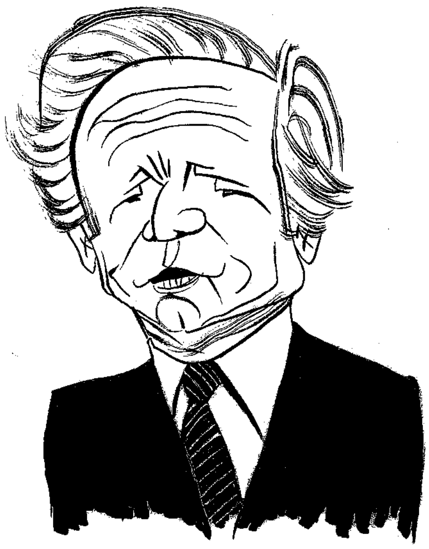


Why, you may ask, is Joseph Lieberman having such a tough time with the simple task of getting himself renominated for the Senate seat he has held for the past seventeen years? Theories abound. One of them, popular on the right, is that Senator Lieberman is the victim of what David Brooks, in the *Times*, calls "a liberal inquisition." Another, popular on the left, is that Lieberman is not a "real Democrat" but, rather, a species of Republican—a "Republican-lite," a "Bush-Cheney Republican," an "in-the-pocket Bush man," to quote some recent online epithets. A third, current across the ideological spectrum, is that Lieberman's trouble is based on a single issue: his unremitting support for the Iraq War.

These theories are not mutually exclusive, and they contain, respectively, a grain, a kernel, and a boulder of truth, but they all fall short. If what we have here is an inquisition (not the mot juste, perhaps, to describe a primary), then the only heretic who has anything to worry about is named Joe. Lieberman's views are broadly similar to those of such colleagues as Diane Feinstein and Ben Nelson, and nobody's trying to burn them at the stake. As for Lieberman's party credentials, they seem to be in reasonably good order. He is a three-term Democratic senator from a state, Connecticut, that's as blue as a state can be while still being the spawning ground of the Bush dynasty; six years ago, he was the Democratic Party's nominee for Vice-President, an unusual honor for a fake Democrat; he has the support of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., NARAL, and the League of Conservation Voters. The third theory comes closest to being a sufficient explanation, for without the war Lieberman would not be facing a primary challenge at all, let alone a strong one. Yet not even his opinions on Iraq can fully account for the special vehemence of the opposition to him.

To understand what it is about Lieberman that so many Democrats find so annoying, one must begin by cranking the wayback machine, first, to the height of (speaking of inquisitions) the pre-impeachment delirium of the late nineteen-nineties, a moment that one of the Senator's constituents has described this way:

> In the Congress, in the press, and on the networks, the righteous grandstanding creeps, crazy to blame, deplore, and punish, were everywhere out moralizing to beat the band: all of them in a calculated frenzy with what Hawthorne (who, in the 1860s, lived not many miles from my door) identified in the incipient country of long ago as "the persecuting spirit"; all of them eager to enact the astringent rituals of purification that would excise the erection from the executive branch, thereby making things cozy and safe enough for Senator Lieberman's ten-year-old daughter to watch TV with her embarrassed daddy again.



Lieberman rated this cameo in Philip Roth's "The Human Stain" on account of a speech he delivered in the Senate on September 3, 1998. It was an exceedingly pompous performance, in which the Senator expressed his "deep disappointment and personal anger" at President Clinton for his sad, furtive affair with a White House intern and deplored "the impact of his actions on our democracy and its moral foundations." The speech earned Lieberman plaudits for statesmanship, integrity, independence, and the like; some people actually saw it as a service to the Democratic Party and even to the President, on the ground that it separated the former from the latter and redirected a little of the anti-Clinton feeling from demands for

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

immediate impeachment (which Lieberman rejected as “unjust and unwise”) to mere indignation. Others, however, saw Lieberman’s attack on Clinton—for, among other things, embodying a “mind-set that has helped to threaten the integrity and stability of the family”—as sanctimonious and even a trifle hypocritical. The Senator, after all, had divorced his first wife when their children were at the vulnerable ages of twelve and thirteen. (He later had the gall to cite differing “levels of religious observance” as the only specific reason he was willing to give for the divorce.)

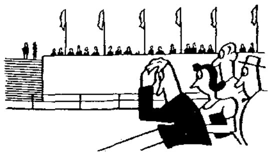
The speech also earned Lieberman his place on the 2000 ticket, as a way for Al Gore to distance himself from Clinton’s squalor. Lieberman’s seat was up that year, and he decided to run simultaneously for senator and Vice-President. Lyndon Johnson had taken out a similar insurance policy forty years earlier, but there was a difference. The governor of Texas in 1960 was a Democrat, so when Johnson resigned his Senate seat after the election a Democrat was appointed to replace him. The governor of Connecticut in 2000 was a Republican. If Lieberman had made way for the state’s popular Democratic attorney general, Richard Blumenthal, who would have won easily, and if the Supreme Court had allowed Gore to take office, then the new Senate would have split 50-50, with Vice-President Lieberman breaking the tie in favor of the Democrats. But, by insisting on having it both ways, Lieberman single-handedly guaranteed that the new Senate would be Republican—either by a 51-49 margin under a Gore Administration or (as it turned out) by the tie-breaking vote of Vice-President Dick Cheney. This was more than just routine political expediency. It was what was known that year as a character issue.

Of course, these irritations wouldn’t much matter without Iraq. “Lieberman’s problem is not that he supported the Iraq invasion, nor that he thinks we need to stay in and finish the job,” Suzanne Nossel, a young ex-State Department official and a fellow at a think tank called the Security and Peace Initiative, wrote the other day. “He has lots of mainstream Democratic company in both those positions. The crux of Lieberman’s problem is his unwillingness to acknowledge the severity of what’s happened in Iraq, and to demand accountability for it.” Last week, as the skies over northern Israel and Lebanon turned red with rockets and bombs and the region lurched toward the brink of general war, the collapse of President Bush’s grand design for remaking the Middle East through invasion and occupation was more frighteningly obvious than ever. With the United States bogged down, militarily and diplomatically, in what it is now fair to call the quagmire of Iraq, Hezbollah and Hamas—and Iran and Syria, and, for that matter, Israel—feel increasingly free to do their worst.

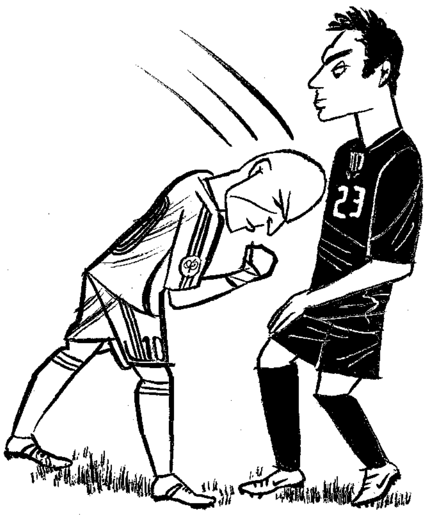
If the Bush Administration, which still has two and a half years to go before America and the world are rid of it, is to be restrained and held accountable, then it is more important for at least one branch of the national legislature to be controlled by the opposition party than it is for Connecticut to be represented by a senator who is against—or for—the Iraq war. Ned Lamont, the earnest, mild-mannered J. P. Morgan heir who is the challenger in the Democratic primary, and has pledged to support Lieberman if the latter wins on August 8th, seems to have some inkling of this. The Senator does not. A couple of weeks ago, in a reprise of his 2000 maneuver, he suddenly announced that if he loses the primary he will seek a place on the November ballot as the candidate of a new “Connecticut for Lieberman” party. “I’m a loyal Democrat,” he told reporters, “but I have loyalties that are greater than those to my party.” No kidding.

—Hendrik Hertzberg

RULES OF THE GAME
CAN WE FORGIVE HIM?



“And why? And why?” the French announcer moaned in some mixture of bafflement and misery last week, after the great Zidane walked away, paused, thought better, or worse, of it, and then went back and rammed his forehead into Materazzi’s blue chest, leading the World Cup to its painfully ambiguous ending. It may be that the final score in penalties would have been the same without that *geste*, but the blow certainly changed the flavor and meaning of the French ascent: from something entirely wonderful and unexpected—a climb to glory—to something painful and all too human: a fall from grace.



American journalists, using that heavily facetious *sacre bleu!* tone that they still favor when they are discussing something as queer as foreigners, have already covered the incident with enough larksome analysis to make it into a kind of byword. (Overheard at a Central Park soccer match: “You hold their shirts and I’ll insult their sisters, and we’ll take care of the rest!”) But, for those involved, it was about as far from fun as anything could be. People in France have been thinking hard about why Zidane did it, and what it means, and have thereby been honoring the national belief that it really is not possible to think too hard about things. (People who tell you that it is possible to think too hard about things are always the ones who aren’t good at thinking about things in the first place, just as people who tell you that you can make yourself sick from too much exercise are always the ones who don’t exercise at all.)

The first theory was that Zidane was not a dignified paladin who had uncharacteristically submitted to a sudden rage but in fact an angry man who, for once—or, rather, once again: a trail of red cards follows him—let it show. Just as all architects who are any good are megalomaniacs, all athletes at this level are fuelled by anger when they play; even the seemingly disciplined ones tend to be driven, demon-ridden people who act out in unpredictable, self-destructive ways.

This point led to a larger question for French fans: can you forgive him, and can you still treat him as a hero? And this came to turn on what, exactly, it was that Materazzi, the annoying Italian, was supposed to have said to provoke Zidane. The press and the football establishment were severe with him from the beginning, making no excuses and offering no appeals to that last red card. The public was more charitable, inclined to believe that he had been provoked past reason. In an appearance on television three days after the game, a well-rehearsed Zidane said that the Italian had insulted his sister and his mother but had not called him a terrorist, as some had claimed. The insults, though not nice, seemed within the "Yo Mama" constraints of trash-talking, but Zidane believed that the remarks warranted their own red card, of one kind or another.

"I am a man," Zidane said—meaning, unfortunately, that, being one, he could not let an insult go unavenged, rather than that, being one, he had the brains and the sense of proportion to walk away from a provocation. This is a lesson being taught to millions of French kids, and it should be taught to American ones, too.

The most interesting theory about the head-butt was a bit Camusian: Zidane, one writer said, was lashing out not just at the Italian who had insulted him but at the unlivable role that he had been slotted into by the French. Forced to play the part of an ideal national hero, and knowing that he could never live up to the role, Zidane (who is still an Algerian kid from the projects at heart, and one who has played most of his career outside France), consciously or not, butted his way right out of it. This view suggests a human explanation for the inexplicable act. One thing that kids around the world learned from the incident is that real games are not video games. An eleven-year-old New Yorker, a passionate supporter of Les Bleus, had been playing each of the French World Cup games over and over on his Nintendo Gamecube FIFA game and—with spooky accuracy—had been using the aggregate scores to predict the outcomes of games not yet played. But nothing in the video game could have led one pixel-constructed figure to turn around, succumb to an irrational animal urge, and bash another pixel-constructed figure in the chest. "It just never happened in the Gamecube," he said afterward, bewildered. An inexplicable human act was the one thing you couldn't program. That reminder may have been, in its way, the saving grace of this curious fall.

—*Adam Gopnik*

HELL AND BACK
CHERYL LIVES!

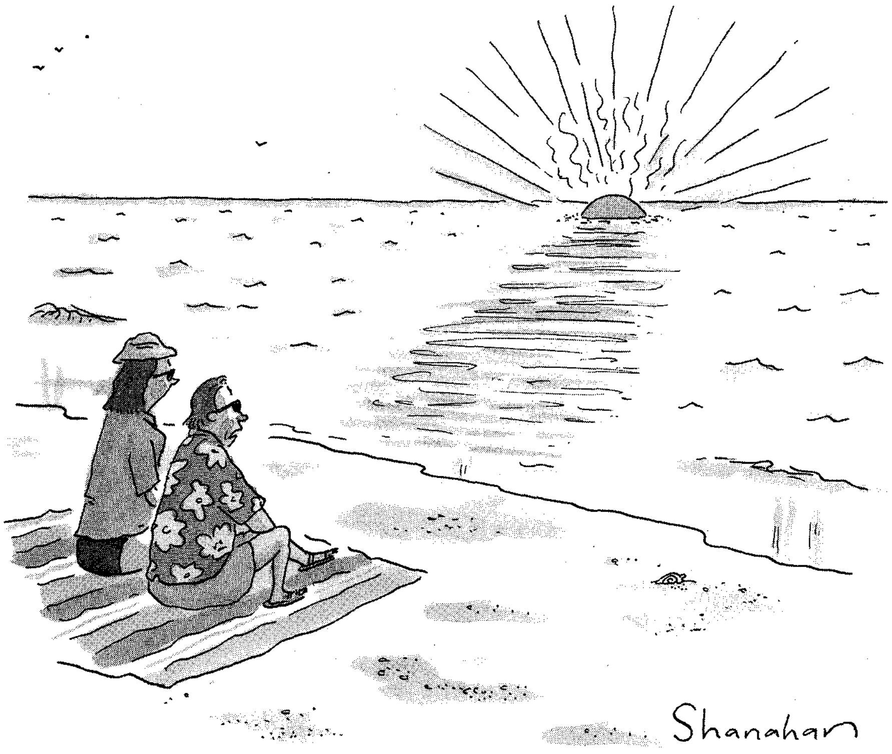
Cheryl Horsfall is a freelance copywriter in Manhattan. She is partial to ideas of the afterlife. A few years ago, she wrote a screenplay called "Parlor Tricks," about a young woman who moves into an apartment above a funeral home. The woman becomes involved with the restless and misanthropic shade of a young man who inhabits the place. She helps him settle difficulties having to do with his leaving the world, and he helps her with difficulties in her life.

Horsfall is thirty-seven. She grew up mostly in Texas, and she has lived in New York for fourteen years. She is slim and has a narrow face, sharp features, brown hair, blue eyes, and freckles. Occasionally, when she is thinking, her eyes close and her eyelids flutter. In October of 2005, she received a letter from a New York State agency informing her that she was deceased. The letter did not say how she had died or when. About a year earlier, she had been let go from a big advertising firm as part of what she calls a general bloodletting. While she was at the unemployment office, listening to a woman read instructions to a room of applicants, a man appeared and announced that he was offering free health insurance, provided by the state. Horsfall applied and was accepted. After a year, she applied to have the insurance renewed. Her coverage was denied, because "our records indicate that this person is deceased," the letter said. If she disagreed, she could request a hearing. The number to schedule a hearing was connected to an answering machine. Horsfall left many messages, but no one called her back.

Meanwhile, Horsfall held a wake, in her apartment. She scheduled it for November 1st, the Day of the Dead. She built a shrine, with flowers arranged by a floral designer she knew, and candles and photographs. She served funeral food—casseroles and coconut cake. "I thought I'd dress well," she says, "so I put on a corset top and a ball-gown skirt, which I used to wear to Viennese Waltzes at the Waldorf." Several old boyfriends showed up, and she assured them all that they were remembered in her will.

Shortly after the wake, Horsfall realized that there could be consequences to being dead. Her work takes her abroad, and she wondered what might happen if her passport was checked. On the advice of her insurance provider, Horsfall tried to correct the problem through a government office at Bellevue. "It was a room with many, many people waiting," Horsfall said the other day, on a bench in Madison Square Park. "You take a number, and you get forty, and they're working on twelve, and you realize it's not a matter that you can settle at lunchtime." Eventually, she received word that she had a hearing scheduled for April 12, 2006, the Wednesday before Easter. "I'm thinking it will be a little courtroom, like 'Night Court,' " Horsfall went on. "My name will be called, and I will stand before the judge and take a really deep breath and say simply, 'The defense rests.' " Instead, she reported to an office building on West Thirty-fourth Street. She waited in a corridor until she was called to the desk of a middle-aged woman. Horsfall handed the woman the notification and said, "Do you see why I'm here?" The woman opened Horsfall's case—the state had closed it again—and told her that it would eventually resolve in her favor. Horsfall asked her to sign a certificate affirming that she was alive, which she had made on her computer, but the woman said she wasn't allowed to.

In Madison Square Park, Horsfall



"That can't be good."

• •

said, "I'm a living, thriving New Yorker again." On her lap was a folder containing documents she had collected, among them one acknowledging that she was alive. "You'd think it would be the easiest thing in the world to make a call and fix, being dead or alive," she said, putting letters back into the folder. "But, even with all the services there are in New York, there's no such hot line."

—*Alec Wilkinson*

PRECOCITY DEPT.
BIRD

The Creative Jazz Organization, which was founded in the early nineteen-seventies by music buffs associated with the Rochdale Village Community Center, in Queens, holds jam sessions on Wednesday nights at Manhattan Proper, a bar and restaurant at the corner of Linden Boulevard and 217th Street, in Cambria Heights. The walls in the Proper are painted pink, and there's a glass-enclosed bar up front, where jazz-indifferent customers can drink beer and watch baseball on TV. Admission is ten dollars. The music usually starts a little after eight.

C.J.O. performers over the years have included Etta Jones, Roy Haynes, and Walter Perkins. Until he died, earlier this month, at the age of ninety-four, the oldest regular was Hank Turner, a trumpet player and former bandleader, who once fired Charlie Parker for habitually arriving late for rehearsals. The youngest C.J.O. performer, by approximately as wide a margin as Turner was the oldest, is Elijah Shiffer, whose instrument is the alto saxophone. Elijah made his first appearance in the summer of 2005, when he was thirteen. His father, Michael, owns a high-end garage in Mount Vernon, and his mother, Amy Silberkleit, is an artist. Elijah has an angelic face and longish wavy brown hair, and he sometimes yawns and looks bored while waiting for his turn to play. Reuben C. Bankhead, who retired as a New York City police detective twenty-five years ago and is the C.J.O.'s president, said the other night, "To look at Elijah, you'd think he should be playing Nintendo. But then he gets that horn out and blows everybody away."

Elijah is homeschooled. He writes avidly and well, and he loves playing with language—he is fairly certain, for example, that Django Reinhardt is the only jazz musician whose name contains two silent "d"s—but he doesn't converse easily with other people. Children with similar combinations of talents and apparent emotional distance are often characterized by various clinical terms, which Elijah's parents do not use, feeling that they limit rather than enlighten.

"His wiring is different," his father said. "He loves to play music with anybody, and I think he's interested in other people, but there is a kind of connection that just isn't made. Except for music, he is almost a hundred-per-cent uninvolved with other kids. We were very worried about him for a while, and one of the things that I took comfort from was his music, which shows that he obviously has the full range of emotions, and can communicate them. Jazz has been a conduit for him."

Elijah probably came to music by way of his other main passion, which is ornithology. "When he was a little kid, he sort of organized his world around birds," his father went on. "He divided everything into those things which relate to birds and those things which don't. He was especially interested in ducks—I think his first word was 'duck'—and from ducks he enlarged his horizons somewhat to include the passerines—the warblers and the sparrows and the common birds that you see all over the place—and just about every other type of bird there is. For four or five years, he would draw pictures of birds for several hours a day. His drawings tended to be as accurate as he could make them with regard to field marks and colors, but the birds would also be in human situations: they would play with tools, and they had this whole social life going on. Elijah's got a pretty good handle on Latin from learning the Latin names of birds, and he will also make up Latin names for birds that don't exist but should, in his opinion. His ear for birdsong has always been amazing, and the music thing may be part of that."

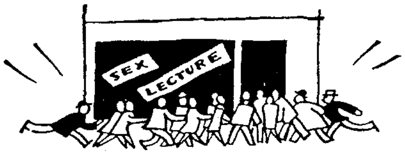
At seven, Elijah began picking out notes on the piano, which his older sister, Isis, was studying. He taught himself to read music, and soon he was taking lessons, too. He started playing the saxophone at nine, and he began jamming with adults when he was ten. The bassist Eric Lemon, who played with Elijah in an open master class at LaGuardia College, suggested that he join the sessions at Manhattan Proper.

Improvisational jazz can seem formless and chaotic to non-musicians, but it has an underlying structure, and one of the many remarkable aspects of Elijah's talent is his fluid, intuitive grasp of its formal organization. He can play almost anything after hearing it once or twice, and he can seamlessly trade fours with musicians he's never met. His solos are playful and inventive. He sometimes deconstructs phrases by other players, or quotes bits from his favorites among the greats, especially Charlie Parker. Occasionally, he makes private jokes for the benefit of his father, as he did one night last year when he worked in phrases from the score of an amateur musical that Michael was directing in the city.

When Elijah plays, he stands straight and still, although his eyes sometimes turn to the left or to the right, as though he were studying the house. After a recent performance at Manhattan Proper, he returned to the table where his father was sitting, and began to put his saxophone back in its case. He had more than held his own, and he was happy. Barbara Burse, who lives in Queens and has heard him many times, smiled, and said, "I feel like you're an old soul." Reuben Bankhead said, "If he's playing like that now, wait till he's eighteen, twenty, twenty-five. I'm telling you, when I listen to Elijah I can see another Charlie Parker." Another Bird.

—*David Owen*

NOT TONIGHT DEPT.
DR. ESTHER



Twenty-odd couples, plus a handful of stags, out for a few hours on a summer evening. At going rates, that's nine hundred dollars' worth of babysitting, which is presumably about what it would cost for three hour-long sessions with Dr. Esther Perel, the SoHo psychotherapist whom they had all come to see at Mo Pitkin's, a bar on Avenue A. Normally, Perel—a motormouthed cosmopolite with twinkly eyes and a crooked smile—is the moderator of the Downtown Salon, a series of curated conversations put on by a progressive Jewish congregation that calls itself the New Schul. On a recent Thursday, however, she herself was holding forth. Tucking a piece of streaked hair back into bob formation, she began, "I'm resistant to number crunching—'How many times do we have sex in a month?' It's less about 'more' than about 'better.'"

Perel's speciality is culture and sexuality, and her forthcoming book, "Mating in Captivity," takes a hard line against one of the most time-honored, if not otherwise celebrated, institutions in human history: the sexless marriage. According to its jacket copy, the treatise "examines the conflict"—or the "existential dilemma," as Perel regards it—"between domesticity and sexual desire and explains what it takes to get lust back"; it reads like a cross between the works of Jacques Lacan and "French Women Don't Get Fat." For all those bored husbands and their overscheduled wives in flannel nightgowns, Perel's message is this: Democracy in the bedroom is erotically deadening. Stop talking about why you have bad sex (in fact, stop talking so much, period). Dabble, if you wish, in light bondage, and cultivate "a sense of ruthlessness." To her patient Dominick, whose well-meaning seduction routine with his boyfriend involved preparing an osso-buco dinner, she asks, "Can you make a meal out of Raoul?" (Just hold the garlic.)

Back at the salon, the audience members listened raptly, clutching glasses of pinot grigio. "Parenthood is the fatal erotic blow," Perel said, as a woman rummaged for the cell phone that had erupted into a klezmer ring tone. "So you must blast the spontaneity myth, or the big-bang theory of sex," she continued. "You can't just leave it to the devices of chemistry." Invoking the scene in "Fiddler on the Roof" where Tevye asks his wife if she loves him, Perel suggested that the modern cult of romantic love has conflated two once-distinct roles: the person you lust after and the person who milks your cows. "We now turn to one person for what an entire community used to give," she said. In other words, it takes a village to have an orgasm.

After Perel's talk, the crowd broke into small groups. At one table, Gina Schmeling, who was six months pregnant, kicked off the discussion. "Our son is nearly three," she said. "He's in a relatively Oedipal stage and he's all over me all the time. He tries to kick Alani, my husband, out of bed."

(In case you're a couple dealing with this problem, Alani recommends "creating a dialogue with each other from the outset, a sort of metalanguage about alternative forms of being partnered.")

"Relationships, in a way, are a lot less exciting now that I'm at peace," a father of two with a small turquoise stud in his left ear said. His friend Sally Gottesman, who is expecting a baby, raised an eyebrow.

"What I mean is that they're better," he added.

Gottesman mentioned that she had recently hung out with some twenty-year-olds. "It was so fun," she said. "They weren't having sex with the same person every night—it's a very different energy from people in their forties."

"I know," Schmeling said. "The twenties were so free and sensual. Remember, you used to go to bars and stay out late and smoke?"

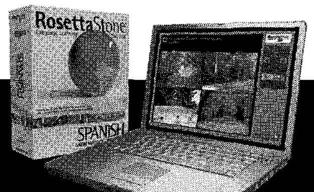
Once the larger crowd had reconvened to discuss the discussions, Perel called on Schmeling, who reported that her group had talked about the difficulties couples have finding time for each other, especially when one of them is nursing. "When the baby's finally sleeping, the last thing you want to do is give it out again," she said. "You're using your body all day. It's time to be a brain."

"Not just a nipple!" Perel interjected, before taking a final question from a man sitting on a barstool.

"How much of this dilemma is an American problem?" he asked.

Perel said that Americans obsess about the riskiness of sex. "The essential message of American sex is that sex is dirty." She went on, "You live in a culture of assertiveness training: 'Don't beat around the bush,' 'Get to the point.' These are not necessarily the most erotic ingredients in life. For that—go to Italy!"

—*Lauren Collins*



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MEDICAL DISPATCH

THE PREECLAMPSIA PUZZLE

Making sense of a mysterious pregnancy disorder.

BY JEROME GROOPMAN

In June, 2000, Ananth Karumanchi, a thirty-one-year-old kidney specialist at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, in Boston, read an article in *Nature* about preeclampsia, a poorly understood disorder that affects about five per cent of pregnant women. In the developing world, preeclampsia is one of the leading causes of maternal death; it is thought to kill more than seventy-five thousand women each year. In the United States, where treatment is more readily available, few women die of the disease, but complications—including rupture of the liver, kidney failure, hemorrhage, and stroke—can cause lasting health problems. (In rare cases, patients with preeclampsia develop seizures or lapse into a coma; this is called eclampsia.) The only cure is delivery. "If a woman develops preeclampsia near term, then she is induced to have a delivery or undergoes a Cesarean section," Benjamin Sachs, the chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Beth Israel Deaconess, told me. "In most cases, as soon as she is delivered we know she will get better. But, if preeclampsia develops early in the pregnancy, then we have a huge challenge, because we have two patients: the mother and the baby. If you deliver the baby early to spare the mother, then you put the baby at risk for the complications of prematurity; if you wait, then the mother can have severe complications and go on to eclampsia."

Karumanchi had treated several pregnant women with the disorder for hypertension and kidney failure, and he was curious about the disease. The article in *Nature* described a study by researchers at the University of Reading, in England, who claimed that they had found elevated amounts of a protein called neurokinin-B in the blood of eight women with preeclampsia. The researchers reported that when they injected rats with high doses of neurokinin-B the animals' blood pressure increased. (High blood pressure is a hallmark of the disease.) But the increase was fleeting, and the researchers did not say whether the rats developed other symptoms of preeclampsia, such as protein in the urine and edema (swelling, typically of the face or the limbs). Karumanchi was taken aback. "There was no rationale as to why this protein would be increased in preeclampsia," he told me. "I said to myself, 'Wow! If this paper can make it into *Nature*'"—arguably the world's premier scientific journal—"'I am sure we can do better work than that.'"

Karumanchi has a full face and a mop of black hair that is graying at the temples, and he wears aviator glasses. He was born in Mayurnathapuram, a village in southern India, and as soon as he completed his medical degree, at the University of Madras, he sought a residency in the United States, only to discover that positions at prestigious programs are rarely given to foreign-trained doctors. In 1996, after spending three years at Henry Ford Hospital, in inner-city Detroit, he obtained a fellowship to study kidney disease at Beth Israel Deaconess. (I'm on the staff of the hospital, but before writing this article I had never met Karumanchi.) For four years, he worked under Vikas Sukhatme, the chief of nephrology at the hospital, as part of a group of researchers studying the role of angiogenesis—blood-vessel formation—in cancer. But, after reading the article in *Nature*, he decided that he was more interested in figuring out what caused preeclampsia. He didn't know precisely what he would be looking for, but he was confident that he could obtain tissue from women with preeclampsia, since the disease is so common. "There are placentas being thrown in the waste can every day in the hospital," he told

Sukhatme. "So why don't I apply some advanced molecular techniques and try to find what's coming from the placenta that might cause preeclampsia?"

Among medical researchers, obstetrics is often regarded as a dead end. "An enterprising young physician-researcher who seeks to make his name in a field faces huge hurdles if he wants to work with pregnant women," Sachs told me. When a pregnant woman takes a drug or undergoes a medical procedure, her fetus may be affected in ways that are difficult to measure or to predict, and, as Sachs pointed out, a fetus cannot consent to participate in a study. "Our ability to truly understand what goes on in the fetus is poor," he said. "You can't predict physiologically how a fetus is going to respond to some treatment given to the mother. So people are very hesitant to do this kind of research, and the committees that protect human subjects are, by and large, gun-shy." The memory of thalidomide, the sedative that was given to thousands of pregnant women in the nineteen-fifties and sixties and caused severe birth defects—including stunted limbs—still shadows the field, and pregnant women are understandably reluctant to volunteer to test new drugs and therapies. "The only large clinical trials that have been going on involve innocuous treatments, like antioxidants, low-dose aspirin, or supplements like calcium," Sachs said.

Obstetricians refer to preeclampsia as "the disease of theories."

ANTHONY RUSSO

Disorders of pregnancy receive relatively little research funding from the federal government, even though they exact a considerable medical and financial toll. Preeclampsia is among the most common causes of premature birth in the United States, at an average cost of more than fifty thousand dollars per infant, and doctors now believe that women who suffer complications during pregnancy are at risk for medical problems in the future. According to several recent studies, women who have had preeclampsia are twice as likely as other women to experience hypertension, stroke, and other cardiac conditions. As Christopher Redman, an internist at the John Radcliffe Hospital, in Oxford, England, and a leading expert on preeclampsia, put it, pregnancy is "a stress test for life."

Redman began studying preeclampsia in the early seventies, after some of his patients developed it. He was motivated in part, he said, by the fact that "the state of the art was beggarly." By this time, the disease had been observed for more than two thousand years. As one ancient Greek text put it, "In pregnancy, the onset of drowsy headaches with heaviness is bad; such cases are perhaps liable to some sort of fits at the same time"—apparently an allusion to the seizures that occur when preeclampsia becomes eclampsia. ("Eclampsia" is derived from the Greek word for "a shining forth," and is thought to refer to the bright flashes that women sometimes see during their seizures.) Preeclampsia was defined as a distinct syndrome in the nineteen-twenties—after blood-pressure measurements and tests to detect protein in the urine became more common—but its cause remained a mystery. Among obstetricians, Sachs said, preeclampsia is known as "the disease of theories."

One theory, popular in the nineteen-nineties, held that women with preeclampsia were allergic to antigens passed to the fetus through their husbands' sperm. (Some doctors prescribed oral sex as a means of desensitization.) The notion was largely inspired by epidemiological studies showing that women were more likely to develop preeclampsia during a first pregnancy (requiring minimal prior exposure to a partner's semen). Moreover, the studies suggested, women who developed the disorder during a second pregnancy were also likely to have changed partners. Other epidemiologists, however, were able to account for this effect by noting that women who had children by two different men tended to experience a longer interval between pregnancies than women who stayed with the same partner. When women who had changed partners were compared with women whose pregnancies were similarly spaced but who had remained with their original partner, the incidence of preeclampsia was the same. (Doctors now believe that the more time that elapses between pregnancies the greater a woman's risk of developing the disorder.)

Other theories have focussed on the potential of calcium supplements and antioxidants, such as Vitamin C, to prevent the disease. Between 1992 and 1995, the National Institutes of Health conducted a study of forty-five hundred and eighty-nine women to test the calcium hypothesis, but the results were negative. More recently, studies in Britain and Australia have shown that giving pregnant women extra doses of Vitamins C and E does not reduce the risk of preeclampsia, and, according to the British study, might cause some women to have babies with low birth weights.

Sachs recalls attending a scientific meeting in the nineteen-eighties at which a researcher announced that she had discovered a parasite in the placentas of women with preeclampsia. The researcher published her findings in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, to much astonishment. But the discovery proved to be an illusion: pieces of cotton swabs had become mixed in with the placentas; under the microscope, they looked like parasites. When, in July of 2001, Sukhatme called Sachs on Karumanchi's behalf to ask for some placentas, Sachs was skeptical. "I moved the phone away from my ear and rolled my eyes, thinking, What is it going to take to make these guys happy? How many specimens?" he said. Ultimately, however, he agreed to provide twenty-one placentas from women with preeclampsia, and seventeen placentas from women who did not have the disease. "Every academic obstetrician would love to find the cause of preeclampsia," Sachs told me.

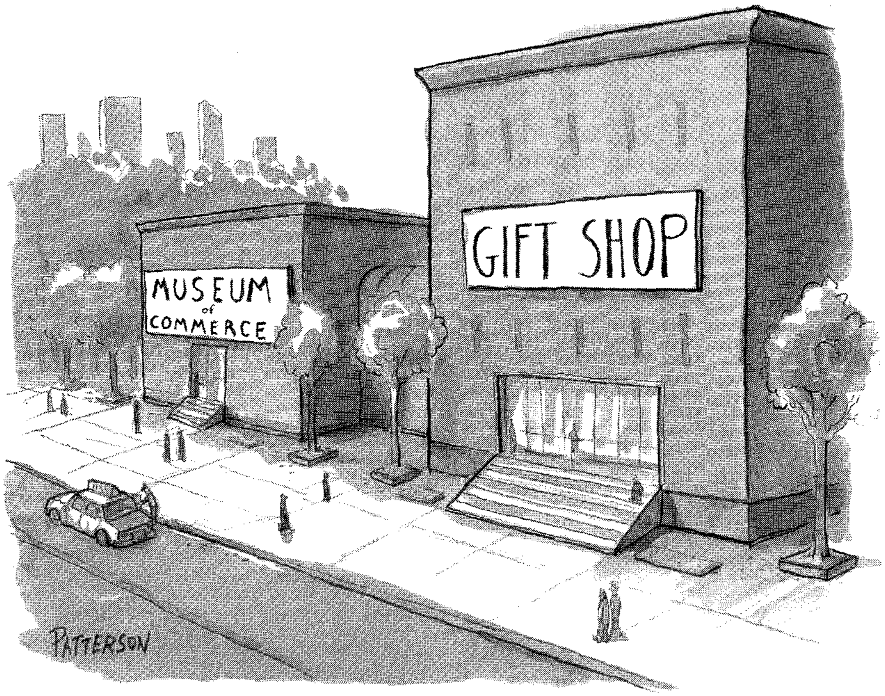
In the past fifteen years, there has been a growing consensus that the disorder damages the mother's endothelial cells, which line blood vessels, including those in the kidney, the liver, and the brain. During the first weeks of pregnancy, fetal cells called trophoblasts invade the inner lining of the mother's uterus, where they behave much like "an alien parasite," according to Redman. In normal pregnancies, trophoblasts burrow deep into the uterus, and, through a process that is not well understood, remodel the mother's arteries. Initially narrow, with thick walls, the vessels around the placenta become wide, with thin walls—and capable of carrying a hundred times more blood. By the twentieth week of pregnancy, the process is largely complete: the fetus has commandeered enough blood to supply the expanding placenta, on which it depends for nutrients. "There is nothing like it in human biology," Redman said of the fetus's ability to transform the mother's vessels. "Even when the adult heart is pumping at a maximum rate, blood flow to the body may increase at most by fivefold."

In some women, however, the remodelling process is unsuccessful; the trophoblasts fail to penetrate the mother's vessels completely, resulting in scant blood flow to the placenta, thus depriving the fetus of oxygen and nutrients. Karumanchi believed, as did other doctors, that in such cases the fetus releases substances from the placenta that attack the mother's endothelial cells, causing hypertension and protein in her urine. Using a technique called microarray—which involves a "gene chip," the size of a saltine, that has embedded on it parts of the DNA sequences for thousands of genes—Karumanchi began to evaluate genes that are active in the placenta. He extracted genetic material from the donated placentas and placed it on the chip; genes that were more active in the placenta would stick to the chip in greater numbers.

The microarray experiments revealed more than two hundred genes that were unusually active in the placentas of the women suffering from preeclampsia. Karumanchi discounted all but twenty of these genes, since they involved proteins that could not be released by the placenta into the mother's bloodstream. Of the remaining genes, he focussed on those which could affect endothelial cells. "It wasn't really that intelligent," Karumanchi told me, describing how he narrowed his search. "The microarray just repeatedly came back showing me soluble FLT."

Soluble FLT is a protein that acts like glue, binding to other proteins in the blood and preventing them from nourishing the endothelial cells; after just two months of work, Karumanchi had a promising result. "I was sifting through all of these data, and I said to myself, 'It can't be this obvious,'" he recalled. "'It can't be the predominant factor in preeclampsia, because people would have discovered it by now.' This couldn't be just waiting for me."

The next step was to determine whether women with preeclampsia had elevated levels of soluble FLT in their bloodstreams. First, Karumanchi established baseline levels of the protein in eleven healthy pregnant women and in six women who were delivered before term but did not have preeclampsia. Then he measured the amount of soluble FLT in eleven women suffering from mild preeclampsia and in ten women with a severe form of the disease. The women with mild disease had twice as much soluble FLT in their blood as the healthy pregnant women did, and the women with severe disease had five times as much. Karumanchi also tested the women for two proteins that supply their blood vessels with much of their nourishment: VEGF and PlGF. He found that those with preeclampsia had between sixty and



eighty-five per cent less of the proteins floating freely in their blood than those without the disease.

Karumanchi knew that other researchers were likely to be skeptical of a new theory of preeclampsia; he wanted to show not only that elevated levels of soluble FLT corresponded with decreases in VEGF and PlGF in pregnant women suffering from the disease but also that soluble FLT damaged blood vessels. He decided to grow endothelial cells in laboratory dishes. He filled some dishes with blood serum from women with preeclampsia; the rest he filled with blood serum from healthy pregnant women. The cells in the healthy women's serum grew into a lattice of delicate vessels. Those in the preeclamptic women's serum were frayed and disconnected; they looked like spiderwebs that had been torn apart. When Karumanchi added soluble FLT to the healthy women's serum, the fine lattices also became frayed. He wondered whether he could repair vessels by adding abundant amounts of VEGF and PlGF to the dishes. When he did so, the vessels recovered. Karumanchi was delighted. "This meant that we might find a way to treat these women and protect their blood vessels," he said.

He discussed his findings with Vikas Sukhatme, the Beth Israel Deaconess nephrology chief, who told him about a group of kidney-cancer patients who were being treated with an experimental drug called Avastin and had preeclampsia-like symptoms, including hypertension and protein in their urine. Like fetuses, malignant tumors depend on a constant flow of blood for nourishment, and recently researchers have developed medications aimed at reducing the blood supply to tumors by inhibiting the formation of new vessels. Avastin is one such drug, and it works as soluble FLT does, by trapping VEGF and starving endothelial cells. "This is the closest you are going to get to pregnant women, because you are giving a soluble-FLT-like drug to cancer patients," Sukhatme told Karumanchi. (Avastin has since proved to be remarkably effective at killing tumors, although patients must be carefully monitored while they take it. A drug modelled on soluble FLT is now being developed by Regeneron, a biotech company, for use in treating cancer.)

The Avastin trials suggested to Karumanchi that soluble FLT's role in triggering preeclampsia was even more important than he had originally suspected. "I wasn't thinking this would be the causative molecule until I talked to Vikas," he said. Still, as a novice researcher, without a reputation in obstetrics, Karumanchi felt that he needed more data. He decided to test his theory on pregnant rats. Pregnancy in rats lasts about twenty-one days; to mimic the typical course of preeclampsia, he injected five rats after the first week of their pregnancies with a genetically engineered virus that would not make them sick but that contained the soluble-FLT gene and released the protein continually into their bloodstreams. At the beginning of the rats' third trimester—when preeclampsia usually develops in women—a cardiologist working with Karumanchi threaded a device into the rats' carotid arteries to measure their blood pressure. In the control rats, which had received a version of the virus without soluble FLT, the average blood pressure was seventy-five. In the rats that had received soluble FLT, the average blood pressure was between a hundred and nine and a hundred and eighteen—hypertension. Moreover, the rats exposed to soluble FLT had between ten and a hundred times as much protein in their urine as the control rats did.

Finally, Karumanchi asked Frank Epstein, a nephrologist, and Isaac Stillman, a renal pathologist, both at Beth Israel Deaconess, to examine tissue samples taken from the rats' kidneys. "That's preeclampsia," Stillman said when he saw the samples under a microscope. "The rats have the same lesions in the kidney that women with the disease have."

Paradoxically, Karumanchi's experiments showed that the placentas of women with preeclampsia had normal amounts of neurokinin-B, the protein touted by the University of Reading researchers as contributing to the disease. "You know, in science, it's not

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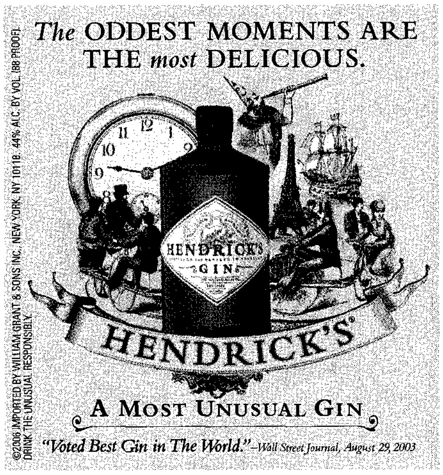
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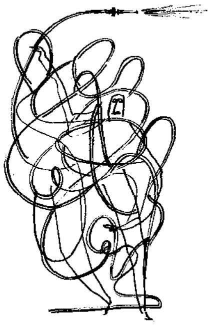
whether you publish a paper in *Nature* or not," Karumanchi told me. "It's whether the data can be reproduced by others consistently. The truth eventually comes out. And then I thought, If those guys can send this paper to *Nature*, then we should publish the protein we found. Maybe I was a little bit arrogant and a little bit naïve."

In July, 2002, Karumanchi submitted a paper on soluble FLT to *Nature*, and it was rejected. "You should have seen the comments from the reviewers," he said. "The general tone was 'This guy has never published in the field.'" One reviewer complained that there were insufficient data from humans and thus no way to be sure that soluble FLT caused preeclampsia. Epstein consoled Karumanchi by saying that he had fulfilled "Koch's postulates"—a reference to the Nobel laureate Robert Koch, who argued that the cause of a disease could be established by injecting animals with bacteria from sick patients. "You've shown that this protein is high in women with preeclampsia," Epstein told Karumanchi. "You've taken the protein out and injected it into animals, and you've shown that the animals developed the key features of preeclampsia." Though two of the reviewers were dismissive, a third wrote that he thought Karumanchi's paper was extremely promising. "He was thoughtful, and pushed me to think more deeply about how to prove my hypothesis," Karumanchi said.



Karumanchi rewrote his paper, taking some of the reviewers' objections into account, and the following March he published it in *The Journal of Clinical Investigation*. In the same issue was an article by Susan Quaggin, a nephrologist at the University of Toronto, describing her successful effort to genetically engineer a mouse so that only small amounts of VEGF were produced in its kidneys; the animal developed lesions similar to those in women with preeclampsia. "It was done totally independent of my work," Karumanchi said. "Another young assistant professor starting out—I thought this was extraordinary."

The articles attracted considerable notice. Critics argued that, although Karumanchi's data were impressive, they failed to explain every aspect of the disorder. None of his rats had shown decreases in red blood cells and platelets, or damage to the liver, which are characteristic of severe forms of the disease. What's more, a few of the women in his study with mild preeclampsia had levels of soluble FLT that were only modestly elevated and not clearly sufficient to explain their disease.

Karumanchi speculated that the placenta released proteins in addition to soluble FLT that were potentially toxic to the mother. Or perhaps, he thought, preeclampsia was actually a number of distinct disorders. Even before his paper appeared, he had begun to apply for grant money so that he could study more women with the disease. "The first grant that I sent to N.I.H. was turned down," he recalled. He revised his proposal and resubmitted it, but it was again rejected. Finally, he submitted a new proposal, to the National Institute of Diabetes and Digestive and Kidney Diseases, which focussed on the effects of hypertension on the kidneys and made no mention of placentas or pregnant women. "That got funded immediately," Karumanchi said. "You would think that with all of the crazy ideas that have been proposed around preeclampsia, even if mine turned out to be wrong it had a strong biological basis, and you would think that I would have been given a chance."

The largest placebo-controlled clinical trial on preeclampsia conducted in the United States was the 1992–95 calcium-supplement study, which was supervised by Richard Levine, an epidemiologist at the National Institute for Child Health and Human Development, at the N.I.H. "The idea that calcium was important in preeclampsia was being promoted by someone who had a career interest in calcium," Levine told me. "And the biological basis for it was remote, at best." Although the results of the trial were negative, Levine preserved the blood and urine specimens that his research team had collected from the more than forty-five hundred pregnant women who participated. The team had also compiled a detailed medical history for each woman and gathered information about their ethnic backgrounds and their smoking and drinking habits. "It was the most anally conducted trial that was done in the preeclampsia area, so we got excellent data," Levine said.

Other researchers had since approached him, hoping to borrow the specimens, but Levine found few of the proposals compelling. In one instance, he used the specimens to test a theory favored by Christopher Redman, the Oxford internist, and several other researchers, which claimed that preeclampsia occurred when debris released by the placenta triggered an inflammatory reaction in the mother. But analyses of the mothers' blood revealed no evidence of inflammation or of excess fetal DNA. Then, in the summer of 2002, an obstetrician from Beth Israel Deaconess sent Levine a draft of Karumanchi's paper on soluble FLT. "I read it once," Levine told me. "Then I read it a second time. And I thought it was the best piece of work, the most exciting thing that I ever read."

Several months later, he met with Karumanchi in Boston and agreed to provide his blood and urine specimens and to collaborate on research. "We opened up the bank," Levine said. Using the N.I.H. specimens, Karumanchi and Levine found that in nearly all the women who had developed preeclampsia the amount of soluble FLT in their blood had been elevated about five weeks before they experienced any symptoms. This meant that physicians might be able to predict which pregnant women would develop the disorder before they became sick, and to monitor them more closely. In February, 2004, Levine and Karumanchi published these findings in *The New England Journal of Medicine*. The article was accompanied by an editorial that noted its importance for most women at risk for preeclampsia, but emphasized that there were some patients with the syndrome whose illness could not be explained solely on the basis of how much soluble FLT was in their blood. Much but not all of the disease's biology had been unravelled.

"Bye, darling. Don't let our love grow dim in the blinding glare of the city's greedy sensuality."

Soon after the article appeared, David Haig, a professor of evolutionary biology at Harvard, knocked on the door of Karumanchi's office and introduced himself. "I loved your paper," Haig said. For more than a decade, Haig has been elaborating a theory that pregnancy represents a "maternal-fetal conflict," in which the mother and her fetus compete for oxygen and precious nutrients. "Most pregnancies are successful, but there is a very high frequency of problems," Haig told me. "Why should that be, since pregnancies are very, very central to fitness? You would think it would be one of the most perfected systems. I think there are so many problems because natural selection so many times is working at cross-purposes on genes in fetuses and genes in mothers."

Most biologists have assumed that a mother and her fetus have an underlying "harmony of interests," because the fetus carries its mother's genes. But "the argument for harmony is flawed," Haig has written, "because a mother and fetus do not carry identical sets of genes. . . . An infant's prospects may be bleak if its mother dies, but children have survived without mothers. Thus, if childbirth threatens the lives of the baby and its mother, the baby may struggle for its own survival, even if this increases the risk to its mother." In his published articles, Haig cites several instances of maternal-fetal conflict, in which the developing baby's genes work against the health of the mother. Aside from preeclampsia, the most common is gestational diabetes, which occurs when a pregnant woman, typically during the second trimester, becomes resistant to insulin and has blood-glucose levels in the diabetic range. Women with the condition tend to deliver babies that are larger than average—perhaps, Haig speculates, because the placenta releases hormones into the mother's bloodstream that, by blocking the effects of insulin, increase the amount of sugar delivered to the fetus.

Haig's other examples are much rarer. In Beckwith-Wiedemann syndrome, which is sometimes caused when the fetus inherits an extra copy of the eleventh chromosome from its father, the fetus can grow so large that it threatens the mother's health. (Haig believes that the excessive growth is triggered by a gene called IGF2, which may act to increase the invasive behavior of trophoblasts.) More disturbing is what's known as a "complete hydatidiform mole," in which, owing to a gross genetic aberration, a placenta develops without a fetus attached to it. Hydatidiform moles contain two sets of paternal chromosomes and no maternal DNA in the nuclei of their cells. In some cases, the moles become malignant, and the placenta attacks the area beyond the uterus, spreading trophoblast cells into the abdomen and the vital organs. Such moles must be surgically removed or the woman will die.

Haig told me that preeclampsia is not known to occur naturally in any species other than humans. Moreover, he said, unlike the offspring of other primates, human babies are born with thick layers of fat, which represent excess nutrients that the fetus has successfully diverted from the mother. Haig saw in Karumanchi's research an extreme version of maternal-fetal conflict: the fetus, by releasing soluble FLT into the mother's bloodstream, causes her vessels to constrict, diverting blood to the placenta at the expense of her organs. "The way the fetus remodels the mother's arteries is like an open bank account," Karumanchi said. "Like a credit card with no limit, drawing on all the maternal resources."

Karumanchi believes that women who have closely spaced pregnancies have a lower risk of developing preeclampsia because the blood vessels in their uteruses don't have a chance to return to their pre-pregnancy shape. They are able to supply relatively robust amounts of blood to the fetus early in pregnancy, thus minimizing the likelihood of oxygen deprivation and the need for the placenta to produce soluble FLT. "People in the field say that the uterine vessels can be thought of as a panty-hose stocking," Karumanchi said. "Once you expand them, it takes a long time for them to return to their original shape."

In the past three years, at least fifteen groups of researchers have reproduced Karumanchi's main findings, and several drug companies are now trying to turn his insights into diagnostic tests and therapies. Scios, a division of Johnson & Johnson, produces a version of VEGF—it was originally developed as a treatment for cardiovascular disease—and in 2003 the company negotiated with Beth Israel Deaconess for the rights to market the drug to women with preeclampsia. (The hospital has applied for a patent on methods of diagnosing and treating the disease; Karumanchi, Sukhatme, and Susan Maynard, a nephrologist who assisted Karumanchi in his research, will receive a percentage of any revenues.)

It's still not clear why some women develop preeclampsia and others don't. Phyllis August, a nephrologist at New York-Presbyterian Hospital, in Manhattan, who specializes in pregnancy and hypertension, believes that the explanation may be found in the underlying health of the mother's blood vessels. Women who already suffer from medical conditions involving their blood vessels—such as diabetes, hypertension, kidney disease, or abnormalities of their clotting proteins—seem to be more susceptible to preeclampsia, August said.

Karumanchi suspects that women whose vessels are normal but who nevertheless develop the disease may have inherited a predisposition to the disorder. He is collaborating with Levine to study the DNA of hundreds of women in the hope of discovering the genetic basis of preeclampsia, and he has continued to seek corroboration for his theory about soluble FLT's role in triggering the disease. One tantalizing piece of evidence comes from a rare genetic syndrome called trisomy 13, in which a fetus receives three copies of the thirteenth chromosome. The syndrome, which is ultimately fatal, can be diagnosed early in pregnancy, through amniocentesis, and most women with affected fetuses choose abortion. Of the women who decide to carry such fetuses to term, the incidence of preeclampsia is more than twenty-five per cent. It turns out that the gene for soluble FLT is on the thirteenth chromosome, and Karumanchi, in a paper that he published last year, showed that women carrying fetuses with trisomy 13 also have large amounts of the protein in their bloodstreams.

For several decades, epidemiological studies have shown that pregnant women who smoke have a low incidence of preeclampsia, and recently Karumanchi and Levine found that the placentas of such women produce less soluble FLT than the placentas of nonsmokers do. "It may be that nicotine or carbon monoxide reduces production of soluble FLT by the placenta," Karumanchi told me.

Last year, Karumanchi reviewed the data from his initial microarray studies and identified a second protein that could damage endothelial cells: endoglin. He found that women with severe preeclampsia had markedly elevated amounts of endoglin in their bloodstreams. (Women with mild disease had less.) When Karumanchi gave both soluble FLT and endoglin to pregnant rats, the animals developed features of severe preeclampsia: their livers were damaged and their red blood cells and platelets were decimated. "There seems to be a family of synergistic proteins—soluble FLT and endoglin are two of them," Karumanchi said. "I think these two account for nearly all the symptoms in preeclampsia." Karumanchi's paper on endoglin appeared in the June issue of *Nature Medicine.* (He and Levine have also found that women who smoke have lower levels of endoglin between the tenth and twentieth weeks of pregnancy.)

Drug-based therapies for preeclampsia may still be years away. But, when I spoke to Karumanchi a few weeks ago, he sounded optimistic. He told me that Scios had recently announced that it could reverse symptoms of preeclampsia in rats by administering its VEGF drug—the first step toward testing it in humans. He also mentioned that several other companies have begun work on a diagnostic test that would allow doctors to measure women's levels of soluble FLT and PlGF early in pregnancy, and thus to predict whether they are likely to develop preeclampsia. "In the last decade, seven hundred mothers died of preeclampsia in the United States," Karumanchi said. "I don't see any more experiments that need to be done. Now is the moment; we've got to grab it and run with it. My feeling is that it would be almost a crime not to try it." ♦

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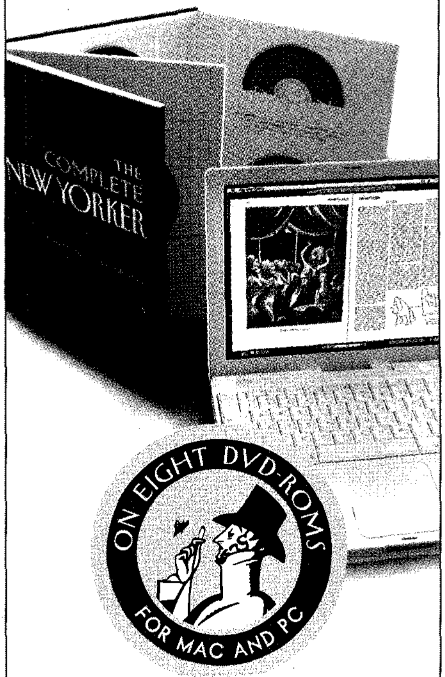

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"AMERICAN IDOL" WORLD COURT

BY PAUL RUDNICK

RYAN SEACREST: Welcome, everyone. I'm your host, Ryan Seacrest. Thanks to the overwhelming success of "American Idol," our panel of judges has been asked, by the international community, to rule on issues affecting us all. So let's get started: What's the deal with Iraq?

PAULA ABDUL: You know, I love the Shiites and the Sunnis and all of the other sects. I just think they are all so special and I just wish they could all get together and realize how special they are.

RANDY JACKSON: But, man, that Saddam Hussein dude—I was not down with that. He would not be my choice for Iraqi Idol. For a bloodthirsty tyrant, he was just average, just so-so.

PAULA: Randy! Saddam has his fans—I just think he needs to find the material that's right for him. We always say that: it's all about song choices. Saddam isn't Whitney.

SIMON COWELL: Paula, a question: Were you raised by pumpkins?

PAULA: Simon! You are so mean!

RYAN: O.K., people. What about gay marriage?

PAULA: I love gay marriage! I think everybody should marry a gay person!

RANDY: Yo, dawgs, I like gay marriage, it's cool. I mean, O.K., it's kinda Broadway, but it's like gay people can make marriage their own. Maybe funk it up. Or rock it out.

PAULA: Wouldn't it be neat if gay people could get married and then adopt other gay people? And make families?

SIMON: I really don't care if gay people can marry. I just want to rip out Paula's hair extensions with a pair of pliers.

PAULA: These are not hair extensions! They're bacon! I was trying something!

RYAN: And I think it looks great. Now, what about global warming?

RANDY: Yo, dawg, when you say "global warming" do you mean, like, sitting by the fire with your lady and getting down to a spicy slow jam by my man Barry White?

PAULA: Oh, oh, or do you mean, like, actually warming the globe? Like toasting one? Wouldn't it melt?

SIMON: He means, you idiots, that because of human greed we're in very real danger of ending life as we know it.

PAULA: But I love being warm! We warm the world with talent! Isn't that what the globe needs? What if we just took all of the most wonderful singers from our show, even that girl whose dad was in prison, and sent them to the North Pole? Would that help?

SIMON: Or what if, for one week, Paula wasn't allowed to use any self-tanning products?

PAULA: I hate you! I hate you! You make me just want to hate you!

RYAN: And while we're on the subject—terrorism, anyone?

RANDY: Yo, man, I just gotta say it, and please, everybody, don't start hatin' on me, but terrorism? I just gotta say no.

PAULA: But, but, maybe terrorists are just people who don't have a loving support system, and so they make the wrong song choices. What if they just had someone to say, "Hey, maybe instead of strapping explosives around your waist, what if you strapped CDs by, like, Céline Dion or Sarah MacLachlan?"

SIMON: That's actually a sweet idea.

PAULA: You see, Simon, you really love me—I knew it! Why can't all the world leaders, like the ones from England and . . . and . . . other countries, why can't they each sing a song? And then we could pick the best one to rule the world and get a recording contract with Arista Records?

RANDY: Yo, dawg, I'm feelin' it.

RYAN: Simon, why are you clutching your head and moaning? And what do you guys think about immigration?

PAULA: I love it. You need it, to bring water to the plants.

RANDY: Yo, dawg, I don't know. I mean, what if we let everybody in, and then they all start auditioning? And what would that do to "Mexican Idol"?

RYAN: But Simon's English. And if he hadn't immigrated then we couldn't do our show.

PAULA: Simon, did you have to get smuggled over the border from England? Like in a truck?

RYAN: Simon, put Paula down! Her head is not a maraca! By the way, how do you guys feel about torture?

RANDY: Yo, dawg, are you talking about when Rod Stewart was on the show, and he did that Jerome Kern thing? That was not my idea, dude.

PAULA: O.K., I have to say something, and this just makes me feel so bad, because I don't like to say negative things, not ever. But I think torture is bad. You know, like when you really like someone, like maybe a guy with a ponytail, and you go out with him, and you're really, like, clicking, like you both drive cars, and you have a fight with him in the parking lot of a club, and your manager says you should get a restraining order, but then the guy still doesn't call you? Because he's torturing you?

SIMON: If I'm being honest, I believe that, under certain circumstances, torture may be justified. I think that if, say, a terrorist has knowledge of an imminent attack, we might allow torture. I would make him sit next to Paula.

PAULA: And he still wouldn't call me.

RYAN: Just one more question. What do you feel is the biggest problem facing the world today?

RANDY: Yo, dawg, check it out; I would have to say it's that, when people sing, they get pitchy. They get, like, sharp or flat, and I always wanna say, "Yo, even if you've fleeced your investors, or you've been driven outta your village, don't do that pitchy thing. Work it out."

PAULA: I take this very seriously. And I think our biggest problem, as a whole world, is that we don't love everything. And I don't just mean you should love, like, puppies, or a totally cute halter top that you make from a scarf, but you should love, like, everything. Like, even if it's a tsunami or one of the Sheens, you have to say, "I love you and I'm here for you."

SIMON: Paula.

RYAN: Simon, do you have a question for Paula?

SIMON: No, that was my answer: Paula. ◆

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

"YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE"

Gifts to bear for a summer weekend.

BY PATRICIA MARX

Come to my neighborhood—the Upper East Side of Manhattan—any weekend this summer and you might think that the neutron bomb had been dropped. The streets are so empty that I have sometimes toyed with the idea of buying a car just so that I can get a parking space. Where is everyone? And why am I not there? They are in the Hamptons or Northeast Harbor or Tuscany, or perhaps they are stuck in a car or an airport trying to get to one of those places. I am not in their company because New York minus New Yorkers and their cars is an exceedingly joyous town. Also, I don't own a second house. Or a first house, but that's beside the point.

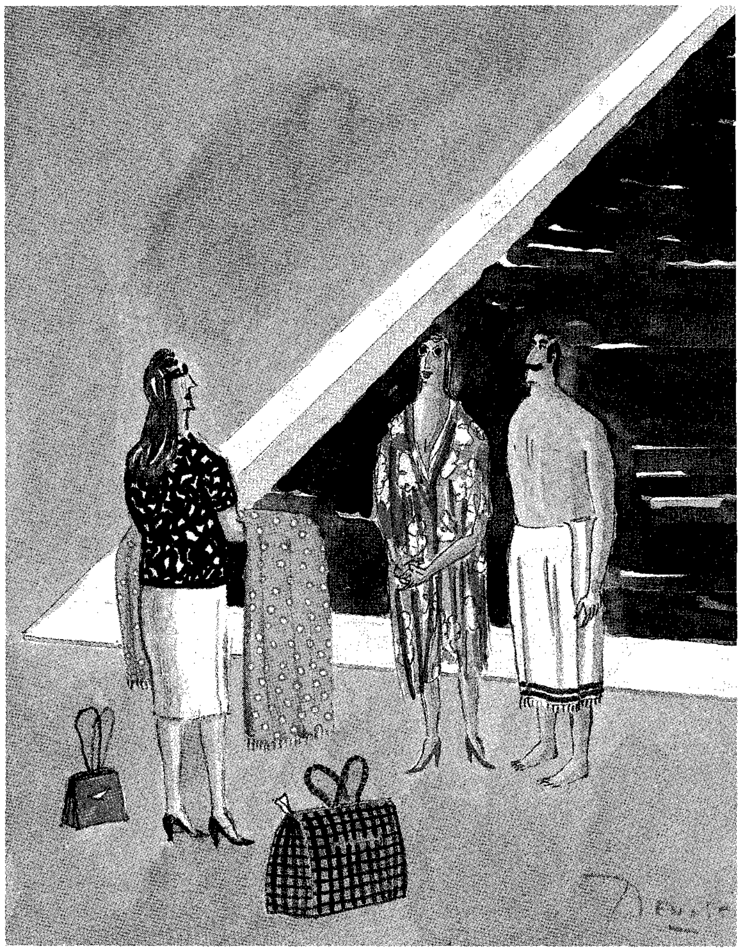
Do not feel sorry for me, though. I have important things to do in my little apartment, like repositioning the yellow table. Moreover, I receive plenty of invitations to be a house guest. People who want to get away from it all apparently want to have some of it all come over for the weekend. And so, several times every summer, I find myself in want of a gift for someone who is not in want of anything—or, rather, anything that costs less than, say, a gajillion dollars, because, let's face it, nobody buys a second house without setting aside four-ninety-five to buy a package of paper cocktail napkins. If you ever snoop around one of these houses, here is what you will find: troves of neatly stacked rolls of toilet paper ($62.76 for a hundred and forty-four rolls), or cartons of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups ($13.39), or bulk packages of cocktail napkins ($7.39 for two thousand), because only those who have no need to pinch pennies have enough pennies to afford the space that allows them to save pennies by stocking up at warehouses like Costco.

Despite what I just said, everyone in her right mind appreciates getting cocktail napkins. They fall into the "you cannot have too many" category, because people in party situations are notorious spillers. You can pick up napkins almost anywhere, but particularly fetching ones are to be found at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Fifth Avenue at Eighty-second Street). Among the many types that the museum shop carries, all based on fabrics and works from the collection, my first choice is the Butterfly Robe, so called because the design is adapted from a Noh costume of the Edo period ($12.95 for a package of forty). I have a few packages, but they remain unopened, for who can bear to deface a work of art?

The city's other institutions of art have lots of non-art, too. For example, a pack of playing cards designed by the artist Donald Sultan, which look as if they were printed by a kid with a potato (Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 East Ninety-first Street; $25), or a red rubbery colander that collapses into a flat disk (Museum of Modern Art, 11 West Fifty-third Street; $65). The Museum of Arts and Design (40 West Fifty-third Street) sells a letter opener ($52) made of ebony and—take your pick—tulipwood, bird's-eye maple, holly, or kingwood which makes me ache for the epistolary era. And I would be pleased if someone turned up at my door with the nifty pocketbook from Italy that is made of pencils ($310), though any pencil you might want to carry in it would fall right out through the slits. (Surely any resourceful giftee, however, could figure out a way to use it as a receptacle for cocktail napkins.)

Please be advised that I disapprove of scented candles, which remind me of taxicabs. So I will not be providing a guide on where to find the best cappuccino-brûlée votives or ginger-pear aromatherapy pillars. The one exception to my aversion to burning sticks of wax is the witty Candle No. 1, which you can buy at Spring (126-A Front Street, Brooklyn). This candle, which comes in both black and white, is less a candle than a meltable sculpture in the shape of a candle sitting on an ornate wax candlestick ($65 for thirty-three hours of burning time, which is less than two dollars an hour). There's a lot of other stuff you'll want at this gallery-boutique, which curates its merchandise into changing seasonal exhibitions.

"Pretend you are a piece of roast beef," Tim, a salesman at Brookstone (20 West Fifty-seventh Street), said, aiming a stainless-steel probe at my chest. Brookstone is a national chain that sells really cool junk that you don't need, which makes it the perfect place for gifts. Tim was demonstrating the Grill Alert Talking Remote Meat Thermometer ($75), one of scads of gadgets you can bring to the host who barbecues. And, incidentally, the grill is to men what the Barbie doll is to girls—a reason to accessorize. Motorized grill brush ($25), anyone?



We often buy house gifts to impress people who own more than we do.

BENOÎT VAN INNIS

What else doesn't one need? Sharper Image (10 West Fifty-seventh Street and other locations) has an automatic pepper mill ($29.95) with a high-intensity light, ideal for the epicure who wants to avoid unsightly condiment scatter. The $55 shower cap at D. Porthault (18 East Sixty-ninth Street) is ruffled and comes in a dainty French print, but that's not why it's a bargain. It is one of the least expensive items to be had at a most expensive store, a store that impresses many snobs (or should I say connoisseurs?), and not only because it is the house that designed the monogram that John and Jacqueline Kennedy had embroidered on their newlywed linens. Twenty-some blocks north is one of my favorite shops, S. Feldman Housewares (1304 Madison Avenue, at 92nd Street), where you can buy Flip Flop Coasters ($14.99 for four). Slip one of these color-coded thong-shaped thingamajigs onto the base of your stemmed glass and you will never again have to risk taking a sip from someone else's piña colada, unless, of course, you have had so many piña coladas that you can no longer differentiate festive mauve from festive lime green.

People at country houses are always getting wet, so how wrong can you be giving a towel? If money is no object—in fact, if the dollar is only the vaguest of notions to you—then you might be interested in bringing a beach towel from Hermès (691 Madison Avenue, at 62nd Street). The towels come in a variety of designs—hippopotamus, sundial, school of fish, aerial view of two people in a boat, to name a few—and two sizes, ninety by a hundred and fifty inches and a hundred and fifty by a hundred and eighty inches, at $450 and $890, respectively. That may sound like a lot to spend, but consider this: according to the clerk who helped me, the larger towel can accommodate an entire family. In other words, it may be expensive as something meant to separate you from the sand, but it's cheap as a piece of real estate. The good thing about the Hermès towel is that it makes the Louis Vuitton (1 East Fifty-seventh Street) Antigua towel, a rectangle of pink and red stripes decorated with trompe-l'oeil metallic studs, seem reasonable at $360. And the $50 Kate Spade (454 Broome Street) Dutch-blue towel with big brown polka dots? Why, you can't afford not to have it.

At William Wayne (850 Lexington Avenue, at 64th Street; also 40 University Place), Juliana, an ebullient young saleswoman, showed me a frosted-glass cake plate on a pedestal ($90). "It is gorgeous on its own," she said. "But when stacked . . ." She gestured with a sweep of her arm toward a display of three cake plates, the second perched on the first and the third on the second. "Plateau gâteau! Very few people use that term; I made it up." According to a sign painted on the window, the shop promises distinctive gifts for the home, garden, and cottage. (The preponderance of items with a zebra/monkey/leopard motif suggests that there are gifts for the bivouac as well.) There are some spiffy things here, including $9 tin plates based on patterns of Sèvres porcelain. ("Our clients who have parties for over a hundred guests love them," Juliana said.)

At Fresh (various locations and online), there are unfussy soap dishes—a stainless-steel pedestal that looks almost French ($9) and a shallow lacquer box ($16) that looks almost Asian or almost like something that was made in jail. But a soap dish by itself is kind of chintzy. Isn't it worth more than nine dollars to have the privilege of lazing around on a hammock while everyone else in your party struggles to set up that damn patio umbrella? In other words, pick up a tube of Sunshield Face & Body, SPF 30 ($48) as well.

Or, if you want to go to town (before you go to the country), stop by Moss (146 Greene Street), a boutique so upmarket that the goods are displayed in vitrines. See the gorgeous string tablecloth that seems to be woven from spidery threads of silver but is, in fact, made of viscose and polymide? It costs $1,285, which, most etiquette experts would agree, is a bit more than one should have to shell out to say thanks for the chipotle burgers but quite appropriate if one is planning to bunk at a friend's beach house every weekend for the next twenty-five years. The DeLuxe cutlery set, made from robust green, blue, black, or clear plastic and decorated with a nineteenth-century floral motif, would be awfully elegant at a twenty-first-century cookout ($120 for four four-piece place settings). And Flowerball, a hand-stitched and printed soccer ball ($400), was created in limited numbers by the Japanese artist Takashi Murakami, so get them while they last.

You know how I feel about candles. I feel even more strongly about soap—as a gift, that is, not as a cleansing agent. If the bars are wrapped in pretty Chinese paper, however, I will make an exception. At Pearl River (477 Broadway, at Broome Street), the jam-packed three-story Chinese department store, six itsy-bitsy sandalwood bars can be acquired for a dollar, so you don't even have to be gainfully employed to stock your hosts' closets with bath products. You would also do fine with strings of tiny paper lanterns in dozens of colors and patterns ($12.50 to $21.50); Prehistoric-Planet Dinosaur Fossils "made with high quality wood" ($19.50); bright-colored stacked lunchboxes ($27.50 to $35.50); chimeric pillows with the head of a Chinese girl and the body of a dachshund, but, instead of a tail, another girl's face ($23.50); coppery abacuses—do you need a present for a Luddite?—($9.50 and $12.50); a *guzheng*, which is a Chinese zither ($295; not to be confused with a *pipa*, which is a Chinese lute and is also $295); enough pretty ceramic cups and saucers and teapots for all the tea in China; and gallons of Elmer's glue in case any of the aforementioned get broken. Oh, and there's bridal stuff, too. I saw a girl, approximately four years old and presumably single, try on a pair of wedding slippers and say to her mother, "I've wanted these my whole life!"

I believe you know how I feel about soap and candles. I feel even more strongly about cut flowers, for they require the hostess to stop the progress of the party while she looks for something to put them in. It is even ruder, however, to bring dessert to a dinner party. In this situation, the host, who has knocked himself out making individual ramekins of chocolate-raspberry soufflé, is obliged to give your ironic Fudgie the Whale ice-cream cake from Carvel ($29.95) an equally prominent position on the dessert table.

It's time to head to Brooklyn, but I must warn you: it might be closed. A lot of the groovy emporiums across the river are dark on Mondays and Tuesdays. In all of Brooklyn, and Manhattan, too, the stuff at Spring (126-A Front Street)—the one with the good candle that I mentioned above—is what I coveted most. The current exhibition of merchandise, called "Around the Flat," is up only through the end of July, so hurry, but don't hurry on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, or before one o'clock on any other day, unless you make an appointment. Here are some ingenious and delightful gift ideas that will make your hosts think that you are ingenious and delightful for not being the millionth guest to bring a bottle of wine: porcelain cups made to look like crumpled Styrofoam with dents and nibbles ($17 each); a fruit bowl assembled from fruit-shaped pieces of white resin ($120); a minimalist kite that looks like a black falcon and, according to Steve Butcher, who owns the shop with his wife, Anna Consentino, flies so convincingly that it scares away pigeons ($45); plates whose edges curve up into semi-bowls, so that you can adroitly hold your barbecued ribs and balance your drink and silverware while being tugged along by your three-year-old ($110 for three); a beige felt cat mat that looks as if a canine-size feline had been given a light touch by a steamroller ($45 and $65); and a blue latex bath rug that looks like a manhole cover ($34).

To give is swell, but to partake of what you give is even better. A canny guest brings a gift of perishable food (but never dessert). With this in mind, I visited the Jacques Torres chocolate factory, housed in a former warehouse (66 Water Street; also 350 Hudson Street, Manhattan). The handcrafted dark and milk chocolates (twenty-five-piece box, $27; fifty-piece box, $48) would gladden anyone, but a gift-wrapped bag of chocolate-covered cornflakes ($5) would make any host remember your visit always.

Back over the bridge to Manhattan for some pickles. "The gentleman who's been making these pickles has been making them since 1881," the young Asian fellow at the Pickle Guys (49 Essex Street) told me as he ladled some pickled cherry tomatoes from a barrel into a pint container. "Wow," I said. "I mean 1921," he said. Just then, the gentleman in question appeared. He is named Al ("Al because Al's your pal," he explained, if you can call that an explanation), and looked to be in his forties. Al said that he has been making pickles since 1981. "I was close," his helper said. Al offered me samples—pickles (new, sour, half sour, three-quarters sour), garlic-stuffed olives, pepperoncini, sweet gherkins, and pickled celery. I would, without qualms, bring a quart or more of anything brined here to a summer party and feel very pleased with myself ($5.75 to $13.50 per quart).

A final suggestion about edible gifts: a jar of maple syrup coaxed from the trees on your property or a couple of pounds of ricotta salata made from the milk of the sheep that graze in your pasture would really impress your hosts. But, then, if you can offer that sort of thing you are probably not the house guest in this story.

When you are the guest of a family, it is important to have the children on your side, and they are as easy as pigeons to win over. Go to Kmart (770 Broadway, at 8th Street, 250 West Thirty-fourth Street, or online) and find the aisle with squirt-and-soak toys. Now pick one, it doesn't matter which. The Max Infusion Arctic Shock Super Soaker ($9.99) comes with an Ice Core tank that chills the water. The Oozinator Blaster ($19.99) allows you to fake out your opponent ("Just when they think you're coming at them with water, blast them with a shot of icky bio-ooze!"). If water and bio-ooze are too wet for your taste and for the furniture, your best bet is the Marshmallow Blaster ($36) from Infinity (1116 Madison Avenue, at 83rd Street), which will propel a spongy sweet forty feet if it happens to miss the back of your head.

All this shopping for other people is exhausting, isn't it? I'm tempted to stay home, rub on some Jergens natural glow self-tanning lotion (around $8 at most drugstores), and pretend that I just returned from Martha's Vineyard. Luckily, there are some first-rate gifts to be had online. Here's one: go to beeraw.com and order the nine-piece artisanal honey sampler, each variety in an elegant test tube, all displayed in a handsome wooden block ($78 plus $10 shipping). Of course, honey can be messy. Did you pay attention to me and get those cocktail napkins? ♦

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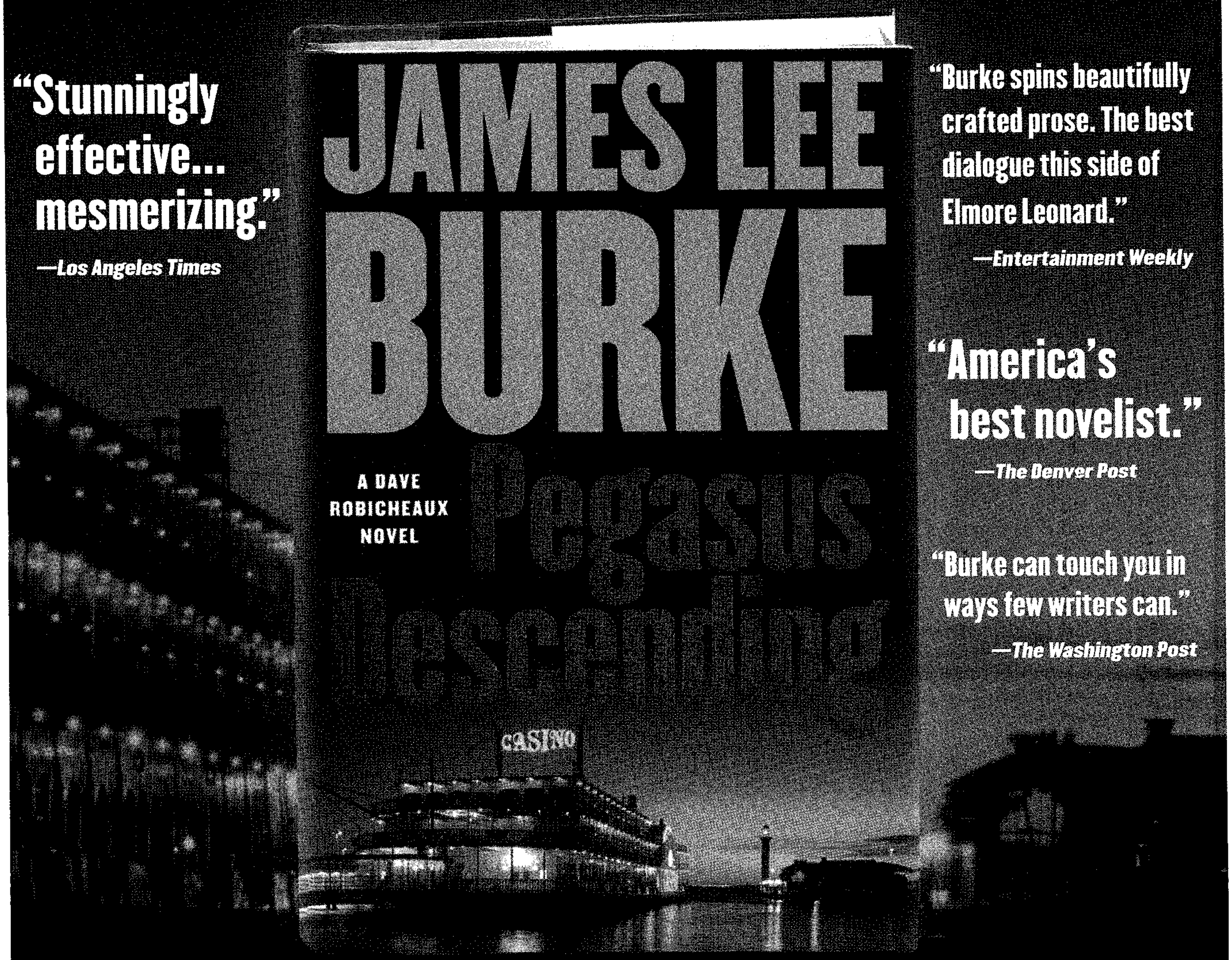
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HOLLYWOOD ENDING

Can a wiretap scandal bring down L.A.'s scariest lawyer?

BY KEN AULETTA

Bertram Fields, who has a reputation as the most feared lawyer in Hollywood, does not often do lunch. He prefers to be driven in his Bentley Arnage from his law office, in Century City, to his Cape Cod-style home, in Malibu, where he prepares a salad, takes a twenty-minute nap, and has time to think—what he calls "*wa* time" ("It's a Japanese expression meaning peacefulness of spirit," he explains)—before returning to the city. But on a sunny day in April he agreed to meet at Spago, in the heart of Beverly Hills. This was particularly unexpected because, in the past several months, Fields has been the subject of much curiosity in Hollywood, where many believe that he is the central target of federal prosecutors in a wiretapping scandal that has obsessed the city. So, as Fields, a trim seventy-seven-year-old, walked swiftly to an outdoor table, people stared.

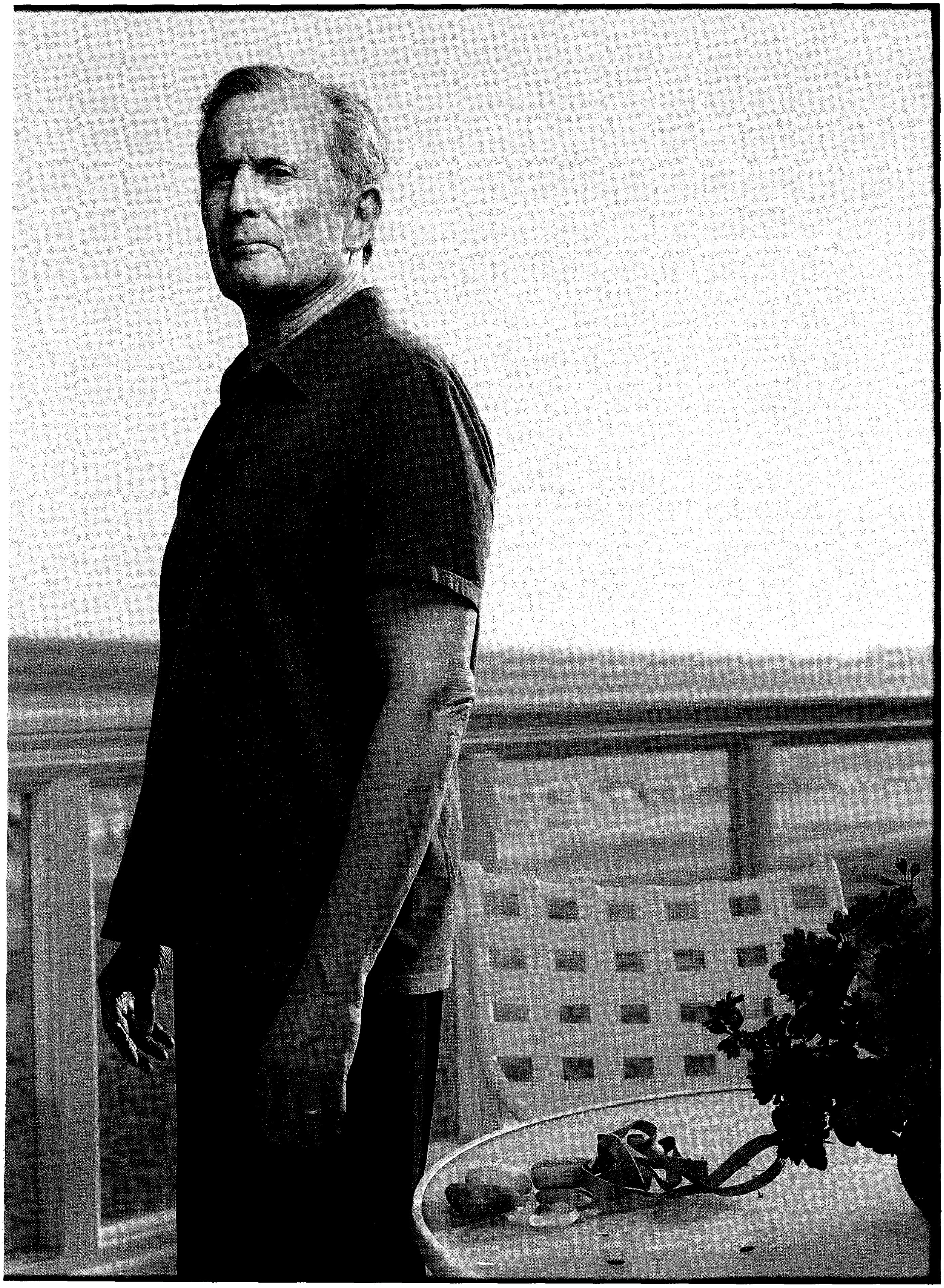
In nearly half a century, Fields has represented almost every studio head and some of Hollywood's biggest stars, including Tom Cruise, Michael Jackson, Warren Beatty, the Beatles, John Travolta, Madonna, Mike Nichols, and Dustin Hoffman. He has also represented Rupert Murdoch, the chairman of News Corp., and Steven Spielberg, David Geffen, and Jeffrey Katzenberg, the co-founders of DreamWorks SKG. His unwritten calling card says, not wholly accurately, "Bert Fields has never lost a court case." He has played much the same role in L.A. that the late Edward Bennett Williams did in Washington: clients come to him in the belief that, through skill or intimidation, he will make their legal problems vanish.

At Spago, Fields ordered a glass of Chardonnay and a Greek salad with chicken, which he ate very little of. Wolfgang Puck, the chef-owner, lingered at Fields's table as he made the rounds. Half-glasses perched on the tip of his nose, Fields explained his approach to the law: "If I were a general, I would attack, and keep pressing the attack—to throw the opponent off balance, to change the odds and make a settlement your way much more favorable." When you attack, he says, "it forces the other side to think, Hey, I may lose this case. Let's settle it." But lately Fields has been following the advice of his own attorney, and has barely spoken to the press or gone on the attack.

Fields's connection to what may turn out to be the biggest, and dirtiest, scandal in Hollywood's history is Anthony Pellicano, a rough-edged private detective whose involvement with Fields started some twenty years ago, and who is now in jail. Pellicano's troubles began where many Mafia tales end: with a dead fish. In this case, the fish appeared, in June of 2002, on the windshield of the Los Angeles *Times* reporter Anita Busch's silver Audi. The windshield was cracked; a rose was in the fish's mouth, and a cardboard sign saying "Stop" had been placed over the glass. Busch had done a series of investigative stories about the movie industry, focussing on the former superagent Michael Ovitz; she was working on a story alleging that Mob money might have financed a Steven Seagal movie. Over the next few months, Busch told police, her parents felt threatened, her phone was tapped, her computer was hacked into, and someone tried to run her down. F.B.I. investigators later told her they believed that her chief pursuer was Pellicano.

In November, 2002, five months after the fish was found on the windshield, the F.B.I. obtained search warrants for Pellicano's office, and in his safe agents discovered explosives, two hand

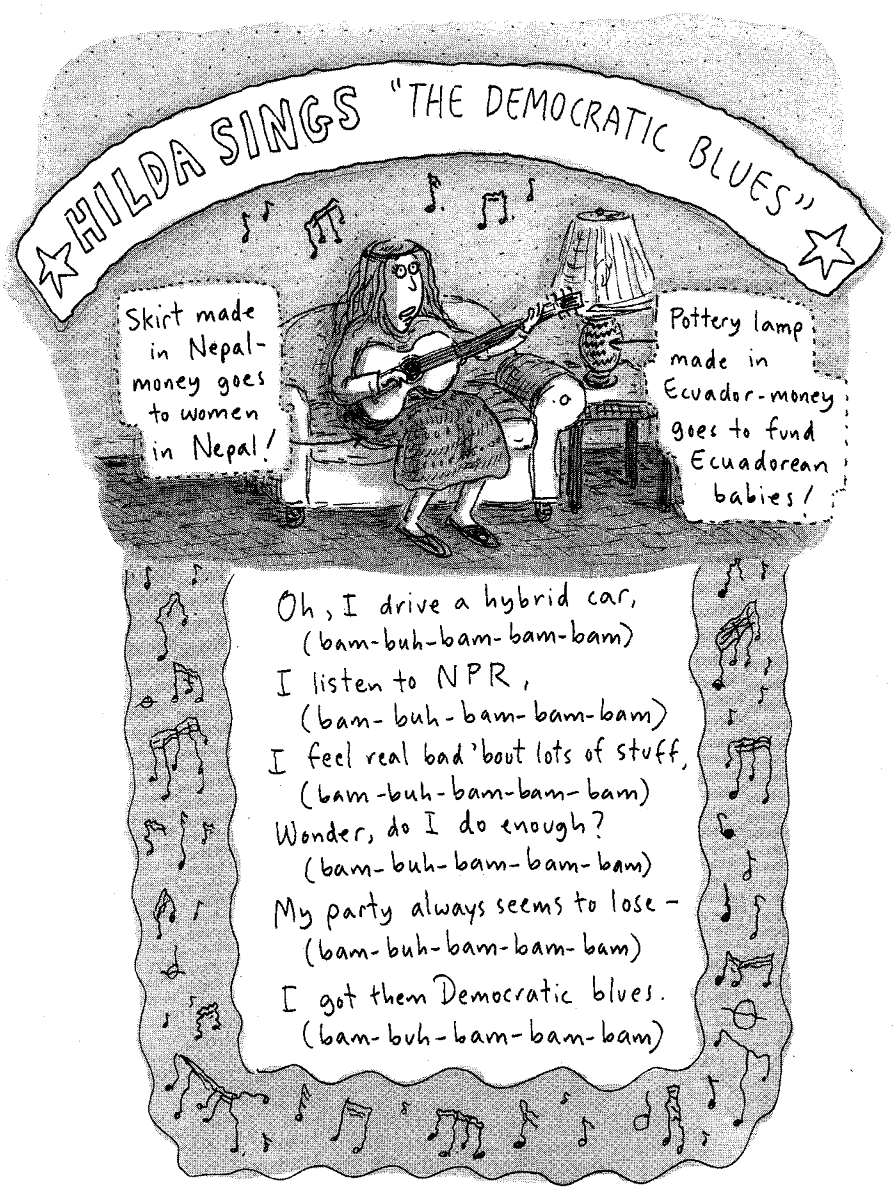
Bertram Fields in Malibu. "Winning is one of his defining characteristics," his son says. "He must do the best he can to beat the other guy." Photograph by Martin Schoeller.



grenades, loaded pistols, and bundles of cash totalling about two hundred thousand dollars. After an investigation by the United States Attorney in Los Angeles, Pellicano pleaded guilty to illegal weapons possession, and in February, 2004, was sentenced to thirty months in prison. But the most significant discovery in Pellicano's office was said to be hundreds of hours of encrypted, illegally wiretapped conversations, and in February of this year Pellicano was indicted, along with six associates, on charges that included racketeering, wiretapping, bribery, destroying evidence, and perjury.

The federal indictment, which now lists a hundred and twelve counts, names many of the people who were wiretapped or under surveillance by Pellicano. The indictment doesn't identify any of his clients, but it is known that they included Ovitz; Brad Grey, the head of Paramount; and Ron Meyer, the president of Universal Studios, who, with Ovitz, was a founder of the powerful Creative Artists Agency. It is also known that no one used Pellicano more frequently than Fields and his law firm, and that puzzles even friends and former clients, like Jeffrey Katzenberg, who told me, "I cannot reconcile the Bert I know having anything to do with Pellicano."

This spring, the U.S. Attorney seemed to be circling Fields—"the biggest name in town," in the words of Laurie L. Levenson, a Loyola Law School professor and a former Assistant U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles. He is, she said, "sort of the giant in the field," which makes him "much more" of a target.


HILDA SINGS "THE DEMOCRATIC BLUES"
Skirt made in Nepal—money goes to women in Nepal!
Pottery lamp made in Ecuador—money goes to fund Ecuadorean babies!
Oh, I drive a hybrid car,
(bam-buh-bam-bam-bam)
I listen to NPR,
(bam-buh-bam-bam-bam)
I feel real bad 'bout lots of stuff,
(bam-buh-bam-bam-bam)
Wonder, do I do enough?
(bam-buh-bam-bam-bam)
My party always seems to lose—
(bam-buh-bam-bam-bam)
I got them Democratic blues.
(bam-buh-bam-bam-bam)

Bert Fields has many talents besides the law. He has written two mystery novels, under the pseudonym D. Kincaid; a book about Shakespeare ("Players"), in which he posits the theory that Shakespeare had a secret writing partner, probably the Earl of Oxford; and "Royal Blood," a revisionist study of Richard III. He is completing a biography of Elizabeth I. Fields is a rarity among entertainment lawyers because he also litigates, and his pugnacity frightens opponents. One Fields client says, "If he's on the other side, he's a nightmare. He's going to make your life miserable. Someone who actually enjoys beating people up, there's something wrong with them. But when you hire a litigator you want a prick." This quality is especially reassuring to clients who, as the producer and writer Norman Lear puts it, have a "need for adulation." John Calley, who has run three Hollywood studios, and who produced "The Da Vinci Code" for Sony, says of the helping professions—the agents, managers, publicists, and lawyers who work for Hollywood's biggest names—that "it is in your interest to be able to seem to protect them from anything."

The indictment of Anthony Pellicano is essentially about the use and misuse of information. The private eye, it states, was hired "for the purpose of implementing illegal wiretaps," and he shared the information he got with clients, who gained "a tactical advantage in litigation by learning their opponents' plans, strategies, perceived strengths and weaknesses, settlement positions and other confidential information." Clients also gained "personal information of a confidential, embarrassing, or incriminating nature regarding other individuals."

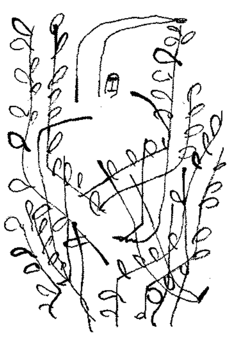
It is not unreasonable to suggest that seeking this sort of advantage is central to life in L.A. Doug Ellin, the creator and executive producer of HBO's satirical "Entourage," says that Hollywood is motivated in large measure by "the power of knowing things before others do. The best thing you can do as an agent is tell your client something before someone else does." Peter Bart, the editor-in-chief of *Variety*, who was once a top executive at Paramount, recalls, "In 1970, I was suspicious that our phones at Paramount were tapped. I was right." To this day, studio heads and agents often fail to announce that a secretary is listening to their phone calls and taking notes. "What did Mike Ovitz call his agents? Soldiers," Colin Callender, the president of HBO Films, says. "It's a war out there." Or at least it's thought to be, he says, by too many people.

In Fields's novels, his alter ego, an attorney named Harry Cain, relies on a disreputable private investigator to retrieve information. In real life, P.I.s locate witnesses, discover discrepancies in a résumé or in evidence, do background checks on companies or individuals, and discourage stalkers. "You want to find out, if someone is suing your client, do they have a record of arrests?" Fields told me in the course of four interviews. "Do they have a record of immoral behavior? Have they been in litigation a lot? Sometimes you say, 'I want surveillance on the opponent—follow him.' " He added, "Without question, tapping someone's phone line is not legitimate and proper." In his novels, though, the private eye seems to obtain some information from wiretaps.

Fields first hired Pellicano in 1989, at the recommendation of the producer Don Simpson, whom Fields was defending against a sexual-harassment suit brought by a former assistant. Pellicano uncovered information about Simpson's accuser, including the fact that she had hired a male stripper for a party. Instead of addressing her charges, Fields questioned her character and credibility, and the revelations helped to get the case dismissed.

By that time, Pellicano was well known in Hollywood. In the early nineteen-eighties, he moved from Chicago to Los Angeles, where the attorney Howard Weitzman hired him to help defend John Z. DeLorean, the auto executive, who was charged with selling cocaine to finance his business. (Pellicano's information was used to challenge the accounts of prosecution witnesses; DeLorean was acquitted.) Roseanne Barr paid Pellicano to find a daughter she had put up for adoption, and his clients eventually included Simpson, Sylvester Stallone, Kevin Costner, and James Woods. Fields called on Pellicano again in the early nineteen-nineties, when George Harrison was receiving threatening letters from someone on the East Coast. Fields says that Pellicano found the letter writer within forty-eight hours. "It stopped," he told me. "I thought it was extraordinary. It was one of the reasons that I used him after that."

Fields had been recommended to Michael Jackson by David Geffen and Sandy Gallin, Jackson's manager, in 1990, and in 1993, when Jackson faced charges of child molestation, Fields recommended Weitzman and Johnnie Cochran as criminal-defense lawyers. He also brought in Pellicano, who unearthed embarrassing information about the family of the thirteen-year-old accuser; the family and Jackson eventually reached a settlement.



Pellicano became a recurring character in L.A. newspaper stories, and appeared to enjoy the attention. An unsmiling, burly man of medium height with a pasty complexion and slicked-back, thinning gray hair, he wore tailored double-breasted suits, patent-leather shoes, and sunglasses, chewed Chiclets, and volunteered very little. He had more than once brandished a baseball bat, and when callers to his office were placed on hold they heard music from "The Godfather." "I always start out by being a gentleman," he liked to say. "I only use intimidation and fear when I absolutely have to." One Christmas, Pellicano sent out baseball paperweights with the inscription "Sometimes . . . you just have to play hardball."

Pellicano made *Entertainment Weekly's* 1993 annual Hollywood power list, ranking ninety-sixth out of a hundred. He often appeared as an expert witness, particularly as someone who could decipher tape recordings. In 1996, Steven Gruel, as an Assistant U.S. Attorney, used Pellicano as an independent expert to authenticate F.B.I. evidence. "He was the best witness I ever had," says Gruel, who last year went into private practice in San Francisco and today is Pellicano's lawyer. Pellicano even interested HBO in a series based on his work as a private investigator. He enlisted the director William Friedkin and the head of the William Morris agency, Jim Wiatt, who persuaded Brad Grey, the executive producer of "The Sopranos," to take the idea to HBO, which eventually decided against developing it.

Over the years, Pellicano's relationship with Fields became increasingly close. When Pellicano celebrated his fiftieth birthday, in 1994, in Las Vegas, Fields and his wife, the art consultant Barbara Guggenheim, were among the guests. One could imagine that Guggenheim, the daughter of a dress-shop owner in Woodbury, New Jersey, who has a Ph.D. in art history from Columbia, was not entirely comfortable in those surroundings, but she still affectionately refers to "Anthony." Attending was a matter of loyalty, Fields told me: "He was a guy who was sort of appealing in the sense that he was struggling to make a living and was very good at his job."

Pellicano, who has been married five times and has nine children, was driven by family pressures to cultivate new business. Harland W. Braun, a criminal-defense attorney, told me that when Pellicano first came to town he called "and implied that he was connected with the Chicago Mafia." Braun went on, "He also acted as if he were connected to law enforcement. He'd leave a message on the answering machine: 'If you don't call me back, I'm going to have the Beverly Hills police arrest your client.' " The lawyer Pierce O'Donnell remembers thinking, after Pellicano visited him in his office, "He'd do whatever he needed to do to satisfy the needs of the lawyer or the client."

It was no secret that Pellicano's past was disreputable (in 1976, he was forced to resign from the Illinois Law Enforcement Commission after reports that he took a thirty-thousand-dollar loan from the son of an Illinois mobster) and that his methods could be rough. In 1993, a front-page story in the Los Angeles *Times* exposed Pellicano's alleged Mob links in Illinois and the way he sometimes physically intimidated those he investigated; he promised clients that he would "make their tormentors 'remember why they're afraid of the dark.' " Other press accounts in the nineties included the sus-

"You were really great out there!"

• •

picion that Pellicano wiretapped on behalf of his clients. Adam Dawson, a Los Angeles private investigator, says that most of the criminal attorneys he works for "wouldn't touch" Pellicano, because "they felt uncomfortable" with him.

When I suggested to Fields that even his friends were puzzled by his association with the detective (I used the word "thug"), Fields replied slowly, saying, "I never knew him as a thug. I never saw an instance of Anthony hurting anybody or really threatening anybody." As for the *Times* story about his Illinois Mob ties, Fields said, "I'm not sure I read it," and he said that he didn't recall ever seeing a bill from Pellicano or asking for an explanation of his charges. He explained that Pellicano probably called his assistant and "told her to send the bill to the client." Of all the investigators he retained, Fields added, Pellicano was the best. "He came up with stuff that other people didn't. He did that over and over again. He was just better. . . . I don't know how he did it. It certainly wasn't wiretapping." Fields's law partner Bonnie E. Eskenazi says that Pellicano did not tell her and Fields how he retrieved his often "fantastic" information. "And I didn't tell him how I practice law." Eskenazi also said, "Anthony reminded me of some of my dad's friends on Long Island. A lot of my dad's friends would talk big on the outside but be soft on the inside."

Fields has been under intense scrutiny in the three years since Pellicano's conviction on the weapons charge; he was interviewed by F.B.I. agents in the spring of 2003. Yet Fields's life—outwardly, at least—doesn't seem to have changed much. His only child, James, a New York investment banker, says, "He's not going to let what's going on affect him." Fields and Guggenheim still get up at 5:30 A.M. and read the newspapers. Fields rarely eats breakfast, but if he's hungry, Guggenheim says, he sometimes pours a Diet Coke over a bowl of cereal. At the end of the day, they relax with a glass of wine, and he will often prepare an incendiary Mexican dinner.

At the ninety-lawyer firm of Greenberg, Glusker, Fields, Claman & Machtinger, Fields's office occupies a corner on a high floor with panoramic views of Los Angeles. Papers are piled on his desk, and cartons of transcripts litter the floor. Clients, who pay nine hundred dollars an hour, enter through a conference room darkened by closed walnut shutters and a deep-burgundy rug, which convey the sort of intimacy one associates with a psychiatrist's office. Fields is a practiced listener. An air of informality is heightened when, almost like Mr. Rogers, Fields removes his suit jacket and puts on a cardigan. His office décor includes an oil painting of George Washington, a woodcut of a Japanese samurai, and a bronze bust of the matador Manolete, who was fatally gored by a bull in 1947. Fields has it as a reminder, he says, that he wants to get "closer and closer to the horns of the bull. You get a kick out of defying fate."

Fields's manner is reserved and gentlemanly, but not avuncular; he offers no pats on the back, no jokes, no gossipy digressions. His graying black hair is neatly trimmed and he appears to be extremely fit. "Because he's always very calm, you never, ever feel in your professional dealings with him that he's not in control," the retired agent Sue Mengers says. "The first time I hired him, I had never had a lawyer. Everyone was saying, 'It's time you stopped negotiating your own deals.' I was like a pussy. The reason I went to Bert Fields was that so many powerful guys knocked him. If they hated him so much, I figured that was the guy I wanted."

Fields likes to make surprise attacks. He launched one against Barbara Chase-Riboud in 1997, after she filed a ten-million-dollar lawsuit accusing DreamWorks of using material from "Echo of Lions," a novel that she published in 1989, for "Amistad," a movie directed by Steven Spielberg. Chase-Riboud demanded a screen credit and a payment (which she called "reparation") and asked that her book be brought back into print. Appearing on CNN with Chase-Riboud, Fields said, "We have looked at another book she wrote"—her 1994 novel "The President's Daughter." "We found a passage that is identical to an earlier book."

"So you're claiming that Barbara is a plagiarist?" the CNN anchor, Mercedes Woods, asked.

"I'm not using the word."

"That's what you're claiming," Woods insisted.

Pierce O'Donnell, whose firm represented Chase-Riboud, and who is a friend of Fields, says, “I took him to task privately afterward. I thought he was a little rough on Barbara.” Fields explains, “You have to draw a distinction between what I will say to the press and what I would say in court. When I’m talking to the press, I may be much more dramatic.” A court, on the other hand, “is a temple.” (The two sides settled out of court.)

Fields is known for sending letters hinting at legal action if the recipient does not alter course. When he learned that the New York *Post’s* Page Six was preparing an item on Spielberg and Tom Cruise, he wrote to the editor:

> We have received word that you are planning a report that Steven Spielberg was upset with Tom about Tom’s speaking out about his views on children’s use of drugs . . . and that now they are not speaking to each other. . . . Each of these statements is absolutely and demonstrably false. Steven is not upset with Tom. . . . Tom and Steven remain close friends and are looking forward to working together again.

Nevertheless, Page Six reported that Spielberg was furious with Cruise because, during a promotion tour for their movie “War of the Worlds,” Cruise had been “ranting” against “the widespread use of Ritalin to treat unruly children diagnosed with Attention Deficit Disorder.” Spielberg was reportedly upset because he knew children for whom “Ritalin does a lot of good,” and because Cruise, who is a Scientologist, “played up Scientology more than the movie during press interviews.”

According to two close friends of Spielberg’s, Page Six was accurate, although the item did not note the real source of Spielberg’s anger: after he mentioned to Cruise the name of a doctor—a friend—who prescribed Ritalin, the doctor’s office was picketed by Scientologists. When I asked Fields if Cruise had revealed the name of Spielberg’s friend to Scientologists, he said only, “I wouldn’t have said what I said without checking with Tom. I don’t know that I talked to Steven, who I’ve represented.”

In a courtroom, Fields never raises his voice. “A jury doesn’t want some guy shouting at them,” he says. “Even when you think the other side is a scumbag—it doesn’t win you points.” He has sometimes listened to John Philip Sousa marches before heading to court. “They get me fired up,” he once told his friend Mel Brooks.

Fields’s courtroom tactics were apparent in 1999 in the case he brought against the Walt Disney Company on behalf of Jeffrey Katzenberg. In 1994, Katzenberg was forced out as chairman of Disney’s movie division, and he later sued Disney for more than two hundred and fifty million dollars in bonuses that he said were due under his contract. Disney did not dispute that Katzenberg was owed something—he had already received severance payments totalling a hundred and seventeen million dollars—but Fields argued that Disney’s chairman, Michael Eisner, had arrived at the lower figure solely because of personal animus toward Katzenberg.

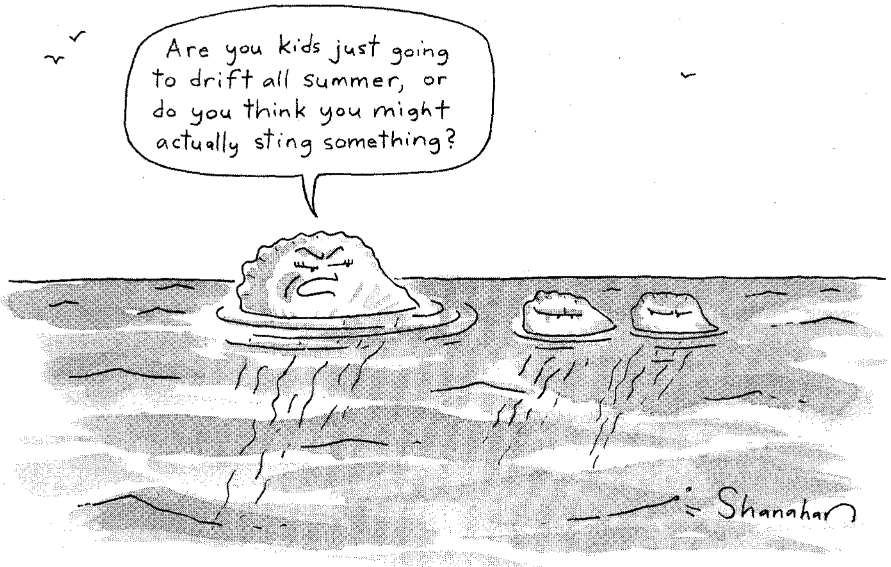
Fields and Eisner had been on opposing sides in court more than once and obviously were not fond of one another. At one point, Eisner had let it be known that Disney would not do business with anyone retained Fields (the edict was soon rescinded). Fields had publicly boasted that he had represented every studio but Disney; when, in 1998, Eisner hired a new counsel, Fields wrote to Eisner, “I want to congratulate you on the selection of Lou Meisinger as your new General Counsel. Lou is a man of extraordinary skill, intelligence, and judgment. Every once in a while you do something right.”

At the Katzenberg trial, with Eisner on the witness stand, Fields bore in, referring to conversations between Eisner and the co-author of his 1998 autobiography, Tony Schwartz:

> Q: Did you tell Mr. Schwartz that you hated Mr. Katzenberg?
>
> A: In one conversation when he pushed me on a series of things that Mr. Katzenberg had done, I did—I did say that.
>
> Q: You said, “I think I hate the little midget”?
>
> A: I think you’re getting into an area that—that—I just want to say that is ill-advised . . . and if you pursue this line of questioning, it will put in the public record those things that I think are not necessary to be in the public record.
>
> Q: And did you say to Mr. Schwartz, “I don’t care what he thinks, I am not going to pay him any of the money”?
>
> A: I would say again, in anger I said that.

Soon after Eisner’s testimony, the company agreed to pay Katzenberg more than two hundred and fifty million dollars—at the time, according to *Variety*, “more than triple the amount ever given to an individual” in a Hollywood lawsuit. Katzenberg recounted for me how Fields prepared him for cross-examination: “He’d say to me, ‘A great wordsmith, a great interrogator, a really great litigator, can get a witness to say what he wants him to say.’ He would do an exercise with me in which he would tell me that he was going to get me to admit to jaywalking yesterday—something I hadn’t done. He then proceeded to get me to admit it was at least possible I might have done it. He managed to get Michael Eisner to threaten him from the stand.”

Although Fields encourages the im-

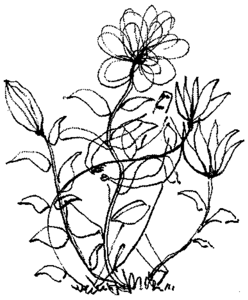

Are you kids just going to drift all summer, or do you think you might actually sting something?
Shanahan

PORTUGUESE MOM OF WAR

pression that he has never lost a case, the assertion is dubious. He estimates that ninety per cent of his cases are settled before they go to trial—"Otherwise, I'd be in court every day"—but not all are settled in his clients' favor. For instance, he represented Madonna when, in 2004, she and the Maverick Recording Company, which she co-owned, brought a breach-of-contract suit against Warner Music. Fields sought two hundred million dollars and settled for ten million.

An attorney who has been both an ally and an opponent of Fields in court thinks that Fields's aggressiveness "so pumps him up that sometimes he takes noisy public positions that make it hard for him to easily extricate himself without losing face." In Hollywood, where entertainment lawyers often have clients on both sides of the table, a lawyer typically seeks what is referred to as "a win-win situation." Susan Estrich, who teaches law at the University of Southern California and is a family friend, says, "His attitude is you protect your client. Bert doesn't play social games. He's not out schmoozing. There's no legal, legitimate, ethical tactic he won't use to protect you." Some people, including Fields's friends, believe that this sort of determination is what propelled him to hire Pellicano.

In June, in his first press interview in three years, Pellicano told the Los Angeles *Times* that Fields was "Mr. Straight Arrow. My God, I don't think I've even heard him curse in the entire time I've known him—let alone say, 'Hey, Pellicano, I want you to go out and do this or do that.' " Yet even some of Fields's friends believe that he either knew the private detective's methods or deliberately avoided knowing. Fields used to say of Pellicano, "I got my guy on it," one prominent friend recalls, adding, "It appeals to those in show business to talk about a Pellicano as if he had 'connections' or extraspecial power." In Fields's most recent novel, "The Lawyer's Tale," Harry Cain asks his private eye to dig up dirt on an opponent. Harry "didn't want to commit extortion if he could avoid it," Fields writes. "But he had to get a message to [the opponent] that would change his mind."



Bertram Harris Fields was born on March 31, 1929, the only child of Mildred Arlyn Ruben, a former ballet dancer who read the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Daily Worker*, and Maxwell Fields, an eye surgeon in Los Angeles whose patients included Groucho Marx and Mae West. His mother, Fields says, "had a fierceness in her. She felt strongly about ideas. She was not a person who easily saw the other side of an idea." His father, who in his early forties abandoned his practice to join the Army—a decision that Fields still recalls with reverence—was "very articulate, very rational," Field says, and he believes that he was shaped by that as well as by his mother's fiery stubbornness.

His parents fought—"He was not faithful. She knew it," Fields says—and, at the age of eight, Bert was sent to live with an aunt in San Francisco for six months. In high school, while his father, still in the service, was based in Las Vegas, he was sent back to Los Angeles to live in a boarding house. "I earned money as a caddy," Fields remembers. "I pressed my own pants and shirts. I was poor. It made me more independent than I might have been. It made me perhaps yearn for family more. Those were very lonely times." He enrolled at U.C.L.A. His father wanted him to be a doctor, but he decided to be a lawyer and was accepted at Harvard Law School. After graduation, he married Amy Markson, a college sweetheart, and joined the faculty of Stanford Law School, hoping to avoid military service. In 1953, when he lost his deferment because of the Korean War, he volunteered for the Air Force. For the next two years, he served as a prosecutor and a defender in the Judge Advocates Division. In 1955, the year that James was born, Fields went to work as a litigator for a Beverly Hills law firm, where he was asked to handle the divorce of a fashion model, Lydia Menovich, a five-foot-eight-inch beauty. Friends saw Lydia as an unpretentious Auntie Mame character; when she met Mel Brooks, she badgered him to marry her best friend, Anne Bancroft. Fields fell in love with his client, and they were married in 1960, two years after they met.

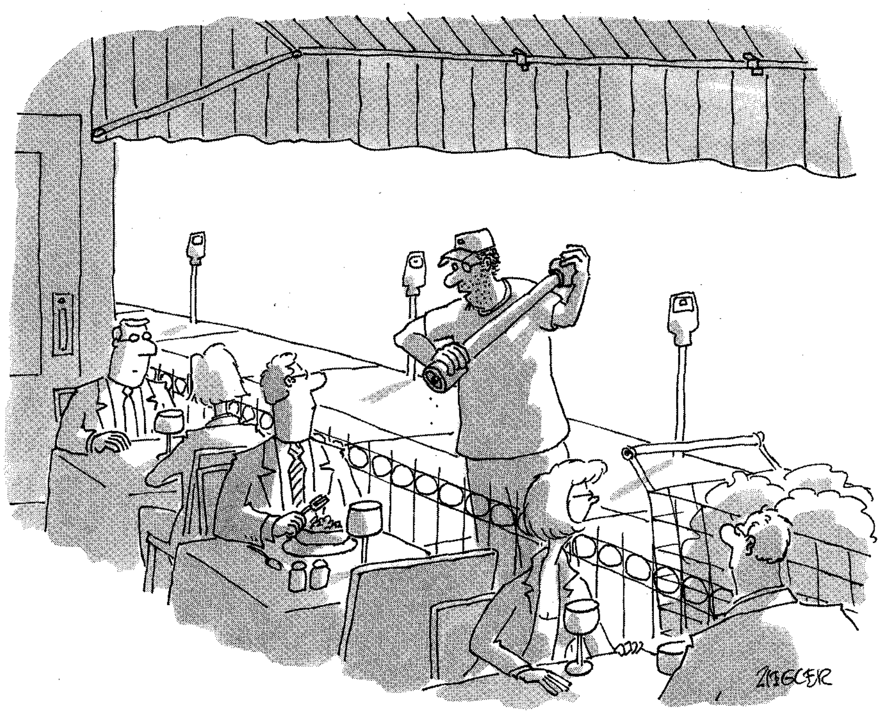
Fields did a little acting, appearing in an episode of "Dragnet" when his client Jack Webb cast him as a prosecutor. He became the lawyer for celebrities like Jeanette McDonald and the producer Mike Todd and young performers like Peter Falk and Elaine May. Some of his cases have become part of Hollywood lore—for instance, Edward G. Robinson's divorce, in which there was an impasse over a collection of Impressionist art that Robinson wanted to sell and that his wife wanted to keep. Fields arranged for the Los Angeles County Museum to take the paintings on loan, and to remove them late at night. "We had the idea that if we could get the paintings out of the house, she would finally relent and allow Eddie to sell the collection," Fields recalls. In the end, she gave in.

Fields formed an important alliance in this period with Michael Ovitz. "When I started C.A.A., in 1974," Ovitz recalls, "I asked friends of mine who the meanest and nastiest litigators are in L.A.—who do I have to look out for? Two names came back." One of them was Fields. Recalling their first meeting, Fields says, "I found him very bright." After the meeting, Ovitz told Fields, "I'd like to pay you one dollar a year not to sue me." Over the years, Fields sent clients like Dustin Hoffman to Ovitz, and Ovitz directed clients to Fields. Until 1995, Ovitz says, when he left the agency business to become a Disney executive, "we probably talked two, three times a week."

If one case established the Fields "brand"—the idea, as David Geffen put it, that "your lawyer will do anything for you"—it was the fate of Elaine May's movie "Mikey and Nicky," in the mid-seventies. Paramount insisted that the film was late, and that May was in violation of her contract and had to turn over the movie. Fields countered that Paramount had granted an extension and that May had "final cut." A court ordered May to give up the work print to the studio, but the only extant copy had mysteriously disappeared. May and Fields professed ignorance about its whereabouts.

But certain facts could not be expunged from the record: The day before the print vanished, Fields telephoned May, who was in New York, and urged her to give the editing staff the day off; and he told her to ask no questions and leave town for the day. Then, just about the time that the print went missing, Fields, who was also in New York, got on a plane back to Los Angeles. The studio charged that Fields and May were in contempt of the court order, but any delay meant added expense, and Fields made an offer: If the negative were to reappear, and May was allowed to make her final cut, perhaps the studio would drop the case? As for what actually happened, Fields says, "I will not go into who did what." May says, "He was what you always thought Perry Mason was. He did everything, and he did it without pay because I had no money. I paid him, finally, a year later, but he didn't know I would."

The director Mike Nichols speaks of Fields as if he represented the dispossessed: "Here's why so many people love Bert. He took the side of Elaine versus a gigantic studio. Unlike a lot of people in Hollywood, he chose Elaine. She had nothing but her talent—and being very cute! He has often been a champion of the weaker. He's not in the back pocket of the studios or anyone."



"Some fresh-ground soot for your salad, sir?"

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Fields says that most of the cases and events depicted in his novels are true. In "The Lawyer's Tale," published in 1992, Harry Cain's wife dies of cancer. Lydia—Fields's "soul mate," as his son describes her—had died of lung cancer in 1986. For nearly two years, Fields was consumed by the effort to save her life. Ovitz, who was the chairman of the board of the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, persuaded the dean of the medical school to oversee Lydia's treatment. Fields recalls that his friend and client Warren Beatty, a famous hypochondriac and amateur medical expert, became like "another doctor." Fields still keeps Lydia's ashes and photographs of her at an apartment he has in West Hollywood Hills.

For the next five years, Fields spent much of his free time with Beatty, who was not then married. "Warren did something for Bert none of us with families could do," Ovitz says. "He hung out with him." Ovitz had tried to set up Fields with his close friend Barbara Guggenheim, who had worked as an art consultant for Ovitz and for Hollywood clients like Ray Stark, Candy and Aaron Spelling, and Sylvester Stallone. Fields, who disliked blind dates, didn't call her, but business brought them together in 1989, when Stallone sued Guggenheim, for five million dollars, for urging him to buy a painting by the nineteenth-century French artist William-Adolphe Bouguereau that he later contended had been damaged and restored. Guggenheim, a slim, tall woman who has silver-gray hair pulled back in a ponytail, had dated a succession of men but never married. She met Fields in New York in January, 1990, and they were married in 1991. Like Lydia, Barbara became her husband's sole confidante. "Bert's not close to anyone particularly," Guggenheim told me. "He's always more comfortable talking to me than to men about personal stuff. He's not interested in golfing with the boys or taking white-water-rafting trips." She says that she understands why he still cries when he thinks about his second wife, and why he keeps her ashes. "He wouldn't have been who he is without her," she says and adds, with a smile, "He's a well-trained husband. I'm grateful." The Stallone lawsuit was settled soon after Fields let it be known that the actor would face a brutal cross-examination—with the implication that it would embarrass Stallone. "She didn't pay a dime!" Fields told me.

Fields and Guggenheim have five homes—in L.A., New York, Mexico, and France. Some old friends believe that Fields became more status-conscious after he met Guggenheim. They point to the Bentley Arnage, which cost almost a quarter of a million dollars; to the fact that both have had cosmetic surgery; and to their posing in formal dress on the beach in Malibu for a 1993 profile in *Vanity Fair*. (Two muscular young men hold a golden frame, and in the center of the frame Bert is dropping to one knee and kissing Barbara's hand.) Fields's office contains no trophies from past battles, no autographed pictures from celebrity clients, but his novels burst with self-satisfaction. In "Final Verdict," his first novel, a grateful client says about Harry Cain, "Harry, I'll never forget it, never forget what you've done for me. Fucking, stinking genius, the greatest fucking genius in the world. You can take your Ed fucking Williams and your Mel fucking Belli and shove 'em."

James Fields, who is a senior managing director at the Blackstone Group in

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New York, says of his father, "Winning is one of his defining characteristics. He must do the best he can to beat the other guy. Everything is him versus the opposition, a chess match." Barbara Guggenheim adds, "He started playing tennis at the age of sixty with me. If you look at tennis as a metaphor for life, he dives for every ball. I've taken him to the hospital with injuries." In "The Lawyer's Tale," Fields describes on different occasions how Harry Cain feels after a victory. He feels "the incomparable high of winning"; and again, "the incomparable high of winning"; then the desire for "winning one more time"; "the orgasmic thrill of winning"; and, finally, the "feverish hunger to win."

Three years ago, federal prosecutors informed Bert Fields that he was "a subject" of their widening investigation in the Pellicano wiretap case. According to Justice Department guidelines, "a subject [is] a person whose conduct is within the scope of the grand jury's investigation," while a "target" is a person about whom prosecutors have gathered "substantial evidence linking him/her to the commission of a crime." Since a subject is only a step removed from a target, and since Fields was the only client of Pellicano's to volunteer to reporters that he was a subject, he invited speculative press stories that he was the "big fish" prosecutors were pursuing. Soon after Pellicano went to jail, vowing never to coöperate with the government, Fields (joined by Universal's Ron Meyer) offered to raise money for the education of Pellicano's children. "There's nothing sinister about that," Fields told me. "I would think that people who had used his services would want to take care of his kids." But most of the private detective's former clients declined to participate, and, in the end, Pellicano publicly refused to take money from anyone. A grand jury has been impanelled since February, 2005, but Fields has never been summoned to testify, which could suggest that the prosecution case is weak—or that the prosecutor and the grand jury are just accumulating evidence.

While Pellicano is serving his sentence for weapons possession, federal prosecutors are focussing on who knew about his illegal wiretapping—one of several crimes allegedly committed by Pellicano as part of what the government called a "criminal enterprise." The investigation is being led by Assistant U.S. Attorney Daniel A. Saunders, a forty-three-year-old Princeton graduate who once wanted to be an actor. Saunders has restricted information about the inquiry to a handful of associates; he refuses to give interviews, and reporters have told me that the prosecutors are not leaking stories to them. The sole exceptions I could find came earlier this year, when a story saying that Steven Seagal was not a suspect in the threats against Anita Busch was attributed to the U.S. Attorney's office, and when it was revealed that Fields's law firm would not face indictment.

"There are three universes of knowledge about the case," Henry Weinstein, a Los Angeles *Times* legal writer, says. "The first is law enforcement—the U.S. Attorney's office, the F.B.I., and the District Attorney's office, which is engaged with the Anita Busch case. Then, there is a parallel universe of all the people who were allegedly wronged by Pellicano." These people usually view the case through a narrow keyhole, as does "the third universe of knowledge, the defense lawyers." The gaps are filled by rumors, which occasionally reveal a fact—for instance, that two C.A.A. agents were interviewed by F.B.I. agents because they had been wiretapped. That, in turn, increased speculation that Ovitz had hired Pellicano to investigate his former firm. The level of rumor about the scandal is extraordinary, even by the standards of a city in which gossip is the currency of social discourse. Thom Mrozek, the press officer for the U.S. Attorney's office, says that earlier this year he was receiving between thirty and forty calls and seventy e-mails each day about the case from the press. The New York *Times* has two reporters assigned to covering it, and the Los Angeles *Times* has three. "I don't think I've been to a dinner or a lunch where it hasn't come up," Arianna Huffington, who writes and edits a popular blog and is a friend of Fields, says.

This is unsurprising, since Hollywood is ultimately talking about itself. It was known, for instance, that Pellicano had been retained to work for Tom Cruise to suppress possible tabloid stories during his divorce from Nicole Kidman; for the comedian Chris Rock in a paternity lawsuit against a Hungarian model; for Mike Myers in a dispute with Universal; and for Michael Jackson. Was it possible, people asked, that celebrities were also a target of the prosecutors? And although the names of such powerful non-celebrities as Fields, Ovitz, and Grey do not appear in the February indictment, Fields represented Grey in contract disputes with the comedian Garry Shandling and the producer Bo Zenga—both of whom were listed as victims of wiretaps.

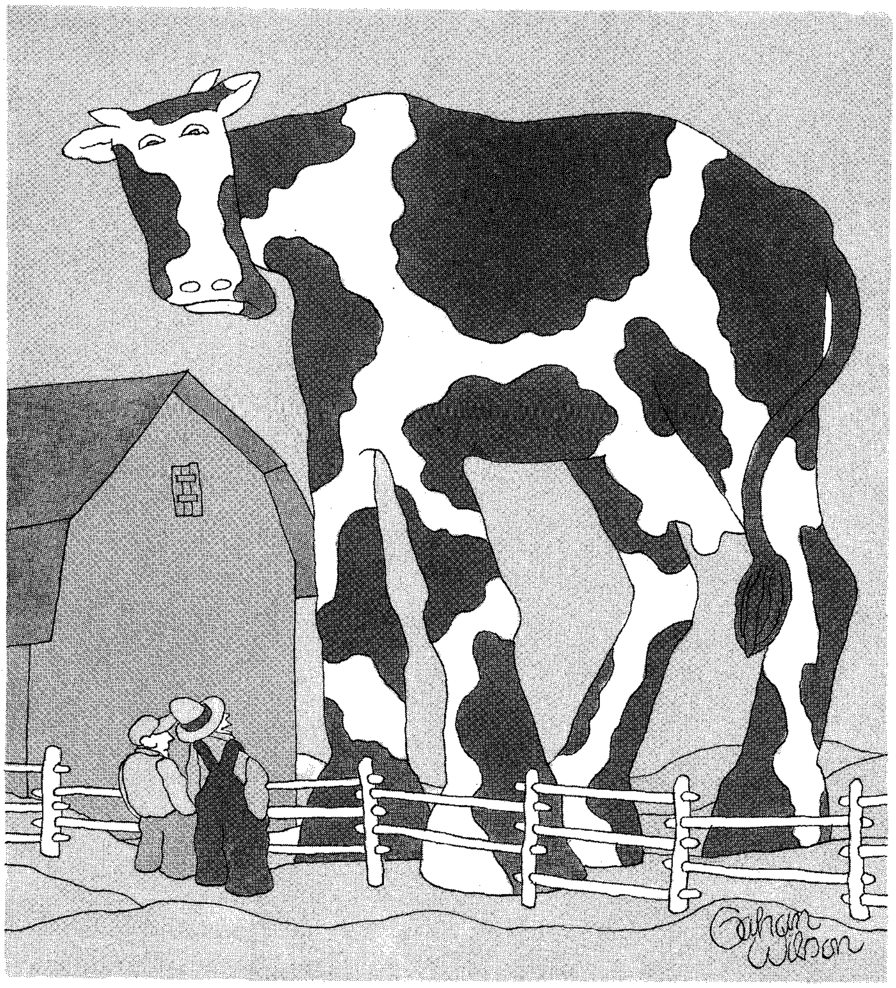
Grey told the New York *Times* in March that he was only "casually acquainted" with Pellicano, but F.B.I. documents seemed to show, according to the *Times*, that Grey "learned information about [Zenga and Shandling] directly from Mr. Pellicano." Grey's attorney, Ron Olson, told me that anything Pellicano may have learned was given not to Grey personally but to the Fields law firm. "At no time was Mr. Grey aware of wiretaps or any other illegal activity used by Anthony Pellicano in his investigation," Olson added.

The first major Pellicano client to be indicted was Terry Christensen, a member of the Hollywood legal establishment. Christensen had worked for the billionaire Kirk Kerkorian for thirty-five years; the charges related to work he did on Kerkorian's behalf in a battle over child support. The indictment alleged that Christensen paid Pellicano a hundred thousand dollars to bug Kerkorian's ex-wife's telephone, and it quoted from what appeared to be taped conversations between Christensen and Pellicano, during which Pellicano advised the lawyer, "Be very careful about this because there is only one way for me to know this." The next to be charged was John McTiernan, the director of such blockbusters as "Die Hard" and "The Hunt for Red October." It was alleged that McTiernan, who has since pleaded guilty, lied to F.B.I. agents when asked if he knew that Pellicano had wiretapped a producer. The clear implication was that Pellicano had taped both Christensen and McTiernan. Perhaps, some speculated, he taped all his clients. To date, fourteen people, including two police officers and two telephone-company employees, either have been indicted or have pleaded guilty.

The U.S. Attorney's office, with help from intelligence specialists, tried to decrypt tapes that Pellicano had told his lawyers could not be decrypted. In court in March, Assistant U.S. Attorney Saunders predicted "one further superseding indictment" by mid-April, which heightened speculation that his office was putting new pressure on Pellicano to talk. Pellicano's attorney, Steven Gruel, told me, "He will not provide the government with that gift. He is not a rat," and in June Pellicano told the Los Angeles *Times*, "My loyalty never dies." Even if Pellicano did coöperate, his testimony might not prove that his clients were aware of illegal activities. "He'd be worthless as a witness, unless you had a tape," the attorney Harland Braun says. "I don't think you could convict anyone based on Pellicano's word." In mid-June, the government admitted that it had not succeeded in its attempts to decrypt all the secret tapes. And though on May 22nd Saunders said, "We do anticipate bringing additional charges," he still has not produced another major indictment.

After Fields, the Pellicano client who captured Hollywood's attention most intensely was Michael Ovitz. In 1998, a couple of years after his miserable time at Disney, Ovitz launched Artists Management Group, a company that many at C.A.A., his original agency, believed was like a father competing against his children. C.A.A. agents joined his many enemies. The press chronicled the ways in which his new company was failing. According to the New York *Times*, Ovitz told the F.B.I. that he paid Pellicano seventy-five thousand dollars to investigate two C.A.A. agents and, among others, his former partner Ron Meyer, David Geffen, and the reporters Anita Busch and Bernard Weinraub, then with the New York *Times*, who were allegedly harming his ability to sell Artists Management Group. When Ovitz appeared before the grand jury in the summer of 2005, he denied knowing about Pellicano's illegal activities.

Ovitz works in a one-story concrete building—a former film-production studio—that sits like a bunker on a quiet Santa Monica street. Exposed pipes traverse the high ceiling; a collection of contemporary German art fills the walls. When he worked in Beverly Hills, at the I. M. Pei-designed C.A.A. headquarters that he commissioned, he wore charcoal suits, white shirts, and Hermès ties. One day in May, he greeted me wearing a black Nike T-shirt, jeans, and gray



"I sometimes wonder if I should have invested so much in the one cow."

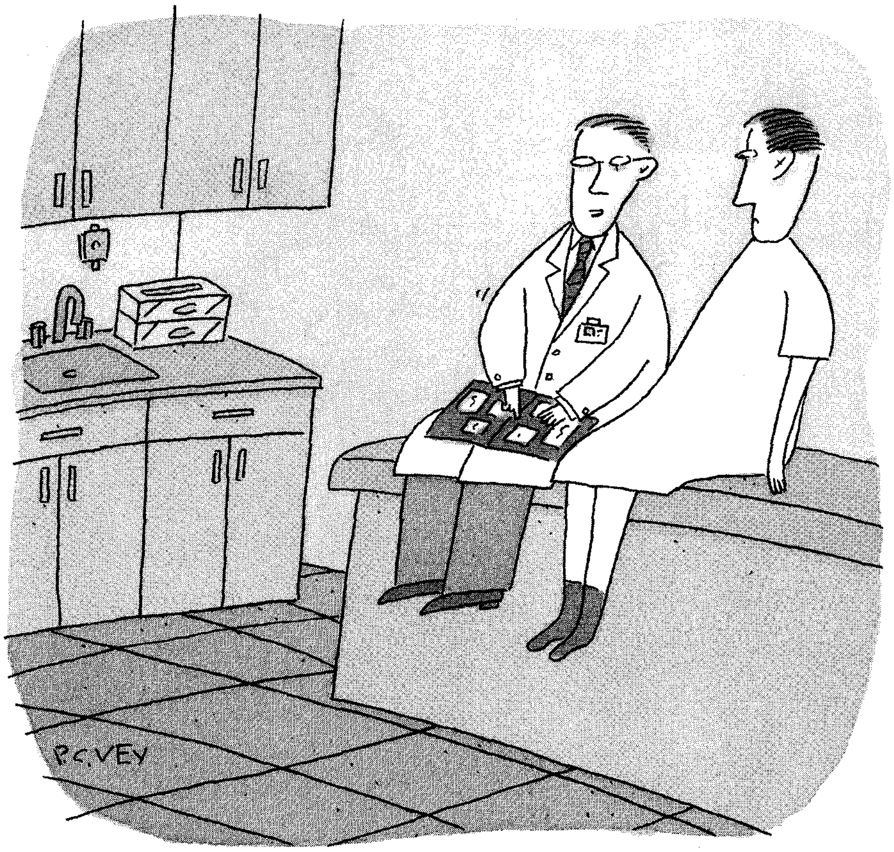
sneakers without socks; his chestnut hair nearly touched his shoulders.

Ovitz, who refuses to discuss his current activities in any detail, has about fifteen employees, who manage his art, his business ventures in real estate and finance, and a Japanese restaurant he owns, Hamasaku, in West L.A. He plans to open another restaurant later this year. One of his attorneys, James Ellis, joined us in Ovitz's office.

"I don't think anybody knew what this guy was doing, because this guy traded in information," Ovitz said of Pellicano, picking up a basketball and pacing slowly. "That's what he did. I used to watch Perry Mason reruns all the time. There was this guy who's a private detective, Paul, and he always came in at the last minute and slipped a note to Perry Mason in court at the most critical time. So now I say to myself, 'Let's see here, did Perry Mason ask Paul how he got that information?' Don't think so. 'Did Paul get it all legally?' Don't know. 'Was it just a blank slip of paper?' Probably. That's more than I ever got. But, whichever it was, it sure seemed to save the day for poor Perry."

Ovitz said that he couldn't speak for others, but that Pellicano "didn't produce anything for us to even ask about. The lawyers hired him. We got nothing, zippo." Ellis added, "We asked for a refund." Ellis and Ovitz declined to say what they wanted to learn from Pellicano, or whether Ovitz had hired Pellicano to pursue Anita Busch. As for the stories about Pellicano's ties to Illinois mobsters, Ovitz said that he never saw them. "To me—this is going to sound really stupid—but the couple of times I met him he seemed really out of shape. He was just a regular-looking middle-aged man. He didn't look like those imposing guys on 'The Sopranos' or in 'The Godfather.' "

Press accounts have suggested that Ovitz is being investigated in the wiretap scandal. Ovitz says that the stories about him "are basically not accurate." The one "article that surprised me was the Ron Meyer article," he said, a reference to a New York *Times* story saying that Meyer had visited Pellicano in prison and "urged Mr. Pellicano to 'drop a dime on' Mr. Ovitz." Nothing, he believes, could have justified his former partner in urging Pellicano to claim that he had done something criminal. Ovitz insisted that he had no idea what his legal situation was; Ellis said that Ovitz was "a potential witness," but suggested that he was neither a subject, like Fields, nor a target.



"And this one is the very first surgical procedure I ever performed."

Ovitz and his lawyers are aware that he still has enemies in Hollywood. "I think that what I've learned at this stage of my life is that if I could do it again I'd absolutely do it differently," Ovitz says. "But being in the agency business and starting a business at age twenty-six and building everything from scratch, I was as tough as I felt I needed to be, and probably tougher than I should have been." Hatred of Ovitz seems undiminished by time. One major Hollywood figure says, "If Ovitz gets indicted, there will be parties. It will be the end of a Shakespearean tale."

In May, at a club in midtown Manhattan, Bert Fields hosted a book party for Kathy Freston, whose husband, Tom, is the C.E.O. of Viacom. At the party—Barbara Guggenheim and Rupert and Wendi Murdoch were among the co-hosts—one guest murmured about Fields, "I'm amazed he came." But if Fields is suffering from having been a subject of federal interest since 2003, he's not letting on—at least, not publicly. Gustavo Cisneros, a friend of Fields who is the chairman of a privately owned media conglomerate, recalls phoning him this spring to inquire how he was. "Gustavo, don't be concerned," Fields responded. It was the last they spoke of the case. Susan Estrich (Guggenheim and Fields are the guardians for her two children) says it's "a disgrace the way his name has been dragged through the mud." Estrich, a Democratic activist and occasional television pundit, has gone so far as to wonder whether pressure from conservative Republicans is animating the drive to get Fields and also Hollywood.

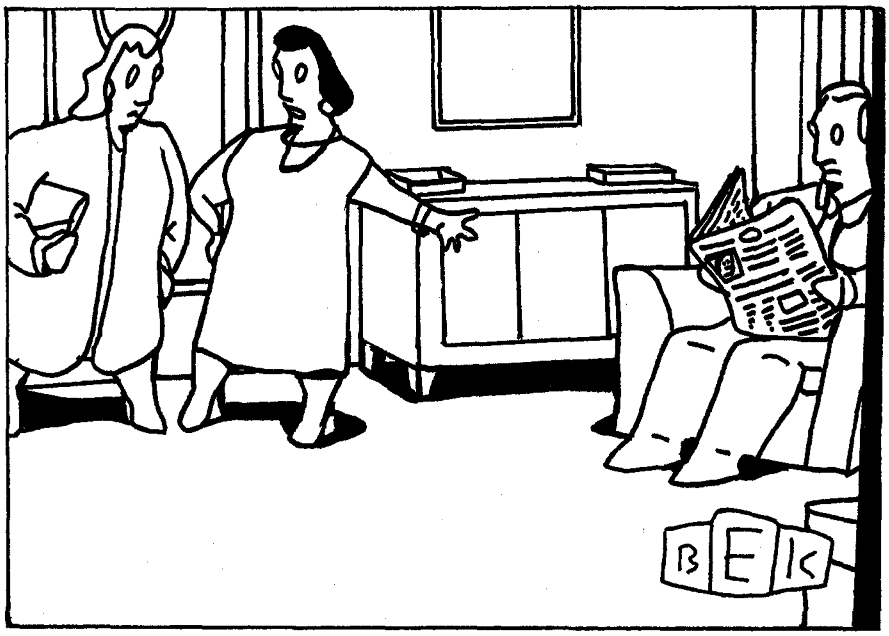
Fields is more circumspect. When asked if it frustrates him to be silenced, he says, without hesitation, "Oh, yeah. If it were a case that I was trying, I'd be all over the press, all over everything. That's my style. But I have very good counsel in this case, and I'm going to follow him." As for the specifics of the case, Fields won't go beyond his public comment, which is that he had "no knowledge" of wiretapping and would never condone it.

There is a five-year statute of limitations for wiretapping crimes, and for some of the cases in which Fields may be implicated the limit was due to expire in March. At the request of the U.S. Attorney, he has three times consented to extend the deadline. For a prosecutor, it means more time to gather evidence; for a potential target who wants to avoid the ruinous spectre of an indictment, it shows a willingness to coöperate. In early May, Fields believed that the case would either collapse or lead to formal charges by the end of that month. In mid-July, though, he said that he still wasn't sure of his status; his lawyer, John Keker, who had been talking regularly with prosecutors, had not heard from the government since May 3rd.

"The first time the F.B.I. came to my office was three years ago," Fields told me. "I talked to the agents voluntarily. I had nothing to hide. For the succeeding three years, I've been a subject of their inquiry. It's very hard on my wife. When the United States government says to you, 'We think we may have evidence to put your husband in jail for a long, long time,' to a woman who loves her husband that's a frightening, horrible concept. How would she not be tortured by that?"

We were in Fields's house in Malibu, sitting in the dining alcove, which also serves as the entrance foyer, and one could see Fields's reflection in a mirror that covers one wall. "I don't pretend it's easy," he said, "but when you saw this lovely woman you've been married to for twenty-seven years"—his voice broke—"slowly die of cancer, nothing after that is hard. This is easy compared to that." His eyes filled with tears.

When I asked Fields if he had learned anything from this ordeal, his reply seemed somewhat labored. "I have to go back in time to answer that question," he said. "When I was in the service, I prosecuted high-profile military cases. I had the attitude of a prosecutor: I wanted to get these people and convict them because I was convinced that they had betrayed their trust as officers or airmen. I felt imbued with a spirit of defending the country. So I understand what the mentality must be of a young prosecutor, having been one myself. But having now seen what it's like to be on the other end of that huge force that is the United States government when one is not guilty, it brings a kind of sense of completion to my understanding of the criminal process. By that I mean I saw what it was like to want to convict as a prosecutor, and I see what it is like to myself and my family and my partners to be accused of something I didn't do, and to have to fight the power of the United States government."



"I just had him bolted to the floor."

• •

Fields insists that he has no idea where the contents of Pellicano's safe will lead, but his firm hired the private detective in six of the cases referred to in the indictment—more than any other firm. Fields's firm also encouraged a prominent art collector and hedge-fund manager, Adam D. Sender, to hire Pellicano, and the New York *Times* reported on June 26th that Sender listened to illegal wiretaps and is now coöperating with the U.S. Attorney. Fields knows that there will be civil lawsuits against law firms, including his, and that these lawsuits might reopen several cases. There will be a trial, now scheduled for late October, for Pellicano and his co-defendants.

If Fields is charged with a crime, his record suggests that he will fight. To this day, he thinks that Howard Weitzman and Johnnie Cochran made a grave error by reaching an out-of-court settlement in the Michael Jackson case. "I felt he would damage his career irrevocably by paying a huge amount in a settlement," Fields says. "When you try a criminal case," he adds, "you have working for you 'a reasonable doubt,' which is an enormous weapon."

Even if Fields is not indicted, people who have followed the case and his career will undoubtedly continue to ask what he knew about Pellicano's services and what he should have known, and how, as one prominent Hollywood lawyer said to me, "smart people could be so stupid." One Fields client, insisting on anonymity, suggested that Fields's competitiveness is at the root of his legal problems. Referring to the missing Elaine May film, he said, "I can imagine that a guy who steals the negative of a Paramount film and who is a lawyer and an officer of the court can do anything."

Finally, I asked Fields if he was angry at Pellicano. "Sure, I'm pissed off at him," he said, and then his tone shifted: "I know the pressures he had. He would call me and say, 'Can't you get me any work?' His expenses were enormous. It's inexcusable. But I can't be too hard on Anthony Pellicano. This is a guy who did good work for us." ♦

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE TENTH PLANET

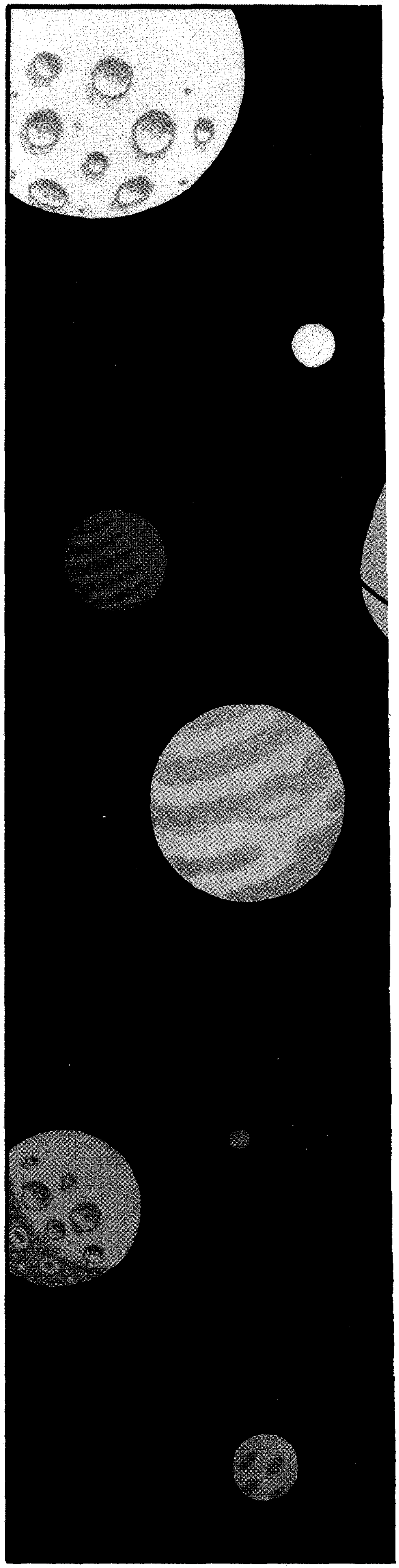
It's bigger than Pluto.

BY ALEC WILKINSON

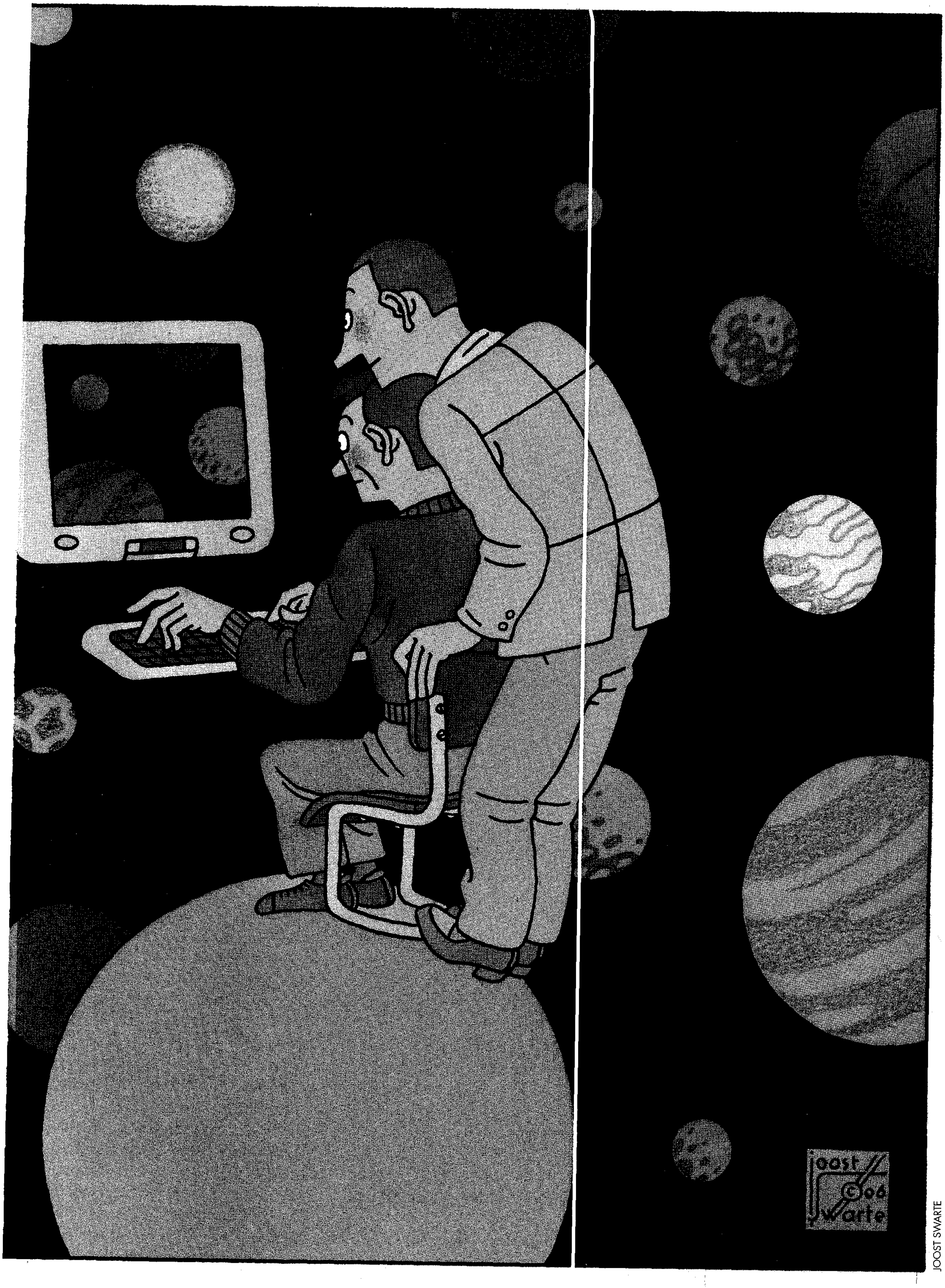
There are nine planets in our solar system. Or there are eight. Or there are ten, or maybe even twenty-three. No one knows. A planet is an arbitrary thing, a notion. In a matter of weeks, however, the International Astronomical Union, meeting in Prague, is likely to issue a definitive description. For many years, the planets have been the nine largest objects in orbit around the sun. The case for nine regards Pluto as the ninth planet, as it has been since it was discovered, in 1930, by Clyde Tombaugh, who grew up on a farm in Kansas and was twenty-four when he found Pluto, after painstakingly observing the sky for months by means of photographs he took through a telescope in Arizona. The case for eight eliminates Pluto. It says that Pluto, the smallest planet and the most remote, is more properly regarded as a transneptunian object—that is, a body of rock and ice resident in the region past Neptune. The transneptunian region is also called the Kuiper Belt, after Gerard Kuiper, who predicted its existence in 1951; it was discovered in 1992. Pluto is the second-largest transneptunian, or Kuiper Belt, object. The case for ten planets accepts Pluto and considers the largest Kuiper Belt object, currently called 2003 UB313, as the tenth planet, since it is larger than Pluto. The argument for twenty-three planets regards a planet as any big, round object in our solar system. Very large bodies can only be round—the force of their gravity insists on it. If you were to disassemble one somehow—if you could take a hammer to the moon, for example, and shatter it like a piece of pottery—it would become round again. Slightly smaller than Pluto is the size at which an object might deviate from round, so Pluto and perhaps fourteen other objects qualify.

2003 UB313 was discovered on January 5, 2005, by an astronomer named Mike Brown, a professor at Caltech. It is the largest object discovered in the solar system since Neptune's moon Triton, in 1846. Beginning in the late eighteen-hundreds, astronomers spent a good deal of time searching for a new planet, which they called Planet X. Eventually, they decided that all the planets had been found, and the search was abandoned. Partly in their honor, Brown calls his object Xena. Brown, however, is a serious person, and does not intend to suggest Xena as a name. He wishes he could call it Proserpina, after Pluto's wife. Pluto was the lord of the underworld, and Proserpina lived a third of the year in the underworld with him and the rest on earth. When she was underground, the earth was in winter. Xena spends part of its orbit near Pluto's, and the rest at some remove. Unfortunately, there is already a minor planet called Proserpina, and the I.A.U.'s rules won't allow the name to be used twice.

Brown found Xena in a region of the sky where astronomers hadn't expected there to be a planet. Other than Pluto, the planets pursue their orbits on a plane that is called the ecliptic, which is very roughly level with the equator. Pluto's orbit is at seventeen degrees to the ecliptic; Xena's is at forty-four. Excluding the Milky Way, which is so bright that it is impossible to take clear photographs of territory near and within it, Brown intends to examine a hundred per cent of the sky in the Northern Hemisphere. He has so far seen two-thirds of it. He suspects that he might find in the Southern Hemisphere other objects the size of Xena. He has already found the seven largest objects in the solar system that aren't currently thought of as planets—he has also found the ninth



When Mike Brown asked his college professors what he should do for a living, one of them said, "There really need to be more astronomers out there looking for things."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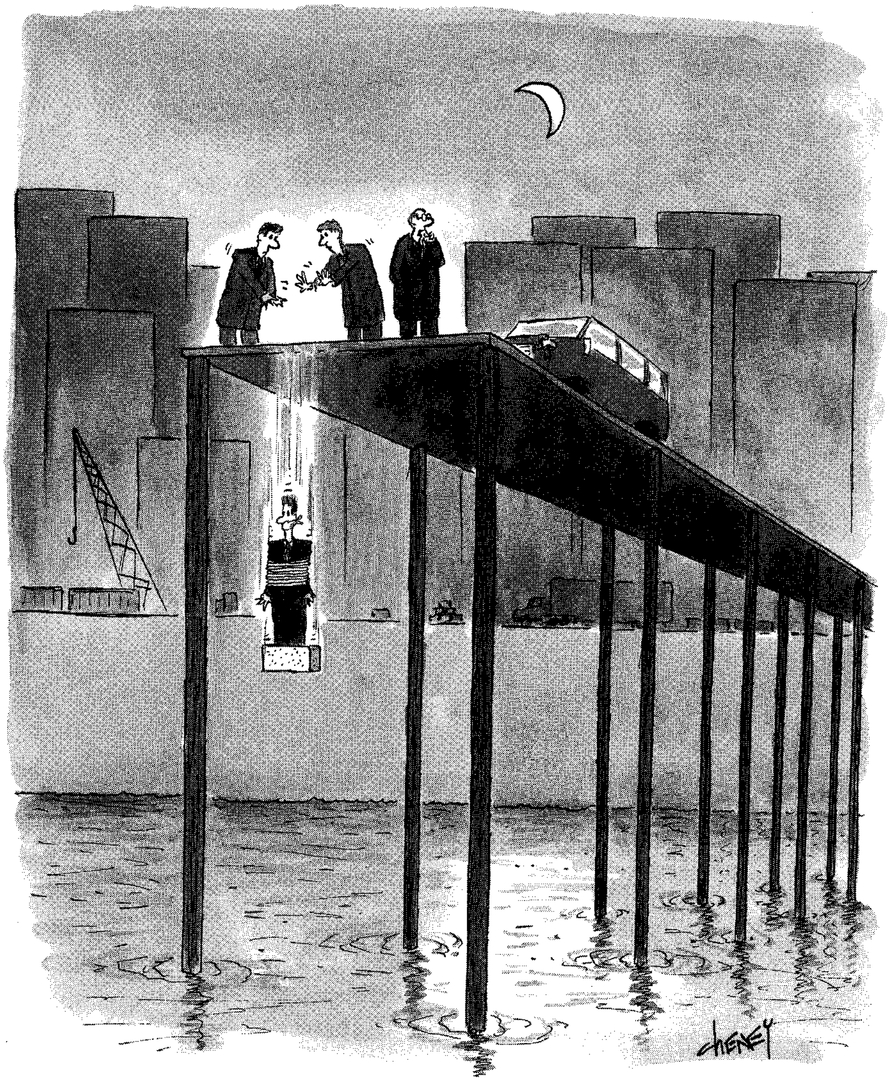

"Fixing a leak—and you?"

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largest—all of which reside in the Kuiper Belt. If the I.A.U.'s definition allows twenty-three planets, Brown will have found eight of them, more than anyone else ever has. He will, in other words, have discovered nearly half of all the planets.

Brown began teaching at Caltech in 1997, when he was thirty-one years old. On a stormy night, he was at the university's Palomar Observatory, waiting for the weather to clear so that he could use a telescope he had reserved, when he decided to take a walk. Palomar is on a mountain, and at the time had four telescopes. (It now has six.) He came to one that he had not visited before, the Samuel Oschin Telescope, which is relatively small. Unlike the newer telescopes designed to look at tiny areas of the sky, this one took in large areas. If you were to hold your hand at arm's length, with your palm facing the sky, it would cover approximately the area that the telescope encloses. The big ones cover roughly the amount of sky framed by the head of a pin held at arm's length. No one was using the Oschin telescope, and Brown realized that its range would allow him to look at whole regions of the sky and find objects that he could point the big telescopes at. "It isn't that I had thought to look for planets," he says. "It's that if you don't have this telescope you don't know that it can be done."

In the middle of July, 1998, Brown began looking at the sky above Palomar. The telescope recorded what it saw on photographic plates that were fourteen inches square. The plates were exposed for twenty minutes, and then developed like film. The only way to know whether an object in a frame is a star or a planet is to observe it moving. "You look at one picture, there's a star," Brown says. "You look at two, there's still a star, but it's moved. It doesn't take college training to know that." Brown took photographs of each section for three nights in a row. "If you have enough plates and enough time to cover a particular swath," he says, "presumably you're eventually going to enter the swath where any new planets might be." He did this for three years, then he ran out of plates. (Kodak, the manufacturer, had stopped making them.) He had covered about five per cent of the sky, a not insubstantial area. On July 31, 2000, he wrote in his logbook, "Found nothing. But how deep did I go?"

As Brown was preparing to write up his results, which would take a year, he heard from some astronomers at Yale who had a new digital camera that could capture large tracts of sky. They needed a telescope to try it out on and wondered if they could share the Oschin telescope with him. With a digital camera, Brown could photograph a patch of sky three times in one night, instead of once every three nights. The digital format absorbs the image more quickly, can photograph objects that are fainter, and requires no developing. Also, the image could be installed immediately on Brown's computer.

In 2000, Brown made a bet with a friend that someone—he hoped it would be him—would find a new planet before December 31, 2004. At stake were five bottles of Veuve Clicquot. "In eighth-grade physics, after you learn about pulleys and levers, you learn about the scientific method, which is misleading," Brown says. "You learn that a scientist formulates a hypothesis, then does experiments, and if the results support the hypothesis it becomes a theory. I couldn't come up with any reasonable explanation why Pluto should be the largest thing out beyond Neptune. Of course, it could have been true, it appeared to be true, but I wasn't persuaded. I knew that no one had ever looked, really, and that, if you look, you'll find something. So to say that I had a hypothesis is not correct. I had a bet."

One afternoon recently, I looked at images of planets with Brown on the computer in his office. He has a round face and reddish-blond hair, and wears glasses with delicate metal frames in the shape of ovals. He is married to a woman named Diane Binney, a school fund-raiser, and has an infant daughter, Lilah.

Some of the images were archival ones that he hadn't yet managed to look at, and some had been taken the night before. The stars appeared on the screen as notations of light against the blackness of the night sky. They looked like a pattern from a kind of linoleum tile that I remember from my childhood. When I said so, Brown said, "Really? To me they just look like stars." From two thousand photographs taken the night before, the computer had selected fifty-nine objects that appeared to be moving. It displayed three frames over roughly two seconds.

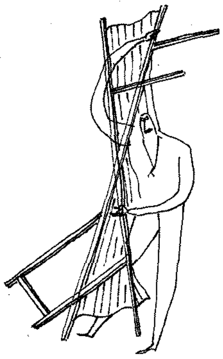
Of the first series, which had a kind of glowing aura on part of the right-hand side of the frame, Brown said, "There's a bright star just beyond the frame that's throwing up all kinds of junk and light, which fools the computer." He went to the next sequence. "Nothing on that one," he said, and moved quickly through the rest. "Junk, not real, black sky, another bright star, another bright star."

He shrugged. "Now we're going to run the code for looking at the really slow-moving objects," he said. "The chances of finding anything are very small; there's been two in three years, one of them the tenth planet. I'll go through them very fast."

He sat scrolling through them. "Smudge, smudge, smudge, nothing, nothing. Come on, it would be really great to find an object. Smudge, nothing." After a couple of minutes, he said, "Four left, come on," then shook his head. "That's it," he said. "We didn't find any new objects, but we did fill in one more section of the sky."

Brown thinks very quickly and somewhat dispassionately. A few years ago, he was living alone in a cabin in the hills above Pasadena, and his cat chased a rattlesnake into the kitchen. The rattlesnake hid under the refrigerator. Before confronting it, Brown emptied his ice trays on the floor and pushed the cubes under the refrigerator to slow it down. Brooding, he often pulls at strands of his hair and chews his nails. He punches the numbers on a phone very quickly, with two fingers. He is remorselessly competitive. Recently, he took a group of first-year geology students on a camping trip, where they held stick races on a stream that ran below a footbridge. Being scientists, they went to some trouble to find the proper sticks. Some chose sticks that had leaves, thinking they would act as sails, while others pulled the leaves off to streamline them. They raced long sticks and short sticks, but Brown won every race. "The trick, it occurred to me, is to throw your stick toward the water as fast as you can," he says. "So we start the race, they drop their sticks, and because they're so intent to see the finish they bolt toward the other side of the bridge without noticing how I had launched my stick. It's not sportsmanship, but it's a great way to impress Caltech freshmen."

Brown has an older brother, Andy, and a younger sister, Cammy. His mother, Barbara, says that his competitiveness comes from trying to do everything as well as his older brother. From materials in their chemistry set, they made gunpowder together as boys. Brown also had a contemplative side. "He definitely was the sit-back-and-think-about-it sort of person," Barbara says. "In high school, we always figured he would be an absent-minded professor. He could never find his wallet or his shoes. He would always just sit and stare into space and think."



Brown was born in 1965, in Huntsville, Alabama, where the Marshall Space Flight Center is. His father, Thomas, an engineer, worked on rockets for the Apollo mission. "As a child, I thought that when you grew up you built rockets," Brown says. "The only other thing I knew people did for sure was be an astronaut. We had astronauts living down the street."

When Brown was four, his parents came home from a vacation in Florida with an enthusiasm for sailing. Neither had sailed before. They bought a sailboat and joined a sailing club on the Tennessee River—"a shack where people gathered to drink beer and sail" is how Brown describes it. Brown's parents divorced in 1973, when he was in the third grade, and his father eventually moved to Houston to work on the space station. For the rest of his life, his father kept a sailboat. His ambition was to sail around the world, but in 1992, as he was preparing to leave on a shakedown cruise of the Caribbean, he learned that he had cancer. He died in 1999. Each year on the anniversary, Brown and his brother talk on the phone and drink rum-and-Cokes, their father's signature drink.

Andy remembers Brown's receiving, one Christmas, "a crappy little telescope and setting it up in the back yard," and his mother recalls his asking in seventh grade for a subscription to the magazine *Astronomy* ("That was a surprise," she says), but Brown says that astronomy was only one of the things he was interested in. He also wanted to fly airplanes. In eighth grade, he liked physics best. "In high school," he says, "I became really enamored with the idea of what you could calculate—how you make things move, how they fall, how do these actions calculate out? A roller coaster goes to the top of its track and drops. It's all meant to be calculable, it's all known, it's not magic. My freshman science teacher asked us whether it was possible to describe the parabola of a trajectory, and we said that it wasn't. Then she reached into her desk and got a ball and threw it at a kid and he caught it, and that part amazed me, that somehow your brain can calculate all these motions and rules, but, even so, another part has to learn how to do it. You have to be taught something you already know."

For as long as Brown can remember, he has looked at the night sky whenever he steps outdoors. During his sophomore year, above Alabama, Jupiter and Saturn were very close to each other. "I know this now," he says. "I didn't know it then. What I saw was two bright stars doing this fantastic dance around each other over the course of the winter. From night to night you didn't notice it, but from week to week you did. That was when I went and learned about the constellations."

Brown wanted to study physics in college. Looking up college rankings at the library, he discovered that the undergraduate physics program at Princeton was rated the highest. He had never heard of Princeton, and wasn't sure where New Jersey was.

"Princeton was perfect for me," Brown says. "The campus is very cocooned and insular, very inward-looking, and for a naïve kid from Alabama it was what I needed when I first left home." At the time, many physicists were involved in derivative trading, and Brown thought that he might go to Wall Street. He asked his professors what they thought he should do, and one of them said, "There really need to be more astronomers out there looking for things."

To decide which graduate school to attend, Brown went back to the library. Harvard and the University of California, Berkeley, had the most highly regarded astronomy departments. Brown went to Berkeley for an interview and stood on the roof of the astronomy building, looking out at San Francisco Bay with sailboats all over it, and made his decision. He bought an old twenty-seven-foot sailboat and lived on it in the Berkeley marina.

Scientists on the advance edge of astronomy are occupied with the most distant and ancient galaxies and the borders of the universe. In general, the farther away the thing an astronomer studies, the more respect he or she receives. After the universe comes the galaxy, then the distant stars, then the solar system and the planets. Brown studied with a professor named Hyron Spinrad, who was interested in comets. "Nobody wanted to work on comets," Brown says. "Too close, not cool, so the only way he could get students to do it was more or less to force them to for six months." Unexpectedly, Brown liked comets. Several bright ones came through the sky during the period, and he was able to see them through binoculars. The far edge of the universe began to seem abstract and theoretical to him, and the solar system concrete and more appealing.

In Brown's third year, as he was searching for a thesis topic, he heard a lecture by a visiting professor who talked about Io, one of Jupiter's moons, which had volcanoes. The materials they released seemed to be picked up by Jupiter's magnetic field and then returned forcefully to Io in such a way that they smashed into the surface and knocked loose more material. It was a body under bombardment by its own contents—"a self-flagellating moon," Brown says—but no one knew much about the process.

It occurred to Brown that the university owned one small telescope that no one cared to use—you couldn't see anything far enough away with it. "What could you do with it?" Brown says. "Look at big things, and you can look at them night after night." The telescope was at the Lick Observatory, on a mountain east of San Jose. "I moved my sailboat to the southern end of the Bay and spent six months watching Jupiter," he says. "No one cared, because it was a small telescope. At least I wasn't wasting real telescope time." After a few months, a tremendous volcano erupted, and Brown watched it happen.

Professor Spinrad says that he was impressed by the way in which Brown conducted his research. "I started out with some skepticism about him," Spinrad said over the phone. "He was obviously a bright guy, but I don't think he applied his brilliance, or what appeared for a while to be pseudo-brilliance, as well as some students I've had. This completely turned around when he got interested in the magneto-belt of Jupiter. It's not the most extreme frontier of modern astrophysics, but he got spectacular results and used very creative methods of hardware and software analysis to exploit these peculiarities which you can't find elsewhere in the solar system."

At Palomar, with the digital camera, Brown and his team, which included Chad Trujillo, a Caltech postdoc, and David Rabinowitz, from Yale, began finding big things. In June, 2002, they found an object that appeared to be two or three times larger than Pluto. I say appeared, because the only way to estimate the size of an object that is so far away that you can't see its dimensions is by how bright it is. Brightness is a measure of how much sunlight a surface reflects. Kuiper Belt objects were thought to be about as dark as charcoal. The new object was farther away than Pluto, but appeared to be very bright. Brown arranged for a photograph to be taken of it from the Hubble Space Telescope, and determined that it was actually about half the size of Pluto but more reflective than he had thought. It was still the biggest object found in our solar system since Tombaugh found Pluto.

Someone who has found a minor planet can suggest a name, but the International Astronomical Union must approve it. The name cannot be longer than sixteen characters. It should be one word; it must not be difficult to pronounce, at least not in the language it comes from; and it must not be offensive. Names of military or political heroes or events are not suitable until they are more than a hundred years in the past. Names of pets are unwelcome. So are names of companies. In parts of the sky, specific rules pertain. Asteroids near Jupiter called Trojan asteroids must be named for heroes of the Trojan War. Minor planets with orbits between Jupiter and Neptune but not directly engaged with them—not moons, that is—are called centaurs and are named after them. Objects whose orbits approach Neptune's, or cross it, but are not satellites are named for mythological figures associated with the underworld. Brown's object fell into the category including objects sufficiently distant from Neptune's orbit that they are not substantially affected by it—the technical word is "perturbed." Such objects are named for figures from mythology that have to do with creation.

Brown and his group thought that it would be nice to have a name from a mythology close to California. They typed into Google "creation god, los angeles, indian," and were referred to a site that discussed the creation myths of a tribe called the Tongva, who lived in the Los Angeles Basin and were also known as the Gabrielino Indians. Brown liked the name Kwawar, which was one of the Tongva's creation gods. Since the Tongva still existed, Brown and Trujillo thought that they should ask the tribe's permission. Calling the phone number on the tribe's Web site, Trujillo reached the chief.

"He did what any good chief would do," Brown says. "He delegated." The

THERE WERE RAINBOWS EVERY DAY

There were rainbows every day
for three or four days afterward.
I sat in the large soft bed
with silence and stillness falling
around me like snow. Cross Fell
was icy white with a shock
of frozen cloud on its uppermost
tip. The carpet by the bed,
washed several times on the last
day you were home, took a week
to dry to a nubbly paperiness.
The henhouse filled with wind,
the roof was ripped away.
First one side of it split
open, then the other.
The garden shed blew apart,
the timbers of the frame rattled loose.
Rain lashed the windows.
The trees strained. The back door
blew open. Greenhouse glass
smashed. You were beautiful.
Your forehead smelled of powdered
millstone grits and moss.
Your ruby lips and throat
glistened. A red dot stood
on your eyebrow. (Did I nick
you slightly when I snipped
those troublesome hairs you'd swiped
me off from trimming?) Your Top
Man shirt and navy soft wool
waistcoat. A barely visible
smudge on your chin where the last
few mouthfuls of soup spooned in
had dribbled out again.
Your gray eyes dry and sinking,
like a Grünewald's overcome with wonder.

—*Josephine Dickinson*

chief referred Trujillo to the tribe's historian. The historian was delighted, but said that the tribe preferred the spelling Quaoar. The historian was also the tribe's chief dancer, and he choreographed a dance in honor of Quaoar, although Brown has not yet seen it.

The next thing Brown discovered, in November of 2003, after having looked at about fifteen per cent of the sky, was bigger than Quaoar and far more anomalous. It was the most distant object known to orbit the sun and also the coldest. It is so far away that Brown can't be sure of its size. Astronomers describe distance in terms of astronomical units, or AUs. One astronomical unit is ninety-three million miles. Earth is one AU from the sun. Jupiter is slightly more than five AUs from the sun. Pluto, when it was discovered, was about forty AUs from the sun. At the closest range of its orbit, it is about twenty-nine. The minor planet that Brown had found was ninety AUs distant.

Since the object was so cold, Brown decided that it would be sensible to have a name that derived from the creation mythology of a cold culture. The closest one to Los Angeles was that of the Inuit. Their mythology includes a goddess named Sedna. "Easy to spell, easy to say," Brown says. "And unbeknownst to me it was Andes backward."

Sedna is so far away that it is not likely even part of the Kuiper Belt. It is part of whatever region lies beyond it, but since it is the only object of its kind yet found, no one knows what to call that region or how to characterize it. Describing it is part of the science that Brown hopes one day to do.

By late 2004, Brown still hadn't found a planet—a body larger than Pluto, that is. "I thought, I'm going to lose that bet," he says. "I would not have thought that Pluto was the largest object out there, but it seemed that it was."

Two weeks before the bet expired, Brown found an object "in the shape of a stepped-on football with half the air let out." The football has two moons. It is as long as Pluto is wide. It spins end over end and revolves completely every four hours, but it wasn't a planet. Because it was December, Brown called this object Santa.

By December 31, 2004, Brown had looked through about a hundred thousand images from a revised search. (He had rewritten his computer program so that it would show him only the slowest-moving objects.) That evening, he sent an e-mail to his friend, saying that he was done looking at the sky for the day, and that she had won the bet. He went out to buy the champagne. On January 2nd, he went back to work and continued looking through the archival images. Three days later, he was looking at images from October 21, 2003. The computer had identified fourteen slow-moving objects, a fairly typical amount. "I did the usual thing," Brown says. "Flip, flip, flip, nothing, nothing, nothing." In the center of one of the screens, however, was an object moving just below the threshold that Brown had set during the original search. It was very bright. "I had been looking at these images for months and I never really expected to find anything," he says, "but I was being thorough, because it would be so important if anything really was there. If I did find something, I certainly didn't expect it to be bright, because it's so far away. Sedna had been quite faint, barely detectable, so the first thing I thought was, Is this a mistake? This can't be real. Slowly it sank in that it was real, and I pressed my little button here for the computer to calculate how far away it is and the estimate put it about four times farther from the sun than Pluto—actually, it's three times. It took another while for it all to sink in: it's there, it's moving slowly, it really is farther than Pluto, and it's very bright. I didn't know how bright it was, exactly, because I didn't know how reflective it was, but, by any stretch of the imagination, I'm thinking, This is bigger than Pluto.

"So I run my quick calculations, guessing that it reflects the same amount of light as Quaoar, and the calculations say it's seven thousand kilometres across. Pluto is twenty-three hundred. The first thing I do is pick up the phone and call my wife and say, 'I just won the bet.' " He also sent his friend an e-mail asking if she would be willing to extend the bet's deadline, and she said she would.

After he hung up with his wife, he did some more calculations. "The key parameter is how much light an object reflects," Brown says. "The technical term is albedo. Charcoal has an albedo of about four per cent. Earth is forty per cent. Everybody thought that objects in the Kuiper Belt were between four and ten. At four per cent, this planet was eleven thousand kilometres. Mars is sixty-eight hundred. Mercury is five thousand. Earth is twelve thousand seven hundred. Then you temper your excitement. I thought I would throw in a ridiculously high number, such as forty per cent albedo, which made it nearly the size of Mercury. Eventually, we used the Hubble Telescope, which is very difficult to get time on. We got the data in December of 2005, and by April, 2006, we knew for sure. The answer is that it is a little bit larger than Pluto. It's eighty-seven per cent albedo. Freshly fallen snow on the earth is something like eighty per cent. A melting lake is seventy per cent. We're still working on what accounts for it, but I think the answer is that this thing is so far from the sun at the moment, and so cold, that its atmosphere is frozen. It's a big shiny ball."

Sometime after Brown had calculated the object's orbit, he realized that if he had taken with the cumbersome old photographic plates an image on the nights of October 17th, 18th, and 19th of 1998—in other words, during the first year of his search—one frame south of the southernmost image he collected, the image would have included Xena.

Having discovered Xena, Brown and his colleagues began studying it in order to describe it in a paper. In April, they found another notable object, one that was brighter than Pluto, and that they called Easterbunny.

"They're from a vanity chartmaker."

Brown calls Santa, Xena, and Easterbunny the Kuiper Belt Triumvirate, because they are the region's three brightest objects. "So it's spring of 2005, and I'm a little overwhelmed," he says. "I want to do the science correctly before announcing—figure out the orbits and what characteristics I can. I don't want just to have a press conference and say, 'Look at these crazy bright objects!' " Brown's daughter was due in July and he was busy with teaching, so he decided to announce the Kuiper Belt Triumvirate in the fall.

Brown hadn't told anyone about his findings except his wife and the members of his team, and he had asked that they keep them secret. Concerned that someone else might find one of the objects in the meantime, he decided to introduce the smallest one, Santa, at a conference of astronomers held in England in September. In July, the conference published on the Internet an abstract of Brown's presentation describing the brightest object in the Kuiper Belt. A week later, a team of astronomers in Spain announced that they had found the brightest object in the Kuiper Belt.

"I look up their work, and, sure enough, it's Santa," Brown says. "My heart sinks. You try to think, This is great for the world, but you get over that. Even so, my despair is only momentary. I start to think, Maybe this isn't so bad, really, let's spread the wealth. I wouldn't have felt anything like as generous if it had been the big one, but that is the chance you take. These objects are not faint, they're not hard to see, once you know where to look. They are bright enough to discern with amateur telescopes, and with the right camera you could take a picture of them, so it is conceivable that one day someone somewhere would look, even by chance, in the right part of the sky. By insisting on scientific papers instead of announcing, we were taking that risk. Somebody found something I'd known about for six months. What can you say except 'I should have written that paper sooner.' "

The Spanish team knew no details about the object—they had found it only two days before. Brown sent an e-mail congratulating them. They had thought that it was bigger than Pluto. Brown told them that it was actually about thirty per cent of Pluto's mass, and that it had a moon. He sent a second message saying that when they had a name for the object perhaps they would tell him, and he would give the moon a compatible name. The Spanish team replied that this sounded like a good idea.

To announce the finding of a minor planet, an astronomer sends its coördinates to a man named Brian Marsden, whom Brown describes as "the emperor of the solar system." Marsden is the director of the Minor Planet Center, which is run by the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory for the I.A.U. They share quarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with the Harvard College Observatory. Marsden used archival images to check the coördinates of the object sent to him by the Spanish astronomers, and published the finding on the center's Internet newsletter. About half an hour later, he received an e-mail from an astronomer asking whether he was aware that Brown's abstract describing a similar object had been published several days earlier, and Marsden wrote back that he hadn't. The abstract didn't say where in the sky the object was, but Marsden wrote to Brown asking whether there might have been a leak.

The next morning—it was July 29th—Brown typed into Google Santa's technical name, which had been given in the abstract. "To my utter shock and dismay, it comes up with a Web page in Ohio," he says. To follow the object, Brown had used a telescope in South America. On the Ohio Web page was a record of where the telescope had been pointed, including where Brown had aimed it. Any astronomer could find what Brown had been looking at. Brown was appalled to see that his confidential research wasn't secret at all. Furthermore, he had also aimed the telescope at Easterbunny and Xena.

"Now everything starts to unravel," Brown says. From Marsden he heard that an astronomer in Germany had found other objects on the Ohio Web site and had calculated their orbits. One of these objects was Xena. The German astronomer was merely bringing the objects to Marsden's attention, but Brown, anxious and tired, misread Marsden's e-mail as saying that someone had claimed the discovery of Xena. "No one has an observation of Xena at this point, no photographs—they haven't pointed a camera at it—but, if the sun goes down, that's the game, and in Europe the sun's going down before it goes down in California." Brown called someone he knew at NASA and said that there needed to be a joint press conference that day. "It's while foam is falling off the space shuttle," Brown says, "and NASA, understandably feeling unprepared, is saying, 'People are going to accuse us of trying to divert attention from the shuttle. We can't do this.' I said, 'You're in or you're out.' And in about three hours, on very little sleep and lots of caffeine, I held a press conference at four in the afternoon, Pacific time. The cat was so thoroughly out of the bag that I didn't feel I had much choice. I might have waited until Monday, but I don't think so."

"Yes, you've shown me a thing or two—but over twenty-plus years that's not much."

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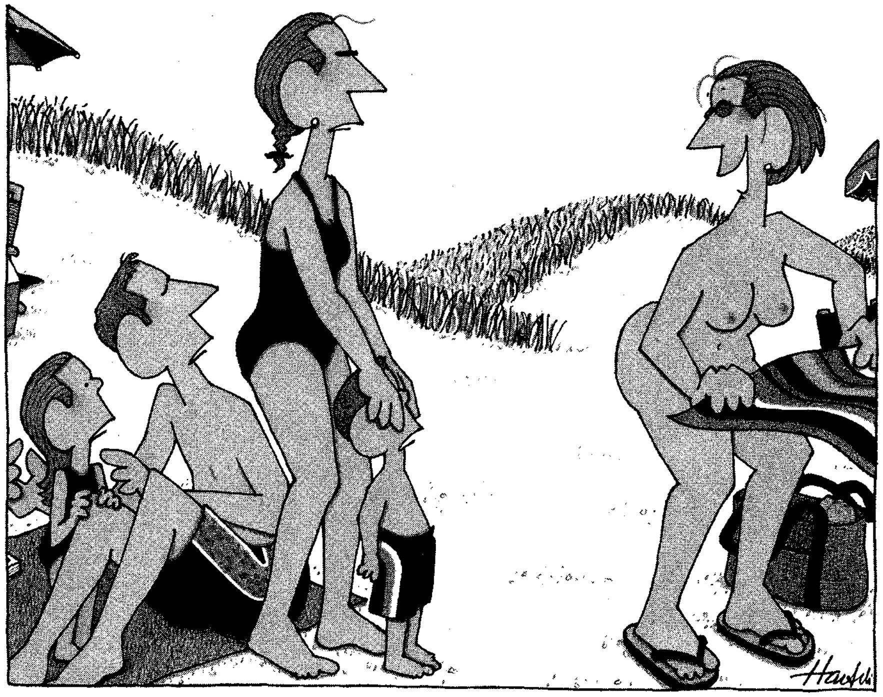
Early in August, Brown got a call from the astronomer in Ohio who maintained the Web page that had reported the telescope's movements. He said that he had examined the site's log and noticed that, two days before the Spanish scientists announced their finding, several visits had been made by someone using an I.P. address of a computer in Spain. The e-mails to Marsden announcing the discovery had come from the same computer.

Brown is not by nature suspicious. Marsden was less sympathetic. The Spanish astronomers had told him that they had found Santa in photographs they had taken two years earlier. "Someone who had got the name of the object from the abstract and Googled it and found the telescope pointings could then calculate the object's orbit," Marsden said. "Then they could work out where it was two years ago and go back to their records and find it. They had images of it, they were real, but we don't know if they saw the object in those images. They might have faked the discovery, which would have been patently dishonest. My experience goes back to the nineteen-fifties, and I have never seen anything like it. When Galileo discovered the satellites of Jupiter, there was another person who claimed the discovery. Galileo was able to demonstrate what he had done, and he accused the man of plagiarism."

On August 9th, Brown wrote an e-mail to the Spaniards saying that, having supported them, he was dismayed to learn that they had been looking at the records of his work. He said that he regarded this as a "breach of scientific ethics," and asked for an explanation.



"I hate the way I look in a bathing suit."

• •

He waited through August for a reply, and there was none. He assumed that the Spanish scientist in charge was on vacation. On September 1st, he sent another e-mail. "We know which pages you looked at and when you looked at them," he wrote. "What you have done is the equivalent of making a discovery, going to the library and finding a book describing the same discovery, and then days later claiming the discovery as your own."

A reply arrived a few days later. The Spanish astronomer did not dispute anything Brown had to say. Instead, he accused Brown of hiding objects, "so I did not expect to have this sort of conversation with you on ethics." Further, he wrote, he continued to "hold the hope that you are sensible and reasonable and you will change your way of doing things." If Brown was willing, the astronomer said that he would consent to seek a name for the object that satisfied both of them. The citation would say that it had been discovered by Brown and reported by the Spanish astronomer. "I think this is a generous offer," he wrote. "Think it over, take your time. And remember, the only reason why we are now exchanging e-mail is because you did not report your object. Do not blame anything else."

The Spaniards did not answer e-mails I sent them. Brown did not pursue the matter. Marsden says, "If the Spaniards were ever to send me a name, I would be very unhappy about it."

In 1999, the Minor Planet Center suggested removing Pluto from the list of planets. Marsden got a lot of mail from people who told him that Pluto was their favorite planet. He tended to write back saying that his favorite planet was Earth.

Brown was uncertain whether to call Xena a planet or not. He thought that he might call it a planetoid or a large Kuiper Belt object. His brother told him to call it a planet and let others sort it out.

"I'm perfectly willing to have eight or ten planets," Brown says. "Nine would bug the bejeezus out of me. It's foolish for several reasons. It's arbitrary—anything discovered up until 1930 is a planet, and nothing after is. Also, I don't think you want to make a ruling that sucks the excitement out of exploring the solar system. People will accept the definition, but you have taken the inspiration from a kid who wants to find the next planet. You have said there is no next planet, nothing else out there. Why would you do that?

"Ten requires the subtlest argument. You add Xena, but why would you, if you have any credibility? Some people think I might like to force the issue, to be known as the guy who found it, but I don't feel that way. When I used to argue for eight, I felt as if there was a public sentiment that you couldn't get rid of Pluto. If you did, you were a mean person, is what it felt like. I wondered why there appeared to be an emotional attachment to an inanimate object that most people who are arguing about had never seen. The epiphany was understanding that people love planets the way they love dinosaurs. Planets are like continents. 'Continent' is a good geological word, but, like 'planet,' it has no scientific meaning whatsoever. There is no scientific reason why Asia is a continent and Europe is a continent, and India is not. If you said you were going to take away Australia as a continent, people would not like it.

"The concept of a planet is also part of the mental geography of the world around us. Pluto doesn't fit as a piece of science, but it does culturally. Initially, I thought, We can't have it this way, we can't have culture determine such questions. Then I thought, There are places where science reigns, and others where culture does. Science doesn't have to win this one. So I thought, I'm willing to give up the hard-nosed science view of what a planet is in lieu of a cultural view, and that view includes Pluto, so it includes anything bigger than Pluto.

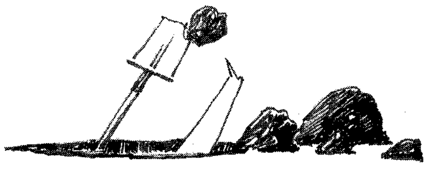
"The only one that bugs me slightly less than nine is twenty-three. It smacks of science—the object has gravity and is round—but it's just as arbitrary as many other things you might propose. A planet must have an iron core, for example. If you accept the characteristic of being round, you're stuck with a couple of problems. The first thing most people would think of that's round is the moon, which is definitely not a planet. So the definition becomes immediately modified to anything that is round and primarily orbits the sun. So you start to count, and, sure enough, the nine things we call planets all qualify. Then you realize what you have to add. The very first is the asteroid Ceres, discovered in 1801, which was the original eighth planet. It's still up there, you can see it with binoculars. If you add Ceres, Pluto stays.

"If you started from scratch and looked at the solar system, you would come up with four categories, each quite distinct. First is Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—big planets unlike anything else in the solar system. Second is Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars—rocky but not nearly as big as those in the first group. Third are asteroids, hundreds of thousands, from the big ones to the kilometre-sized ones we find now. They often get crazy names—there are asteroids named for each of the Beatles, and there is one named for Frank Zappa, although for some reason it is Zappafrank. And there is one called Mikebrown. A colleague named it for me. I've never seen it. Fourth category would be Kuiper Belt objects. They're outside Neptune and many miles farther away. They're made more of ice than of rock. That is probably where Pluto properly resides."

The day after I looked at images of the deep sky with Brown, we sat down and looked at some more. "Fourteen candidates," Brown said. "Bright star nearby," he went on, scrolling through the images. "Another bright star, bright star again. Bright stars are a problem I haven't really solved. I can live with them." Perhaps a minute passed before he said, "That was the fourteen. Now I do the slow interesting ones, of which there are sixty-three." He went quickly through about twenty of them before letting one repeat. He rubbed his chin with one hand. "Occasionally, the problem with the really slow ones is that when you're on the edge you can't always tell." He pointed to an object about the size of a dot you would make with a pen. In each frame, it occupied a different position, while everything around it remained the same. It didn't move dramatically, though, and in the second frame it was hardly visible. We watched the sequence about fifteen times. "If this was real, what would it be? The answer is, the most distant object ever seen, because it's moving even more slowly than Xena was when we found it. The telescope can shake, though. One of the things I do is check the area on other photographs to see if the object appears."

Brown opened on his computer screen a window for a database called Skymorph. "You can enter the coördinates for exactly this part of the sky and see it. Of course, if the object were in there it wouldn't be moving, because they have only one image." Brown typed in the figures, then said, "Damn, it's too far north. Very few people look this far north, so we have a backup." He went to a Web site run by NASA. "The backup is a set of photographic plates, like the ones I did in 1998. They're a standard image of the sky, taken by the Palomar telescope, the same one I'm using." We waited for the NASA file; meanwhile, the pattern kept repeating.

"You find the tenth planet, and you realize you have looked in only about half of the sky," Brown said. "And it's pretty clear that in the other half maybe there's one, maybe two, or maybe zero. It's probably one of those three numbers. And it's very tempting to find that one or two. In some ways, it's quite exciting to have found the tenth planet, and to do it again—well, no one's ever pulled the lever on that slot machine, and it's primed. But I have to stop myself, because I think there are more important scientific goals out there, as opposed to things that may make you remembered through the ages. There's very important science involved in looking for things like Sedna. The Kuiper Belt, we understand why it's there—it's just outside Neptune, and it consists of material that was left over after the planets were formed and what remains wasn't large enough to cohere. Sedna, which is the most remote large body in space, is way outside the Kuiper Belt, and it shouldn't be. How the heck do you get something out there? We don't know. My favorite scenario, if I had to bet, is that Sedna is the fossil record of the earliest formation of the sun. The sun formed four and a half billion years ago. Stars as they form tend to be part of clusters. It looks like if you form the sun with other stars around it something could be ejected to where Sedna is. The science of answering such a question is far more profound than the science of finding a planet. Finding a planet is important culturally, but it isn't Nobel Prize stuff. I was going to say it doesn't rewrite the textbooks, but I guess it does. But to figure out what environment the sun was born in, and to find the fossil record—that history is exciting. You can't do it yet, because Sedna is only one object, one fossil. You look at one fossil and you think, Is that a fin or a wing? Did that thing live in the ocean? You can't quite figure it out. So we desperately need to find more of these things, and I think that, once you do, the fossil record will be incredibly clear."



While Brown was talking, the image arrived. "It's turned sideways, but it's the same field, and it's a lot smaller," he said. "Too small." The plate was powdered with stars. Some were streaks. The oblong blur near the center of the frame was a galaxy, Brown said.

Brown drummed his fingers on the desk. "This is a new problem," he said. "We are so far to the north that these are the only available data to compare with, so that things that are very faint are just barely on the edge of what we can see. I haven't had this problem before. I haven't had one so close to the edge."

He typed something on his keyboard, but he had so many windows open that I couldn't see what had changed. "The sun is eight light-minutes away from Earth," he said. "Xena is twelve light-hours. These stars on the screen are probably hundreds of light-years from us." He folded his arms across his chest. "I don't actually think this is real. I was on the edge with Sedna, though, too, because Sedna's pretty faint. Still, I'm skeptical." He shrugged. "There's one solution, and this we'll have to do," he said. "Take another picture tomorrow."

He closed the window containing the images. "That's not really the problem, though," he said. "The real problem is that this big camera is designed to be porous to a degree." He chewed a fingernail. "We've found these big and rare objects, but what's also clear is that we've missed one or two. The sad thing is, we don't know where we missed them." ♦

FICTION

FOLIE À DEUX

BY WILLIAM TREVOR

Lapin Sauté Petits Pois
15.00
Agneau
18.00
quartier d'agneau au Riz
18.00
Cochon de Lait Garn
26.0
3 Caill en Broch
Entrecôte Grillé Garni

Aware of a presence close to him, Wilby glances up from the book he has just begun to read. The man standing there says nothing. He doesn't smile. A dishcloth hangs from where it's tucked into grubby apron strings knotted at the front, and Wilby assumes that the man is an envoy sent from the kitchen to apologize for the delay in the cooking of the fish he has ordered.

The place is modest, in the Rue Piques, off the Rue de Sèvres; Wilby didn't notice what it is called. A café as much as a brasserie, it is poorly illuminated except for the bar, at which a couple are hunched over their glasses, conversing softly. One of the café's tables is occupied by four elderly women playing cards, and there are a few people at tables in the brasserie.

Still without communicating, the man who has come from the kitchen turns and goes away, leaving Wilby with the impression that he has been mistaken for someone else. He pours himself more wine and reads again. Wilby reads a lot, and drinks a lot.

He is a spare, sharp-faced man in his forties, clean-shaven, in a gray suit, with a striped blue-and-red tie striking a stylish note. He visits Paris once in a while to make the rounds of salerooms specializing in rare postage stamps, usually spinning out his time when he is there, since he can afford to. Three years ago he inherited his family's wine business in Ireland, which he sold eighteen months later, planning to live on the proceeds while he indulged his interest in philately. He occupies, alone now, the house he also inherited at that time, creeper-clad, just outside the County Westmeath town where he was born. Marriage failed him there, or he it, and he doubts that he will make another attempt in that direction.

His food is brought to him by a small, old waiter, a more presentable figure than the man who came and went. He is attentive, addressing Wilby in conventional waiter's terms and supplying, when they are asked for, salt and pepper from another table. "*Voilà, Monsieur*," he murmurs, his tone apologetic.

Wilby eats his fish, wondering what fish it is. He knew when he ordered it but has since forgotten, and the taste doesn't tell him much. The bread is the best part of his meal and he catches the waiter's attention to ask for more. His book is a paperback he has read before, "The Hand of Ethelberta."

PETER TURNLEY/CORBIS

He reads another page, orders more wine, finishes the *pommes frites* but not the fish. He likes quiet places, and doesn't hurry. He orders coffee and—though not intending to—a Calvados. He drinks too much, he tells himself, and restrains the inclination to have another when the coffee comes. He reads again, indulging the pleasure of being in Paris, in a brasserie where Muzak isn't playing, at a small corner table, engrossed in a story that's familiar yet has receded sufficiently to be blurred in places, like something good remembered. He never minds it when the food isn't up to much; wine matters more, and peace. He'll walk back to the Hôtel Merneuil; with luck he'll be successful in the salerooms tomorrow.

He gestures for his bill, and pays. The old waiter has his overcoat ready for him at the door, and Wilby tips him a little for that. Outside, it being late November, the night is chilly.

The man who came to look at him is there on the street, still dressed as he was then. He stands still, not speaking. He might have come outside to have a cigarette, as waiters sometimes do. But there is no cigarette.

"*Bonsoir*," Wilby says.

"*Bonsoir*."

Saying that, quite suddenly the man is someone else. A resemblance flickers: the smooth black hair, the head like the rounded end of a bullet, the fringe that is not as once it was but still a fringe, the dark eyes. There is a way of standing, without unease or agitation and yet awkward, hands lank, open.

"What is all this?" Even as he puts the question, Wilby's choice of words sounds absurd to him. "Anthony?" he says.

There is a movement, a hand's half gesture, meaningless, hardly a response. Then the man turns away, entering the brasserie by another door. "Anthony," Wilby mutters again, but only to himself. People have said that Anthony is dead.

The streets are emptier than they were, the bustle of the pavements gone. Obedient to pedestrian lights at the Rue de Babylone, where there is fast-moving traffic again, Wilby waits with a woman in a pale waterproof coat, her legs slim beneath it, blond hair brushed up. Not wanting to think about Anthony, he wonders if she's a tart, since she has that look, and for a moment sees her pale coat thrown down in some small room, the glow of an electric fire, money placed on a dressing table: now and again when he travels he has a woman. But this one doesn't glance at him, and the red light changes to green.

It couldn't possibly have been Anthony; of course it couldn't. Even assuming that Anthony is alive, why would he be employed as a kitchen worker in Paris? "Yes, I'm afraid we fear the worst," his father said on the telephone, years ago now. "He sent a few belongings here, but that's a good while back. A note to you, unfinished, was caught up in the pages of a book. Nothing in it, really. Your name, no more."

In the Rue du Bac there is a window Wilby likes, with prints of the Revolution. The display has hardly changed since he was here last: the death of Marie Antoinette, the Girondists on their way to the guillotine, the storming of the Bastille, Danton's death, Robespierre triumphant, Robespierre fallen from grace. Details aren't easy to make out in the dim street light. Prints he hasn't seen before are indistinguishable at the back.

At a bar he has another Calvados. He said himself when people asked him—a few had once—that he, too, imagined Anthony was dead. A disappearance so prolonged, with no reports of even a glimpse as the years advanced, did appear to confirm a conclusion that became less tentative and, in the end, wasn't tentative at all.

In the Rue Montalembert a couple ask for directions to the Métro. Wilby points it out, walking back a little way with them to do so, as grateful for this interruption as he was when the woman at the traffic crossing caught his interest.

"*Bonne nuit, Monsieur*." In the hall of the Hôtel Merneuil the night porter holds open the lift doors. He closes them, and the lift begins its smooth ascent. "The will to go on can fall away, you know," Anthony's father said on the telephone again, in touch to find out if there was anything to report.

M. Jothy shakes his head over the pay packet that hasn't been picked up. It's on the windowsill above the sinks, where others have been ignored, too. He writes a message on it and props it against an empty bottle.

At this late hour M. Jothy has the kitchen to himself, a time for assessing what needs to be ordered, for satisfying himself that, in general, the kitchen is managing. He picks up Jean-André's note of what he particularly requires for tomorrow and checks the shelves where the cleaning materials are kept. He has recently become suspicious of Jean-André, suspecting shortcuts. His risotto, once an attraction on the menu, is scarcely ever ordered now; and with reason, in M. Jothy's opinion, since it has lost the intensity of flavor that made it popular, and is often dry. But the kitchen at least is clean, and M. Jothy, examining cutlery and plates, fails to find food clinging anywhere, or a rim left on a cup. Once he employed two dishwashers at the sinks, but now one does it on his own, and half the time forgets his wages. Anxious to keep him, M. Jothy has wondered about finding somewhere for him to sleep on the premises instead of having the long journey to and from his room. But there isn't even a corner of a pantry, and when he asked in the neighborhood about accommodation he was also unsuccessful.

The dishcloths, washed and rinsed, are draped on the radiators and will be dry by the morning, the soup bowls are stacked; the glasses, in their rows, gleam on the side table. "*Très bon, très bon*," M. Jothy murmurs before he turns the lights out and locks up.

Wilby does not sleep and cannot read, although he tries to.

A marvel, isn't it? Miss Davally said, the memory vivid, as if she'd said it yesterday. You wouldn't think apricots would so easily ripen in such a climate, she said. Even on a wall lined with brick you wouldn't think it. She pointed at the branches sprawled out along their wires, and you could see the fruit in little clusters. "Delphiniums," she said, pointing again, and one after another named the flowers they passed on their way through the garden. "And this is Anthony," she said in the house.

The boy looked up from the playing cards he had spread out on the floor. "What's his name?" he asked, and Miss Davally said he knew because she had told him already. But even so she told him again. "Why's he called that?" Anthony asked. "Why're you called that?"

"It's my name."

"Shall we play in the garden?"

That first day, and every day afterward, there were gingersnap biscuits in the middle of the morning. "Am I older than you?" Anthony asked. "Is six older?" He had a house, he said, in the bushes at the end of the garden, and they pretended there was a house. "Jericho he's called," Anthony said of the dog that followed them about, a black Labrador with an injured leg that hung limply, thirteen years old. "Miss Davally was an orphan," Anthony said. "That's why she lives with us. Do you know what an orphan is?"

In the yard the horses looked out over the half doors of their stables; the hounds were in a smaller yard. Anthony's mother was never at lunch because her horse and the hounds were exercised then. But his father always was, each time wearing a different tweed jacket, his gray mustache clipped short, the olives he liked to see on the lunch table always there, the whiskey he took for his health. "Well, young chap, how are you?" he always asked.

On wet days they played marbles in the kitchen passages, with the dog stretched out beside them on the stone floor. "You come to the sea in summer," Anthony said. "They told me." It was Miss Davally who had told him, knowing about the family who came every July to the same holiday cottage on the cliff above the bay that didn't have a name. Miss Davally knew about everyone in the neighborhood, even people who didn't quite belong to it. The July visitors made the long journey south from County Westmeath—a provincial wine merchant and his wife, a child who might be lonely, not having brothers or sisters, as Anthony hadn't, either. "It's not an intrusion I hope?" she apologized when she called on them, and was friendlily reassured. Afterward, when the boys themselves became friends, she often drove Anthony to the cottage on the cliff, so that hospitality might be returned. An outing for her, too, she used to say, and sometimes she brought a cake she'd made, being in the way of bringing a present when she went to people's houses. She liked it at the sea as much as Anthony did; she liked to turn the wheel of the bellows in the kitchen of the cottage and watch the sparks flying up while she heard about life in a sleepy Westmeath town. And Anthony liked the hard sand of the shore, and collecting flint stones, and netting shrimps. The dog prowled about the rocks, sniffing the seaweed, clawing at the sea anemones. "Our house," Anthony called the cave they found when they crawled through an opening in the rocks, a cave no one knew was there.

Air from the window Wilby slightly opens at the top is refreshing and brings with it, for a moment, the chiming of two o'clock. His book is open, face downward to keep his place, his bedside light still on. But the dark is better, and he extinguishes it.

There was a blue vase in the recess of the staircase wall, nothing else there; and paperweights crowded the shallow landing shelves, all touching one another—forty-six of them, Anthony said. His mother played the piano in the drawing room. "Hullo," she said, holding out her hand and smiling. She wasn't much like someone who exercised foxhounds; slim and small and wearing scent, she was also beautiful. "Look!" Anthony said, pointing at the lady in the painting above the mantelpiece in the hall.

Miss Davally was a distant relative as well as being an orphan, and when she sat on the sand after her swim she often talked about her own childhood in the house where she'd been given a home: how a particularly unpleasant boy used to creep up on her and pull a cracker in her ear, how she hated her ribboned pigtails and persuaded a simple-minded maid to cut them off, how she taught the kitchen cat to dance and how people said they'd never seen the like.

Every lunchtime Anthony's father kept going a conversation about a world that was not yet known to his listeners. He spoke affectionately of the playboy pugilist Jack Doyle, demonstrating the subtlety of his right punch and recalling the wonders of his hell-raising before poverty claimed him. He told of the exploits of an ingenious escapologist, Major Pat Reid. He condemned the first Earl of Inchiquin as the most disgraceful man ever to step out of Ireland.

Much other information was passed on at the lunch table: why airplanes flew, how clocks kept time, why spiders spun their webs and how they did it. Information was everything, Anthony's father maintained, and its lunchtime dissemination, with Miss Davally's reminiscences, nurtured curiosity; the unknown became a fascination. "What would happen if you didn't eat?" Anthony wondered; and there were attempts to see if it was possible to create a rainbow with a water hose when the sun was bright, the discovery made that, in fact, it was. A jellyfish was scooped into a shrimp net to see if it would perish or survive when it was tipped out onto the sand. Miss Davally said to put it back, and warned that jellyfish could sting as terribly as wasps.

A friendship developed between Miss Davally and Wilby's mother—a formal association, first names not called upon, neither in conversation nor in the letters that came to be exchanged from one summer to the next. *Anthony is said to be clever,* Miss Davally's spidery handwriting told. And then, as if that perhaps required watering down, *Well, so they say.* It was reported also that when each July drew near Anthony began to count the days. *He values the friendship so!* Miss Davally commented. *How fortunate for two only children such a friendship is!*

Fortunate indeed it seemed to be. There was no quarrelling, no vying for authority, no competing. When, one summer, a yellow Li-Lo raft washed up, still inflated, it was taken to the cave that no one else knew about, neither claiming that it was his because he'd seen it first. "Someone lost that thing," Anthony said, but no one came looking for it. They didn't know what it was, only that it floated. They floated it themselves, the old dog limping behind them when they carried it to the sea, his tail wagging madly, head cocked to one side. In the cave it became a bed for him, to clamber onto when he was tired.

The Li-Lo was another of the friendship's precious secrets, as the cave itself was. No other purpose was found for it, but its possession was enough to make it the highlight of that particular summer and on the last day of July it was again carried to the edge of the sea. "Now, now," the dog was calmed when he became excited. The waves that morning were hardly waves at all.

In the dark there is a pinprick glow of red somewhere on the television set. The air that comes into the room is colder now and Wilby closes the window he has opened a crack, suppressing the murmur of a distant plane. Memory won't let him go now; he knows it won't and makes no effort to resist it.

Nothing was said when they watched the drowning of the dog. Old Jericho was clever, never at a loss when there was play. Not moving, he was obedient, as he always was. He played his part, going with the Li-Lo when it floated out, a deep black shadow, sharp against the garish yellow. They watched as they had watched the hose-pipe rainbow gathering color, as Miss Davally said she'd watched the shaky steps of the dancing cat. Far away already, the yellow of the Li-Lo became a blur on the water, was lost, was there again, and lost again, and the barking began, and became a wail. Nothing was said then, either. Nor when they clambered over the shingle and the rocks, and climbed up to the shortcut and passed through the gorse field. From the cliff they looked again, for the last time, far out to the horizon. The sea was undisturbed, glittering in the sunlight. "So what have you two been up to this morning?" Miss Davally asked. The next day, somewhere else, the dog washed in.

Miss Davally blamed herself, for that was in her nature. But she could not be blamed. It was agreed that she could not be. Unaware of his limitations—more than a little blind, with only three active legs—old Jericho had had a way of going into the sea when he sensed a piece of driftwood bobbing about. Once too often he had done that. His grave was in the garden, a small slate plaque let into the turf, his name and dates.

They did not ever speak to one another about the drowning of the dog. They did not ever say they had not meant it to happen. There was no blame, no accusing. They had not called it a game, only said they wondered what would happen, what the dog would do. The silence had begun before they pushed the Li-Lo out.

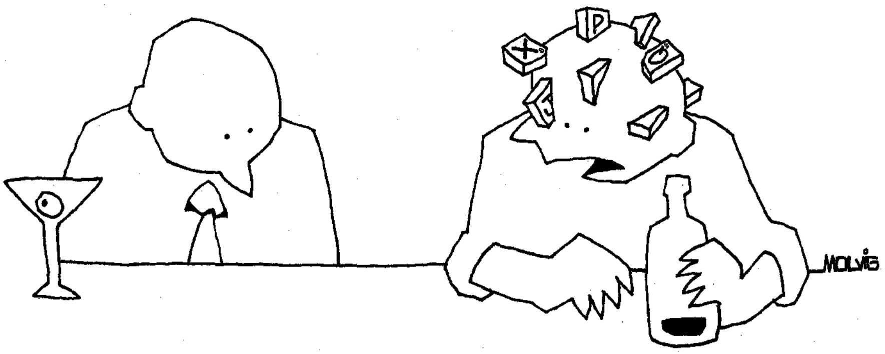
Other summers brought other incidents, other experiences, but there was no such occurrence again. There were adjustments in the friendship, since passing time demanded that, and different games were played, and there were different conversations, and new discoveries.

Then, one winter, a letter from Miss Davally was less cheerful than her letters usually were. *Withdrawn,* she wrote, *and they are concerned.* What she declared, in detail after that, was confirmed when summer came. Anthony was different, and more different still in later summers—quieter, timid, seeming sometimes to be lost. It was a mystery when the dog's gravestone disappeared from the garden.

In the dark, the bright-red dot of the television light still piercingly there, Wilby wonders, as so often he has, what influence there was when, without incitement or persuasion, without words, they did what had been done. They were nine years old then, when secrets became deception.

It was snowing the evening he and Anthony met again, five years later, both of them waiting in the Chapel Cloisters for their names, as new boys, to be called out. It was not a surprise that Anthony was there, passing on from the school that years earlier had declared him clever; nor was it by chance that they were to be together for what remained of their education. "Nice for Anthony to have someone he knows," his father said on the telephone, and confirmed that Anthony was still as he had become.

In the dim evening light the snow blew



"Never beat a ninja at Scrabble."

softly into the Cloisters, and when the roll call ended and a noisy dispersal began, the solitary figure remained, the same smooth black hair, a way of standing that hadn't changed. "How are you?" Wilby asked. His friend's smile, once so readily there, came as a shadow and then was lost in awkwardness.

Peculiar, Anthony was called at school, but wasn't bullied, as though it had been realized that bullying would yield no satisfaction. He lacked skill at games, avoided all pursuits that were not compulsory, displayed immediate evidence of his cleverness, science and mathematical subjects his forte. Religious boys attempted to befriend him, believing that to be a duty; kindly masters sought to draw him out. "Well, yes, I knew him," Wilby admitted, lamely explaining his association with someone who was so very much not like the friends he made now. "A long time ago," he nearly always added.

Sometimes guilt pricked. Passing the windows of empty classrooms, he several times noticed Anthony, the only figure among the unoccupied desks. And often—on the drive that ended at the school gates, or often anywhere—there was the same lone figure in the distance. On the golf course where senior boys were allowed to play, Anthony sometimes sat on a seat against a wall, watching the golfers as they approached, watching them as they walked on. He shied away when conversation threatened, creeping back into his shadowlands.

One day he wasn't there. His books had been left tidily in his desk, his clothes hanging in his dormitory locker, his pajamas under his pillow. He would be on his way home, since boys who kept themselves to themselves were often homesick. But he had not attempted to go home and was found still within the school grounds, having broken no rules except that he had ignored for a day the summoning of bells.

Dawn comes darkly, and Wilby sleeps. But his sleep is brief, his dreams forgotten when he wakes. The burden of guilt that came when in silence they clambered over the shingle and the rocks, when they passed through the gorse field, was muddled by bewilderment, a child's tormenting panic not yet constrained by suppression as later it would be. Long afterward, when first he heard that Anthony was dead—and when he said it himself—the remnants of the shame guilt had become fell away.

He shaves and washes, dresses slowly. In the hall the reception clerks have just come on duty. They nod at him, wish him good day. No call this morning for an umbrella, one says.

Outside it is not entirely day, or even day at all. The cleaning lorries are on the streets, water pouring in the gutters, but there's no one about in the Rue du Bac, garbage bags still waiting to be collected. A bar is open farther on, men standing at the counter, disinclined for conversation. A sleeping figure in a doorway has not been roused. What hovel, Wilby wonders as he passes, does a kitchen worker occupy?

In the Rue Piques the brasserie is shuttered. They might have liked to have him there, conveniently on the premises at night, but no lights are showing anywhere. Cardboard boxes are stacked close to the glass of three upstairs windows, others are uncurtained; none suggests the domesticity of a dwelling. Le Père Jothy the place is called.

Wilby roams the nearby streets. A few more cafés are opening and in one coffee is brought to him. He sips it, breaking a croissant. There's no one else, except the barman.

He knows he should go away. He should take the train to Passy, to the salerooms he has planned to visit there; he should not ever return to the Rue Piques. He has lived easily with an aberration, then shaken it off: what happened was almost nothing.

Other men come in, a woman on her own, her face bruised on one side, no effort made to conceal the darkening weals. Her voice is low when she explains this injury to the barman, her fingers now and again touching it. Soundlessly, she weeps when she has taken her Cognac to a table.

Oh, this is silly! his unspoken comment was when Miss Davally's letter came, its implications apparent only to him. For heaven's sake! he crossly murmured, the words kept to himself when he greeted Anthony in the Cloisters, and again every time he caught sight of him on the golf course. The old dog's life had been all but over. And Wilby remembers now, as harshly as he has in the night, the bitterness of his resentment when a friendship he delighted in was destroyed, when Anthony's world—the garden, the house, his mother, his father, Miss Davally—was no longer there.

"He has no use for us," his father said. "No use for anyone, we think."

Turning into the Rue Piques, Anthony notices at once the figure waiting outside the ribbon shop. It is November the twenty-fourth, the last Thursday of the month. This day won't come again.

"*Bonjour*," he says.

"How are you, Anthony?"

And Anthony says that Monday is the closed day. Not that Sunday isn't, too. If someone waited outside the ribbon shop on a Monday or a Sunday it wouldn't be much good. Not that many people wait there.

Wind blows a scrap of paper about, close to where they stand. In the window of the ribbon shop coils of ribbon are in all widths and colors, and there are swatches of trimming for other purposes, lace and velvet, and plain white edging, and a display of button cards. Anthony often looks to see if there has been a change, but there never has been.

"How are you, Anthony?"

It is a fragment of a white paper bag that is blown about, and Anthony identifies it from the remains of the red script that advertises the *boulangerie* in the Rue Dupin. When it is blown closer to him he catches it under his shoe.

"People have wondered where you are, Anthony."

"I went away from Ireland."

Anthony bends and picks up the litter he has trapped. He says he has the ovens to do today. A Thursday, and he works in the morning.

"Miss Davally still writes, Anthony, wondering if there is news of you."

Half past eight is his time on Thursdays. Anthony says that, and adds that there's never a complaint in the kitchen. One speck on the prong of a fork could lead to a complaint, a shred of fish skin could, a cabbage leaf. But there's never a complaint.

"People thought you were dead, Anthony."

Wilby says he sold the wine shop. He'd described it once, when they were children: the shelves of bottles, the different shapes, their contents red or white, pink if people wanted that. He tasted wine a few times, he remembers saying.

"Your father has died himself, Anthony. Your mother has. Miss Davally was left the house because there was no one else. She lives there now."

No response comes; Wilby has not expected one. He has become a philatelist, he says.

Anthony nods, waiting to cross the street. He knows his father died, his mother, too. He has guessed Miss Davally inherited the house. The deaths were in the *Irish Times*, which he always read, cover to cover, all the years he was the night porter at the Cliff Castle Hotel in Dalkey.

He doesn't mention the Cliff Castle Hotel. He doesn't say he misses the *Irish Times*, the familiar names, the political news, the photographs of places, the change there is in Ireland now. *Le Monde* is more staid, more circumspect, more serious. Anthony doesn't say that, either, because he doubts that it's of interest to a visitor in Paris.

A gap comes in the stream of cars that has begun to go by; but not trusting this opportunity, Anthony still waits. He is careful on the streets, even though he knows them well.

"I haven't died," he says.

Perfectly together, they shared an act that was too shameful to commit alone, taking a chance on a sunny morning to discover if an old dog's cleverness would see to his survival.

For a moment, while Anthony loses another opportunity to cross the street, Wilby gathers into sentences how he might attempt a denial that this was how it was, how best to put it differently. An accident, a misfortune beyond anticipation, the unexpected: with gentleness, for gentleness is due, he is about to plead. But Anthony crosses the street then, and opens with a key the side door of the brasserie. He makes no gesture of farewell, does not look back.

Walking by the river on his way to the salerooms at Passy, Wilby wishes he'd said he was glad his friend was not dead. It is his only thought. The pleasure boats slip by on the water beside him, hardly anyone on them. A child waves. Raised too late in response, Wilby's own hand drops to his side. The wind that blew the litter about in the Rue Piques has freshened. It snatches at the remaining leaves on the black-trunked trees that are an orderly line, following the river's course.

The salerooms are on the other bank, near the radio building and the apartment block that change the river's character. Several times he has visited this vast display in which the world's stamps are exhibited, behind glass if they are notably valuable, or on the tables, country by country, when they are not. That busy image has always excited Wilby's imagination and as he climbs the steps to the bridge he is near he attempts to anticipate it now, but does not entirely succeed.

It is not in punishment that the ovens are cleaned on another Thursday morning. It is not in expiation that soon the first leavings of the day will be scraped from the lunchtime plates. There is no bothering with redemption. Looking down from the bridge at the sluggish flow of water, Wilby confidently asserts that. A morning murkiness, like dusk, has brought some lights on in the apartment block. Traffic crawls on distant streets.

For Anthony, the betrayal matters, the folly, the carelessness that would have been forgiven, the cruelty. It mattered in the silence—while they watched, while they clambered over the shingle and the rocks, while they passed through the gorse field. It matters now. The haunted sea is all the truth there is for Anthony, what he honors because it matters still.

The buyers move among the tables, and Wilby knows that for him, in this safe, secondhand world of postage stamps, tranquillity will return. He knows where he is with all this; he knows what he's about, as he does in other aspects of his tidy life. And yet this morning he likes himself less than he likes his friend. ♦

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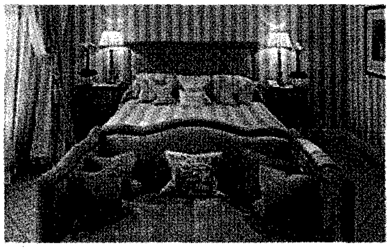

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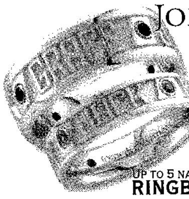

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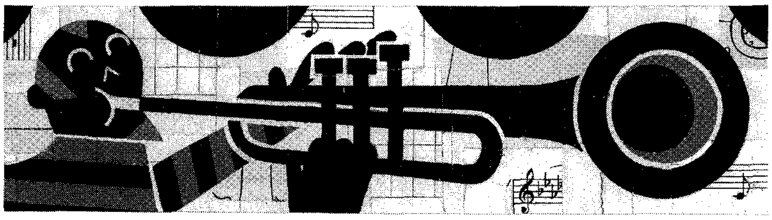


SETH

A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE STORM OF STYLE

Listening to the complete Mozart.

BY ALEX ROSS

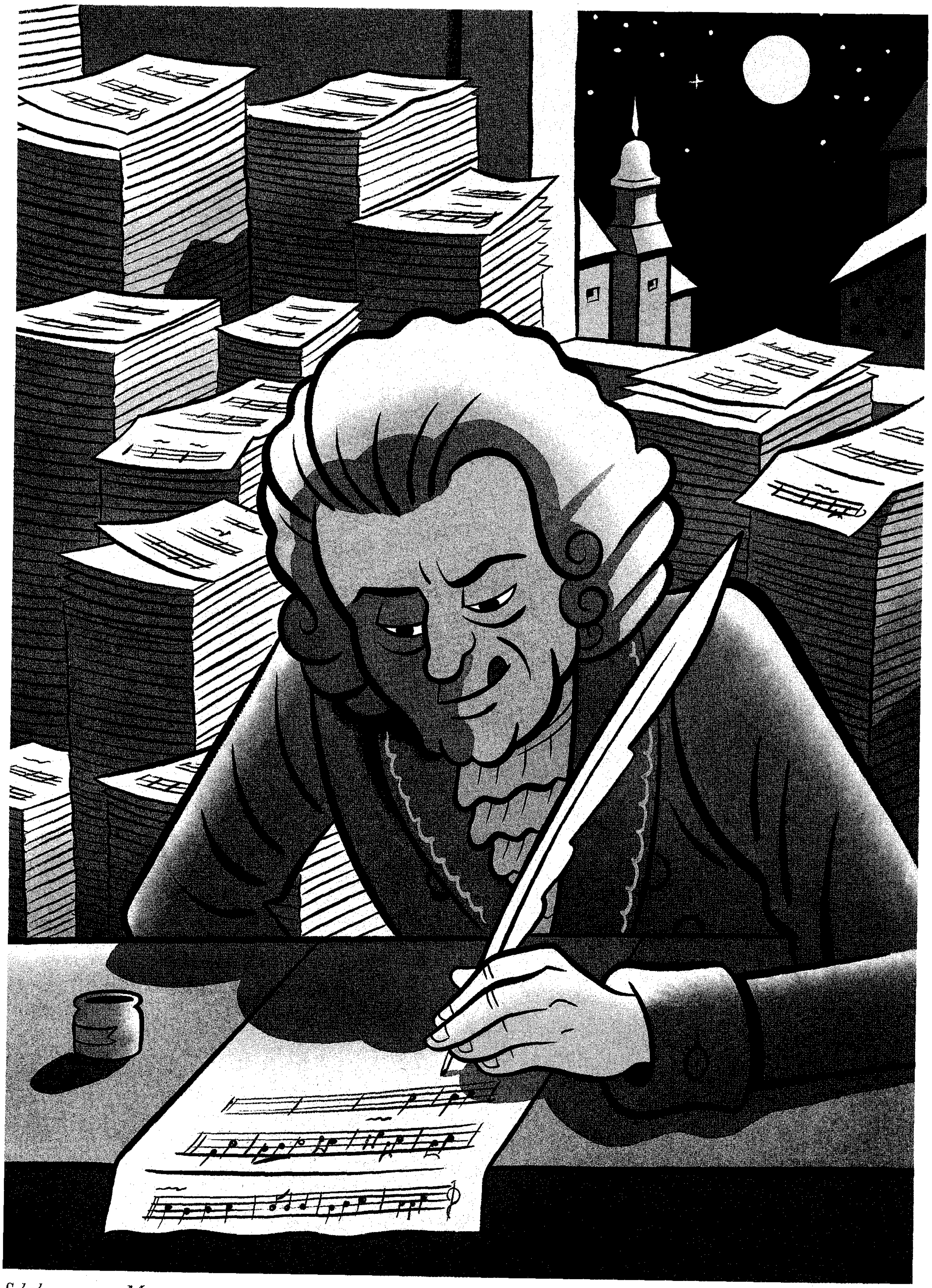
Wolfgang Amadè Mozart, as he usually spelled his name, was a small man with a plain, pockmarked face, whose most striking feature was a pair of intense blue-gray eyes. When he was in a convivial mood, his gaze was said to be warm, even seductive. But he often gave the impression of being not entirely present, as if his mind were caught up in an invisible event. Portraits suggest a man aware of his separation from the world. In one, he wears a hard, distant look; in another, his face glows with sadness. In several pictures, his left eye droops a little, perhaps from fatigue. "As touchy as gunpowder," one friend called him. Nonetheless, he was generally well liked.

He was born in the archbishopric of Salzburg in 1756, and he died in the imperial capital of Vienna in 1791. He was an urban creature, and had almost nothing to say about the charms of nature. A product of the artisan classes—his ancestors were bookbinders, weavers, and masons—he adopted aristocratic fashions, going around Vienna in a gold-trimmed hat and a red coat with mother-of-pearl buttons. He was physically restless, quick-witted, sociable, flirtatious, and obscene; one of the more provocative items in his catalogue is a canon for six voices entitled "Leck mich im Arsch" (K. 231/382c). He frittered away money, not least on expensive apartments. He achieved considerable success, although not as much as he knew he deserved. If audiences were occasionally perplexed by his creations, listeners in high places recognized his worth. Emperor Joseph II was a fan of Mozart's work, and, in 1787, to prevent "so rare a genius" from going abroad, he gave the composer a well-paying position that required little more than the writing of dances. In a letter to his father, Leopold, Mozart had warned that "the Viennese gentry, and in particular the Emperor, must not imagine that I am on this earth solely for the sake of Vienna."

As a child prodigy, Mozart was advertised in London as "the most amazing Genius, that has appeared in any Age." Leopold dubbed him "the miracle whom God allowed to be born in Salzburg." Prince Kaunitz, Joseph II's chief minister, said, "Such people come into the world once in a hundred years." Praise at this level, however justified, takes its toll on a man's humility. Mozart, by his own admission, could be "as proud as a peacock," and the Archbishop of Salzburg, whose service he quit in 1781, was not the only person who considered him "dreadfully conceited." Conceit edges easily into paranoia, and Mozart was not immune. "I think that something is going on behind the scenes, and that doubtless here too I have enemies," he wrote from Paris, in 1778. "Where, indeed, have I not had them?" As he traces conspiracies, mocks the French, and extolls the Germans, he sounds remarkably like Richard Wagner. Later, in Vienna, Mozart clung to the idea that Antonio Salieri, the Imperial Kapellmeister, was plotting against him. Whether or not such intrigues existed—John Rice's biography of the supposedly dastardly Salieri portrays him as a likable character, and an imaginative composer—Mozart himself was not above politicking: when he applied for the job of second Kapellmeister, he pointedly observed that "the very capable Kapellmeister Salieri has never devoted himself to church music."

Playfulness was Mozart's saving grace. His counterpart in modern times is perhaps George Gershwin, who was charming and self-infatuated in equal measure. Latter-day attempts to find a dark, brooding layer in Mozart's psychology have been unconvincing. In his correspondence, he once or twice displays depressive symptoms—alluding to his "black thoughts," describing sensations of coldness and emptiness—but context is all-important: in the first instance, he is begging for money, and in the second he is telling his wife, the demanding Constanze, how much he misses her. Nor should too much be made of the fact that Mozart wrote to his dying father that death is the "true goal of our existence," the "best and truest friend of mankind." These sentiments were commonplace in a world where lives ended early and without warning. Of the seven children born to Leopold and Maria Anna Mozart, Wolfgang was one of two who survived infancy; only two of his own six children lived to adulthood. Against this backdrop, Mozart seems, if anything, indefatigably optimistic.

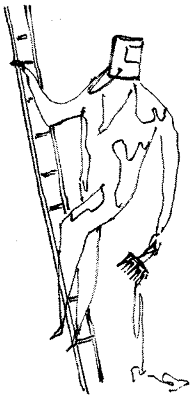
Leopold Mozart once said of his son, "Two opposing elements rule his nature, I mean, there is either too *much* or too *little*, never the golden mean." Often, an artist sets forth in his work what he cannot achieve in life, and Mozart's music is the empire of the golden mean. Nicholas Kenyon, in his excellent new "Faber Pocket Guide to Mozart," writes, "Other great composers have expressed the extremes of life: affirmation, despair, sensual pleasure, bleak emptiness, but only in Mozart can all these emotions co-exist in the space of a short phrase." Mozart inhabits a middle world where beauty surges in and ebbs away, where everything is contingent and nothing pure, where, as Henry James's Madame Merle says, an envelope of circumstances encloses every human life. It is a place where genres meld; where concertos become operatic and arias symphonic; where comedy and tragedy, and the sensual and



Scholars now see Mozart not as a naïve prodigy or a suffering outcast but as a hardworking, ambitious musician.

the sacred, are one. The golden mean runs through the Andante of the Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, from 1779-80. A beguiling four-bar melody appears twice, in E-flat major in the middle and in C minor at the end. The first time, the major mode is briefly shadowed by a turn into the relative minor. The second time, minor is flecked by major, creating the effect of a light in the night. The two passages are more or less the same, but the space between them could contain a novel.

The scholar Scott Burnham recently observed that Mozart offers the "sound of the loss of innocence, the ever renewable loss of innocence." There is no more potent subject for an artist, and it explains why Mozart remains so vivid a presence. As ever, the slow movement of the Piano Concerto No. 23 sends us into a wistful trance; the finale of the "Jupiter" Symphony wakes us up into a uniquely Mozartean kind of intelligent happiness; and the apocalyptic climax of "Don Giovanni" stirs our primal fear of being weighed in the balance and found wanting. The loss of innocence was Mozart's, too. Like the rest of us, he had to live outside the complex paradise that he created in sound.



Mozart was born two hundred and fifty years ago last January. As in past jubilee years—the most recent was 1991, the two-hundredth anniversary of his death—an onslaught of performances, recordings, and publications has threatened to put all rivals out of business. This summer, the Salzburg Festival is presenting all twenty-two Mozart operas and theatre works, from "Apollo et Hyacinthus" to "The Magic Flute." At Tanglewood, James Levine will conduct "Don Giovanni," with Mariusz Kwiecien in the title role; the same volatile masterwork will receive two important productions in Austria, one in Vienna, with the great Gerald Finley in the lead, and the other in Innsbruck, with the early-music maestro René Jacobs conducting. Here in New York, the Mostly Mozart Festival will present Peter Sellars's reconception of the youthful singspiel "Zaide" and a set of Mozart dances by Mark Morris. The festival has also commissioned an audiovisual installation by the Open-Ended Group, in which colorful abstract images generated by the coda of the "Jupiter" will be projected onto ten screens in front of Avery Fisher Hall. Every half hour, computer software will set about "learning" the music, pulling out melodic and harmonic patterns and playing them through speakers, until Mozart's sixty-four-bar coda is heard complete; then the computer's memory is erased, and the process starts again.

There are also piles of new Mozart books. You won't want to be seen at the beach without "Mozart: The Early Years, 1756-1781," the satisfying first volume of a never-to-be-finished biography by the late Stanley Sadie (Norton; $35); David Cairns's enthusiastic and perceptive "Mozart and His Operas" (California; $29.95); Julian Rushton's crisp, learned "Mozart" (Oxford; $30); Jessica Waldoff's probing "Recognition in Mozart's Operas" (Oxford; $45); Cliff Eisen and Simon Keefe's "Cambridge Mozart Encyclopedia" ($175); and Lydia Goehr and Daniel Herwitz's anthology "The Don Giovanni Moment" (Columbia; $40). Coming from Yale in November is a sixteen-hundred-page translation of Hermann Abert's 1921 expansion of Otto Jahn's 1856 four-volume biography, for which adjectives are temporarily unavailable.

The thousands of books that have been written about Mozart present a bewildering variety of images. For a long time, well into the twentieth century, many people pictured Mozart as the "eternal child"—an antic boy-man who happened to write sublime music. This was a theme of Alfred Einstein's 1945 biography, long considered the standard work. Pushkin, in his play "Mozart and Salieri," came up with an influential variant: Mozart as "idle hooligan." This led to the eternal adolescent of the play and movie "Amadeus"—the potty-mouthed punk who happened to write sublime music. Other commentators have made Mozart out to be a Romantic in the making or a modernist before the fact—an aloof, tortured character, an agent of sexual subversion, or a clandestine social revolutionary.

Present-day scholars are picking away at the myths and fantasies that have encrusted the world's most famous composer. They describe him not as a naïve prodigy or a suffering outcast but as a hardworking, ambitious, successful musician—"Mozart as a Working Stiff," to borrow the title of a 1994 essay by Neal Zaslaw. One notable upshot has been the rehabilitation of Leopold Mozart, who has long loomed over his son's biography as an oppressive, even abusive, figure. Damning evidence against Leopold was presented in Maynard Solomon's powerful 1995 biography; he wrote of the father's "erotically tinged drive to dominate" his son. Leopold is said to have exploited Wolfgang in his early years, squirrelling away profits from their European tours. When the gifted child became a problematic teen-ager, Leopold exhibited an unhealthy possessiveness, opposing his son's marriage plans and berating him for what he considered spendthrift behavior. His letters contain passages of world-class manipulation. "Your whole intent is to ruin me so you can build your castles in the air," Leopold wrote in 1778, not long after his wife died while accompanying her son to Paris. "I hope that, after your mother had to die in Paris, you will not also burden your conscience by expediting the death of your father."

Leopold was a bit of a monster, but the job of raising the Miracle of Salzburg would have taxed anyone's patience. Ruth Halliwell made the case for Leopold in her remarkably illuminating 1998 book, "The Mozart Family." The father didn't so much exploit the son as make him possible. Those long European tours gave Mozart an incomparable education; he went to London, Paris, Vienna, Milan, and Munich, met the monarchs and princes of the day, and talked to most of the leading composers. Knowing that his son's musical gifts far exceeded his own, Leopold tutored him in the practical aspects of art and life, in which he was rather better versed. Who can deny the truth of Leopold's maxim "Where money is plentiful, everything is dear, and where living is cheap, money will be scarce"? Or: "The best way to make people feel

MADMEN ARE RUNNING THE WORLD

Watch it spin like a wheel
and get stuck in the mud.

The truck is full of caged chickens
squawking about their fate.

The driver has gone to get help
in a dive with a live band.

Myrtle, Phyllis—or whatever they call you girls!
get some shut-eye while you can.

—*Charles Simic*

ashamed of themselves is to be extremely *friendly and polite to those who are your enemies*"? Mozart's path would have been easier if he had absorbed a few of the bland but useful adages that his father mailed to him.

The letters between father and son take on a much more vibrant tone when music is the subject. On musical matters, the Mozarts are essentially of one mind; Leopold never seems to be reining in his son's imagination. In late 1780 and early 1781, Mozart was in Munich, preparing his first operatic masterpiece, "Idomeneo," while Leopold was in Salzburg, supervising the opera's librettist. The young composer was unleashing every expressive device available to him: as Cairns observes in "Mozart and His Operas," "Idomeneo" touches on "love, joy, physical and spiritual contentment, stoicism, heroic resolution; the ecstasy of self-sacrifice, the horrors of dementia, the agonizing dilemma of a ruler trapped in the consequences of his actions; mass hysteria, panic in the face of an unknown scourge, turning to awe before the yet more terrible fact; the strange peace that can follow intense grief; the infinite tenderness of a father's last farewell to his son." Leopold was mostly a bystander to Mozart's astonishing feat, but he did make one crucial contribution: for a pivotal scene in Act III, when the voice of Neptune's oracle rises from the depths, he requested "moving, terrifying, and altogether unusual" music, and went on to suggest a series of sudden crescendos and decrescendos in the brass and winds, bracketing the vocal phrases. Exactly this effect appears in the finished score.

Perhaps Leopold's greatest gift to his son was the instruction to write for both musical insiders and the general public. In a letter from 1782, Mozart takes that favorite phrase of his father's—"the golden mean"—and weaves around it a pragmatic philosophy that is even more relevant now than it was in the eighteenth century:

> These concertos [Nos. 11, 12, and 13] are a happy medium between what is too easy and too difficult; they are very brilliant, pleasing to the ear, and natural, without being vapid. There are passages here and there from which the connoisseurs alone can derive satisfaction; but these passages are written in such a way that the less learned cannot fail to be pleased, though without knowing why. . . . The golden mean of truth in all things is no longer either known or appreciated. In order to win applause one must write stuff which is so inane that a coachman could sing it, or so unintelligible that it pleases precisely because no sensible man can understand it.

One wonders what Mozart would have made of today's musical scene, when "American Idol" contestants cover Elvis hits and university composers write super-complex, mathematically recondite works, and the happy medium seems, on most days, deserted.

Scholars have also demolished the old idea that Mozart was an idiot savant, transcribing the music that played in his brain. Instead, he seems to have refined his ideas to an almost manic degree. Examination of Mozart's surviving sketches and drafts—Constanze threw many sketches away—reveals that the composer sometimes began a piece, set it aside, and resumed it months or years later; rewrote troubling sections several times in a row; started movements from scratch when a first attempt failed to satisfy; and waited to finish an aria until a singer had tried out the opening. Ulrich Konrad calls these stockpiles of material "departure points"—"a delineation of intellectual places to which Mozart could return as necessary." In other words, the music in Mozart's mind may have been like a huge map of half-explored territories; in a way, he was writing all his works all the time. The new image of him as a kind of improvising perfectionist is even more formidable than the previous one of God's stenographer. Ambitious parents who are currently playing the "Baby Mozart" video for their toddlers may be disappointed to learn that Mozart became Mozart by working furiously hard, and, if Constanze was right, by working himself to death.

In 1991, the Philips label issued a deluxe, complete Mozart edition—a hundred and eighty CDs—employing such distinguished interpreters as Mitsuko Uchida, Alfred Brendel, and Colin Davis. The set has now been reissued in a handsome and surprisingly manageable array of seventeen boxes. During a slow week last winter, I transferred it to an iPod and discovered that Mozart requires 9.77 gigabytes.

On a computer, you can use search functions to create cross-sections of Mozart—a dreamworld of Adagios; a neo-Baroque swirl of fantasias and fugues; a nonet of Quintets (all major works). To listen to his twenty-seven settings of the "Kyrie" is to appreciate his inexhaustible invention: they range from the entrancingly sweet to the forbiddingly severe, each a convincing simulacrum of the power of the Lord. But the obvious challenge was to go through the whole megillah—to begin with the Andante in C Major (K. 1a), which Mozart wrote when he was five, and proceed to the bitter end, the Requiem (K. 626), which he left unfinished at his death, at thirty-five. It took me three months. I can't claim to have given every bar close attention; a patch of recitative in the early opera "La Finta Semplice," for example, was disrupted by a protracted public-address announcement at Detroit Metro Airport, and most of the Contredanse No. 4 in F (K. 101) was drowned out by the crack drum corps Drumedies performing in the Times Square subway station. All recordings are fake events, and MP3 files heard on headphones are faker than most. But I got a rough aerial view of Mozart's achievement, and was more in awe than ever.

From the start, the music is astonishingly well made. (A caveat from the scholarly demythologizers: most of the earliest works were "corrected" by Leopold.) Young Mozart shows an uncanny ability to mimic the styles and forms of the day: Baroque sacred music, opera buffa and opera seria, Gluckian reform opera, Haydn's classicism, the Mannheim symphonic school, Sturm und Drang agitation, and so on. Quite a bit of the music is reassuringly routine; Hermann Abert writes, in his massive biography, that Mozart "evolved along sound lines, without any supernatural leaps and bounds." But very early there are flashes of individuality. Some of the first come in the London Sketchbook, which dates from Mozart's London sojourn of 1764 and 1765 (and which Leopold did not touch). A piece in G minor (K. 15p) features stormy chromatic harmony of a kind that will appear to momentous effect in Mozart's minor-key symphonies and concertos. A piece in E-flat major (K. 15kk) has hypnotically murmuring chords and mournful slips into the minor, forecasting time-suspending Andantes and Adagios to come.

Hearing so many premonitions of future masterpieces, I got the feeling that Mozart's brain contained an array of musical archetypes that were connected to particular dramatic situations or emotional states—figures connoting vengeance, reconciliation, longing, and so on. One example appears in "La Finta Semplice," the merry little opera buffa that Mozart wrote when he was twelve. In the finale, when all misunderstandings are resolved, there is a passage marked "un poco Adagio," in which Giacinta and her maid Ninetta ask forgiveness for an elaborate ruse that they have pulled on Giacinta's brothers. "*Perdono*," they sing—"Forgive." Not just the words but the music prefigures the tremendous final scene of "The Marriage of Figaro," in which the wayward Count asks the Countess's forgiveness—"*Contessa, perdono!*"—and she grants it, in a half-hopeful, half-heartbroken phrase. I looked at the New Mozart Edition scores side by side, and noticed that the two passages not only waver between the same happy-sad chords (G major and E minor) but pivot on the same rising bass line (B-C-D-E). It is unlikely that Mozart thought back to "La Finta Semplice" when he composed "Figaro," but the idea of forgiveness apparently triggered certain sounds in his mind.

As Mozart grows toward adulthood, there is a palpable thrill of emergence. The routine becomes rare, the extraordinary ordinary. Having proved himself as an able technician of theatrical and sacred music ("Lucio Silla," of 1772, and the Sacramental Litany, of 1776, are high-water marks of his youth), Mozart now imports exterior drama and interior reflection to instrumental genres: the fiercely concentrated Symphony No. 25 in G Minor, the swashbuckling violin concertos of 1775, the spacious String Quintet No. 1 in B-Flat, and, most strikingly, the Piano Concerto No. 9, which is a three-act instrumental opera of energetic play, melancholy withdrawal, and happy return. Whether any of these forward leaps can be connected with events in Mozart's life remains a matter of debate. Did the traumas of 1778—the failure of his venture to Paris, the death of his mother, Leopold's scathing criticism—create in Mozart a new musical maturity? During that Paris summer, Mozart wrote his darkly eloquent Piano Sonata in A Minor, another landmark in his development. The trouble is that we don't know whether it was written before or after Maria Anna's death, and, in the absence of other information, we have to assume that one day Mozart banged an A-minor triad like a wedge into the middle range of the piano and liked the way it sounded. Stanley Sadie concludes unsentimentally, "There is no real reason to imagine that [Mozart] used his music as a vehicle for the expression of his own personal feelings."

Then again, it's hard not to see some connection between the life and the art in the period from 1781 to 1786, when a series of independent acts—Mozart's escape from Salzburg to Vienna, his marriage to Constanze, his defiant response to Leopold's objections to the above—coincides with a staggering outpouring of inspiration: the six string quartets dedicated to Haydn, fifteen concertos for piano and orchestra, the "Haffner" and "Linz" and "Prague"

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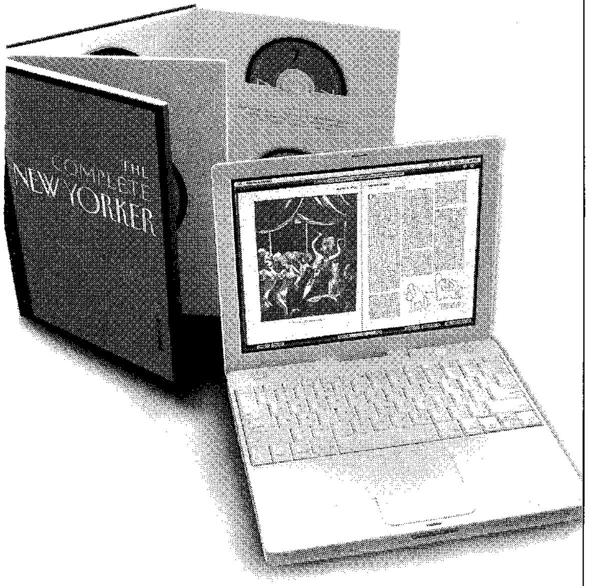
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Symphonies, the Mass in C Minor, the operas "The Abduction from the Seraglio" and "The Marriage of Figaro," and a dozen other pieces without which classical programming would grind to a halt. The instrumental works, with their architecturally imposing first movements and their slow movements that open up multiple inner worlds, are the most expansive of their time, looking forward to Beethoven only insofar as Beethoven looked back at them. Yet the futuristic broadening of scope is made possible by a study of the past; Mozart immerses himself in the art of Bach, prompted by a fad for old music in aristocratic circles. (The Emperor liked fugues.) Counterpoint is used to elaborate and intensify the thematic argument of sonata form. Also, in the slow movements spasms of dissonance are used to offset the surplus of beauty; Scott Burnham notes that the famous Andante of the Concerto No. 21 contains a quietly shuddering five-note collection that is not so much a chord as a cluster. Counterpoint and dissonance are the cables on which Mozart's bridges to paradise hang.

Mozart's operas, meanwhile, abandon artifice in favor of moment-to-moment psychological realism. In "The Abduction from the Seraglio," Belmonte ventures into the Ottoman Empire in search of his kidnapped love, Constanze. Having learned that she is nearby, he sings of the anxious beating of his heart ("O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig"). The heartbeat is indicated in a soft but insistent pattern of falling thirds, in which, Mozart wrote proudly to his father, "you see the trembling, the faltering." A fluttering, innocent-sounding kind of worry is suggested by rapid runs of flute and muted violins. Toward the end of the aria, the "throbbing" figure comes back in the minor mode, and it is reinforced by winds in unison. It ends up sounding obsessive and fearful—a lover's paranoia creeping in. This insistent deepening of an ostensibly comic situation would become Mozart's signature in the next several years; "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Così Fan Tutte," the three operas that he created in tandem with his ideal librettist, the Italian Jewish polymath Lorenzo Da Ponte, sprawl across the boundary between the comic and the tragic, defining life as what happens in between.

After 1786, the storm of style abates slightly. In this period, Mozart was no longer attracting sufficient numbers of subscribers to his public concerts, in part because of an expensive war with Turkey. So the production of piano concertos tapers off, and there are no more symphonies after the colossal "Jupiter," of 1788. Instead, there are frequent groups of minuets, contredanses, and other popular dances, the result of Mozart's new, revenue-enhancing job as Emperor Joseph II's Kammermusicus. They are exasperating to listen to in large quantity, but they are full of lively, even zany details, and serve as a reminder that eighteenth-century composers were expected to be adept at producing both "popular" and "serious" music, and that there was no categorical difference between the two. Popular dance styles are deployed to dramatic effect in the ballroom scene in "Don Giovanni," in which an aristocratic minuet, a popular contredanse, and a working-class Deutscher are played simultaneously, in three different meters. The episode demonstrates Mozart's ability to move as a free agent through the social and cultural hierarchies of his time.

The works of Mozart's last three years have long caused puzzlement. Less prolific than before, he seems to be groping his way toward a new style, more concise in form and more melodically compressed. Schubert knew that there was something potent in the String Quintet in D, from 1790: he copied it almost note for note in passages of his "Trout" Quintet and his String Quintet. Charles Rosen, in "The Classical Style," isolates a riveting passage in the Quintet's Adagio, in which "four completely different kinds of rhythm [are] superimposed in a contrapuntal texture at once complex and deeply touching": one violin moving up by steps, another stepping haltingly down, the violas sighing on repeated seconds and thirds, and the cello undermining the harmony with a jazzy pizzicato figure that plunges down an octave and a half. Right afterward comes a radiant little theme of rising-and-falling phrases, which brings back one of the oldest recurring motifs in Mozart's lan-

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guage—an archetype of love or longing. There is something elegiac in this gesture toward the past; Mozart, near the end, goes back to his beginnings. Yet it is hazardous to connect the elusive emotions of the late works with the fact of the composer's approaching death. Julian Rushton wryly notes that critics used to detect "feelings of impending doom" in the Clarinet Concerto and the Piano Concerto No. 27, which appeared in Mozart's final year; it turns out that the first movement of each was sketched several years earlier.

What Mozart might have done next is no one's guess. The pieces that emerged from the suddenly productive year 1791—"The Magic Flute," the ultimate Leopoldian synthesis of high and low; "La Clemenza di Tito," a robust revival of the aging art of opera seria; the silken lyricism of the Clarinet Concerto; the Requiem, at once cerebral and raw—form a garden of forking paths. Mozart was still a young man, discovering what he could do. In the unimaginable alternate universe in which he lived to the age of seventy, an anniversary-year essay might have contained a sentence such as this: "Opera houses focus on the great works of Mozart's maturity—'The Tempest,' 'Hamlet,' the two-part 'Faust'—but it would be a good thing if we occasionally heard that flawed yet lively work of his youth, 'Don Giovanni.' "

In a jubilee year, when all the old Mozart myths come rising out of the ground where scholars have tried to bury them, the usefulness of "Don Giovanni" is that it puts a stake through the heart of the chocolate-box Mozart, the car-radio Mozart, the Mozart-makes-you-smarter Mozart. If the opera were played in bus stations or dentists' waiting rooms, it would spread fear. It would probably cause perversion in infants. No matter how many times you hear the punitive D-minor chord with which the opera begins, or the glowering diminished seventh that heralds the arrival of the stone statue of the Commendatore ("Don Giovanni, you invited me to dinner, and I have come"), it generates a certain mental panic. Mozart's harmonies of disaster are all the more terrifying because they break through the frame of what purports to be a saucy comedy about an aristocratic seducer—a successor to "Figaro." The fact that "Figaro" is actually quoted in the score—"Non più andrai" is one of the airs that the Don enjoys at dinner, just before the Commendatore arrives—suggests that Mozart is consciously subverting his reputation as a supplier of ambient musical pleasure.

The new anthology "The Don Giovanni Moment" is the book for readers who have had enough of the discussion of who Mozart really was, and who want to understand the music's impact on the intellect and, more widely, its influence on Western culture. That influence is huge; if you wanted to locate the moment at which the Enlightenment gave way to the Romantic age, you might well settle on "Don Giovanni." As the essayists in "The Don Giovanni Moment" recount, Goethe set to work in earnest on his "Faust" after seeing a performance of "Don Giovanni," in 1797; Kierkegaard was excited by the "sensuous genius" of Mozart's music, and by the Don's chase after erotic pleasure; the ambivalent liberal Pushkin was torn between the Don's swagger and the Commendatore's rectitude; George Bernard Shaw riffed on the opera in "Man and Superman," letting the Don end up in Heaven. Wagner was deeply under the opera's spell; when the tragic god Wotan sings the words "*Das Ende!*" in the "Ring," he traverses the same intervals with which the Commendatore intones Don Giovanni's name.

The leading Romantic rhapsodist of "Don Giovanni" was the novelist, storyteller, critic, and composer E. T. A. Hoffmann, whose mesmerizing 1813 story-essay "Don Juan" is analyzed by Richard Eldridge in the anthology. For Hoffmann, the character of the Don is uninteresting on paper—"a *bon vivant* who loves wine and girls immoderately, who arrogantly invites the stone man, who portrays the old father whom he cut down in self-defense, to join him at his festive table." Mozart's music transforms him into a radical sensualist, a seeker of extremes. But he is a Romantic gone to seed: restless longing devolves into sexual compulsion, a contempt for the ordinary curdles into cynicism. On the other side stand the Commendatore and his daughter Donna Anna, who, Hoffmann's narrator speculates, actually succumbed to the Don's advances, and swears vengeance to cover up her shame. Hoffmann is right in hearing something weirdly violent in Donna Anna's utterances, especially the aria "Or sai chi l'onore" and the wild recitative that introduces it. There is a blackness at the heart of her righteousness, just as there is a life force in the Don's malice. Mozart's quest for middle ground takes him into the risky space between good and evil. Both the terms and the outcome of this "conflict between godly and demonic powers," as Hoffmann called it, are murky.

When the Don finally goes down to Hell, you are not sure whether you are hearing infernal legions celebrating his arrival or the armies of Heaven rather too enthusiastically enjoying their capacity for destruction—or, perhaps, some unholy concert of the two. The scene is structured around a staggered sequence of upward-creeping lines, sometimes in the bass and sometimes in the treble. Twice, the strings embroider that pattern with furious up-and-down scales, and the fact that each scale is a half-step higher than the previous one gives the impression that the music is obliterating everything in its path, like a death machine in a medieval etching. Toward the end, a thumping four-note figure comes to the fore; it recalls the Commendatore knocking at the door but ends up sounding like the stomping of feet. (Tellingly, that four-note stomp reappears in the finale of Schubert's Ninth Symphony, where it connotes a young artist asserting his power.) At the same time, as Michel Noiray observes in the "Cambridge Mozart Encyclopedia," the scene has an archaic, religious aspect, echoing Renaissance and Baroque sacred music. The unsettling device of an upward chromatic bass line—the downward, "lamenting" bass is more common—is used several times in Mozart's early settings of the Mass to underpin the word "*Crucifixus*."

The Don's almost existential fate, his crucifixion without resurrection, is a singular event in Mozart's world. Most of his operas end in a great scene of reconciliation, in keeping with the ideals of the Enlightenment. In "Figaro," the Countess pardons the Count; in "Idomeneo," Neptune's oracle, in whose music Leopold Mozart took such an interest, proclaims the power of love; in "The Abduction from the Seraglio," Pasha Selim forgives his enemy's son; and in "The Magic Flute" and "La Clemenza di Tito," both Sarastro and the Emperor rise above vengeance. ("Così Fan Tutte" is the other problem case; its reuniting of lovers is troubled by the fact that Fiordiligi has expressed high passion for the wrong man.) Jessica Waldoff's book "Recognition in Mozart's Operas" connects these scenes to Aristotle's concept of anagnorisis, or recognition, the "change from ignorance to knowledge." In "Don Giovanni," Waldoff points out, the moment of recognition is withheld: the Don remains "unflinching, unreflecting." That is why the Romantics revered him: he does not stray from the extreme path that he has chosen. In a way, he is more Faustian than Goethe's Faust—who does, in the end, repent.

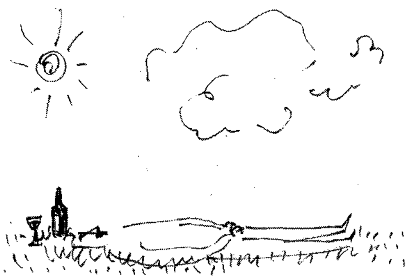
A final twist awaits. In a cosmically laughing epilogue, the remaining principals gather to proclaim, in bouncy, uptempo music, that evildoers always meet the same bad end. The Romantics had such difficulty accepting this seeming anticlimax that they routinely cut it from the opera. Richard Strauss was one of the first to recognize its ironic intelligence, and to restore it in performance. In "The Don Giovanni Moment," Philip Kitcher and Richard Schacht write that the ending imagines "life without awe," a truly human existence beginning on the other side of tragedy. The world may be a duller place without the Don and his occult nemesis, but it is still suffused with Mozartean pleasure. We can live without extremists, however much they may stimulate our faculties of lust and rage.

"Don Giovanni," which is many people's choice for the greatest opera ever written, ends with something like a humble gesture: it dissolves its own aura of greatness. Having marched us to the brink of Heaven and Hell, Mozart abruptly pulls us back, implying that, in the manner of Shakespeare's epilogues, all is show, a pageant melting into air. "I'm just the composer, I don't have any answers," he seems to say. "Life goes on!" And he walks away at a rapid pace, his red coat flapping behind him. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Whole World Over, *by Julia Glass (Pantheon; $25.95).* Greenie Duquette loves her cozy life in the West Village, her work as a pastry chef, and her precocious young son. But she is fed up with her husband, Alan, an underemployed psychotherapist whose once passionate beliefs are ossifying into reflexive bitterness. When, in early 2000, the brash Republican governor of New Mexico offers her a lucrative job, she jumps at it; Alan is free to follow her if he chooses. In Glass's sprawling follow-up to her award-winning novel "Three Junes," a dozen or so characters are plunged into the tumultuous dissatisfactions and challenges of middle age, their paths crossing and recrossing with a pleasing mixture of chance and inevitability. Glass is fascinated by the ways people gamble both with and for their happiness, but her characters are a little too decent, generous, and forgiving. Even as we watch their dramas unfold in the shadow of 9/11, the potential horror of irrevocable choices eludes us.

Cellophane, *by Marie Arana (Dial; $24).* Arana's inventive first novel draws on some of the same material that animated "American Chica," her memoir about a dual upbringing in Peru and America. Don Victor Sobrevilla Paniagua is an engineer and a dreamer who ferries his wife and children into the Peruvian jungle to build a paper mill, raising "leviathans out of the earth" and creating a "swarming empire" of iron and steel. Don Victor has "the magic of a shaman" and the wealth of a god, but, once he masters the secret of manufacturing the "fragile, pellucid, mysterious" substance cellophane, Arana unleashes a destructive magic and, with deadpan comic timing, unravels his rainforest demesne.



The Parliament of Man, *by Paul Kennedy (Random House; $29.95).* Kennedy's history of the United Nations takes its title from "Locksley Hall," Tennyson's weirdly prescient vision of air war and world government. Like the poem, it oscillates between gloom and sentimentality. Kennedy, who wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers," proceeds methodically through the U.N.'s charter and its various branches, concentrating more on structures than on personalities—even figures like Ralph Bunche and Dag Hammarskjöld appear as little more than sketches. But, amid the morass of commissions and conferences, and failures like Rwanda, he manages to find something convincingly heroic. "The traditional, limp, liberal defense" of the U.N.—that it is a useful body in times of international crisis and has done good in areas such as Third World health—is, he writes "too weak a riposte" to the institution's critics. For Kennedy, the U.N.'s accomplishment is an "international civil society"—a development comparable to a second Enlightenment.

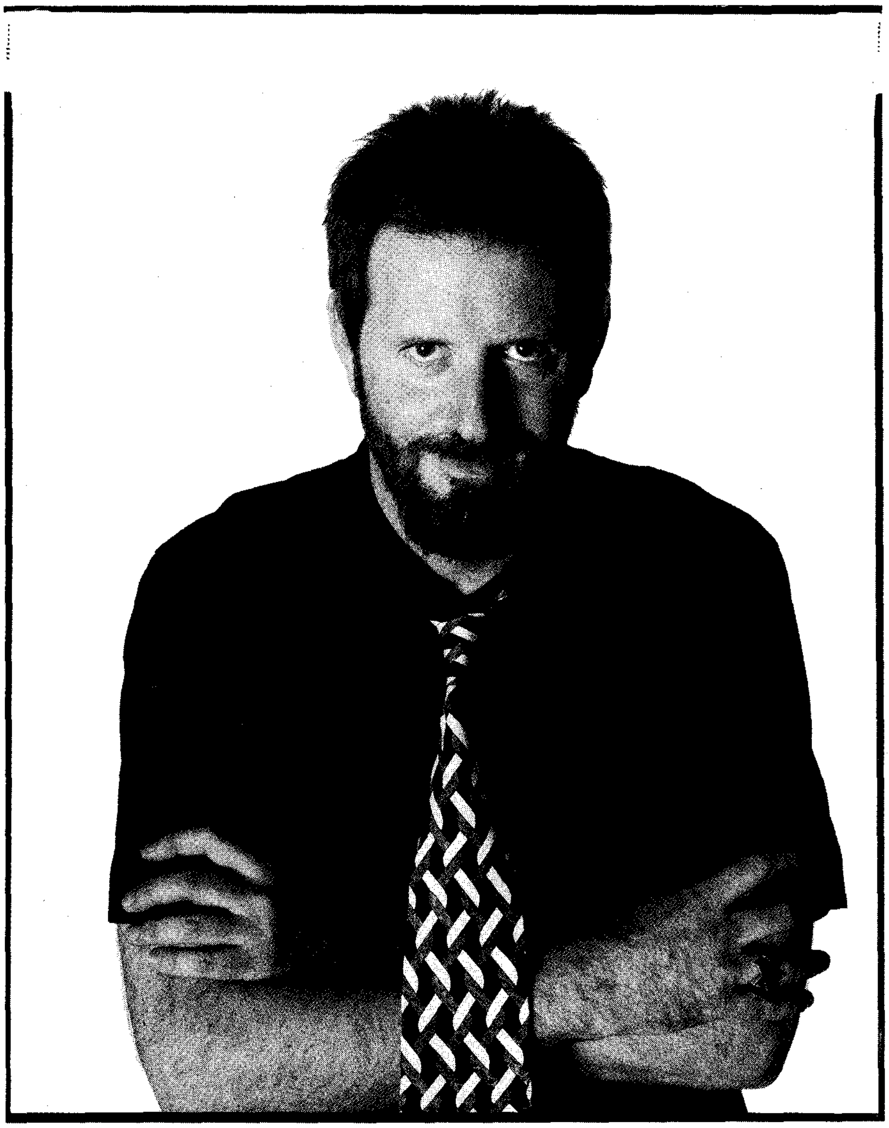
The Sack of Rome, *by Alexander Stille (Penguin Press; $25.95).* Arriving after the recent ouster of Silvio Berlusconi as Italy's prime minister, this fluent account of the tycoon's media and political careers frames his ascent as both uniquely Italian and disconcertingly universal. Berlusconi used an acute sales instinct to forge political alliances and to appeal to a vast middle class of Italians. Along the way, he developed alleged ties to the Mafia, dodged charges of bribery and cronyism, and exploited his position to preserve his media dominance. Some of Stille's most colorful anecdotes are pressed into service more than once, but his exposition of the various abuses and scandals is clear and damning. Pointing to the rise of super-rich politicians in America, the trend toward a depoliticized electorate, and the increasing consolidation of media under a few corporate powerhouses, Stille also makes an impassioned, if occasionally unpersuasive, argument that Berlusconi "is a reflection of ourselves in a fun-house mirror, our features distorted and exaggerated but distinctly recognizable."

POP MUSIC

LOVESTRUCK

Scritti Politti trades theory for feelings.

BY SASHA FRERE-JONES



Gartside's muses have always been gentle in tenor. Photograph by David Bailey.

If you walk into an American bar and ask for Scritti Politti, the bartender will probably put on the British band's 1985 hit "Perfect Way." The song is similar to music of the period by New York club artists like Madonna: very loud snare drums matched with bright keyboard lines and even brighter guitars. Green Gartside, Scritti Politti's singer, songwriter, guitarist, and only continuous member, performs both lead and backing vocals. His voice is high—almost, but not quite, falsetto. Over the punishingly clear instruments, he sounds blissful, teetering on the edge of rapture. The chorus ends with a line of stock dance-floor chat—"I got a perfect way to make the girls go crazy"—but the verses suggest that the singer spends more of his time at the independent bookstore: "I don't have a purpose, omission, I'm empty by definition. I got a lack, girl, that you'd love to be." You don't need to catch the literary references to be taken by the song, and it's unlikely that when the band lip-synched to "Perfect Way" on "American Bandstand," in 1985, Dick Clark started wondering where his Jacques Lacan books were. Gartside's singing is so fiercely unmasculine that if he weren't obviously enjoying himself so much you would think he was making fun of the Boy Georges and George Michaels of the world.

Gartside's career has been marked by unlikely turns. In 1985, at the height of his popularity, he looked like the other pretty blond boys on MTV, except that he cited Wittgenstein in magazine interviews. Seven years earlier, when he formed Scritti Politti, a musical collective of autodidacts who took their name from a book by the political theorist Antonio Gramsci, he was living in a Camden Town squat without a bathroom. Now, twenty-one years after becoming an American pop star, Gartside has released "White Bread, Black Beer," Scritti Politti's fifth album, though Gartside made it entirely by himself, in his home in Hackney. The record bears little relation to the ramshackle singles that Scritti Politti released in 1978, or to the obsessively polished R. & B. that made its lead singer famous. Gartside, who is fifty-one, has created an astonishingly mellifluous and coherent album, which is indebted to the sixties pop he heard as a child on BBC Radio 1 in Wales, where he was born.

Scritti Politti was initially three musicians, whose political outlook echoed that of other London punk bands—the covers of Scritti Politti's first singles foregrounded the means of production, so to speak, by listing the records' manufacturing costs and the addresses of local pressing plants—though their music lacked punk's aggression. Even in the band's early days, when Gartside was just beginning to teach himself to play guitar, he made music that was soft and approachable. His singing—breathy, sweet, and generally affectless—was partly inspired by Michael Jackson, whom he can sometimes approximate, and his songs tend to cycle restlessly through motifs and styles. His lyrics avoid direct confession and flowery metaphors; he embraces the conventions of pop songwriting—he's fond of the word "girl"—just enough to make a song sound inviting, and then lards it with clever political jokes, like "his hammer and his popsicle," which he dropped into "Asylums in Jerusalem," from 1980.

"Jerusalem" is one of several early songs in which Scritti Politti abandoned rock—at least as a sound—for reggae, a genre Gartside heard on the London pirate radio station Dread Broadcasting Corporation. In 1981, Gartside wrote a lilting reggae ballad called "The 'Sweetest Girl'" (note the interrogating quotes), which he intended to be recorded as a duet by Gregory Isaacs, a Jamaican singer of romantic songs, and Kraftwerk, the robotic German electronic band. ("I got a positive response from Gregory," Gartside told me. "But I went to see Tito Puente with Kraftwerk in New York, and they told me they didn't like reggae. So I ended up doing it myself.") Gartside made his philosophical interests explicit in a track called "Jacques Derrida" (1982), a jolly two-step that sounds like a sped-up and neutered version of an Alan Jackson song. Nineteen-eighties academia will live forever in Gartside's lyrics about the French deconstructionist, now out of favor, who was then a staple of liberal-arts syllabi: "I'm in love with Jacques Derrida, read a page and I know what I need to take apart my baby's heart—I'm in love."

By the time "The 'Sweetest Girl'" and "Jacques Derrida" came out, Scritti Politti existed only in the studio. After suffering a panic attack at a live show in Brighton in 1980, Gartside stopped performing. He hired a manager, Bob Last, and teamed up with two New York musicians: the keyboardist David Gamson and the drummer Fred Maher. This version of Scritti Politti eventually signed to Warner Bros. and released "Cupid & Psyche 85," which was a hit all over the world, largely on the strength of "Perfect Way." Like the song, the album is exuberant; Gartside's theory jokes and political swipes are buried inside music built for dance floors and MTV.

Gartside made two more albums with Scritti Politti: "Provision" (1988), which contains the brilliant, syncopated "Boom! There She Was," the band's last song to chart in America; and "Anomie & Bonhomie," a confused anthology of perky songs interrupted by guest rappers, which was released in 1999 to universal indifference. In the intervening period, Gartside lived in Wales, doing little. "I've led my own version of a charmed life," he told me. "Bob Last and I went to the record companies with a somewhat rapacious attitude, and there's been enough money to keep me aloft."

Gartside's muses have always been gentle in tenor—reggae and the smoother side of American R. & B. Now, though, his inspirations are the generous melodies and sunny outlook of the sixties. Love, an emotion that in the past Gartside has bracketed in quotes, animates the songs on "White Bread, Black Beer." "Snow in Sun," for example, is an affecting promise made to someone who is "brave": "You will never be without me, you will never need to doubt me, there'll be something good about me soon." Bells and keyboards that sound like bells twinkle in the background, an acoustical approximation of sun reflecting off snow. In "Locked," another atypically direct love song—"When I'm with you, baby, I know just who I am, and no one understands the way that you do"—Gartside conveys his ambivalence about being a pop performer in the context of actual, non-ironic love: "You know how little this all means. People want a part of you but who they get is never who he seems."

Gartside has been multitracking his voice ever since "Cupid & Psyche 85," but "White Bread, Black Beer" takes this practice further. In "Locked," the vocals are not just doubled but stacked up until they become clouds of harmony. The lyrics are as personal as Gartside gets, even though the singer has replicated himself into at least half a dozen singers, a peaceful army of voices delivering a pledge to a specific woman.

Even "Dr. Abernathy," a potentially cynical song, is sweet, in an oblique way. The song is the album's most energetic, a beefy rock number that could have been performed by Squeeze twenty-five years ago. The lyrics are obscure. Dr. Abernathy is looking "for methamphetamine, for volunteers," but the lyrics leave him behind and turn to stock pop-song phrases—"Please don't go away"—and, oddly, the title of Brand Nubian's hip-hop song "Punks Jump Up to Get Beat Down." What's notable, though, is that Gartside is singing about a particular doctor, a person with a name. The young Gartside, who founded a branch of the Young Communist League as a teen-ager, would have written a clever, impersonal song about national health care, filled with puns about caring for a girl and sending a letter about it all in care of Tony Blair. ♦

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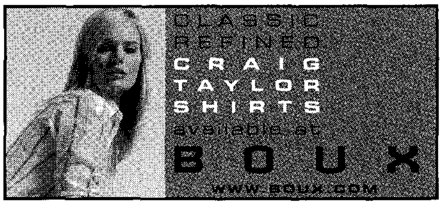

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THE ART WORLD

GOLDEN GIRL

The Neue Galerie's new Klimt.

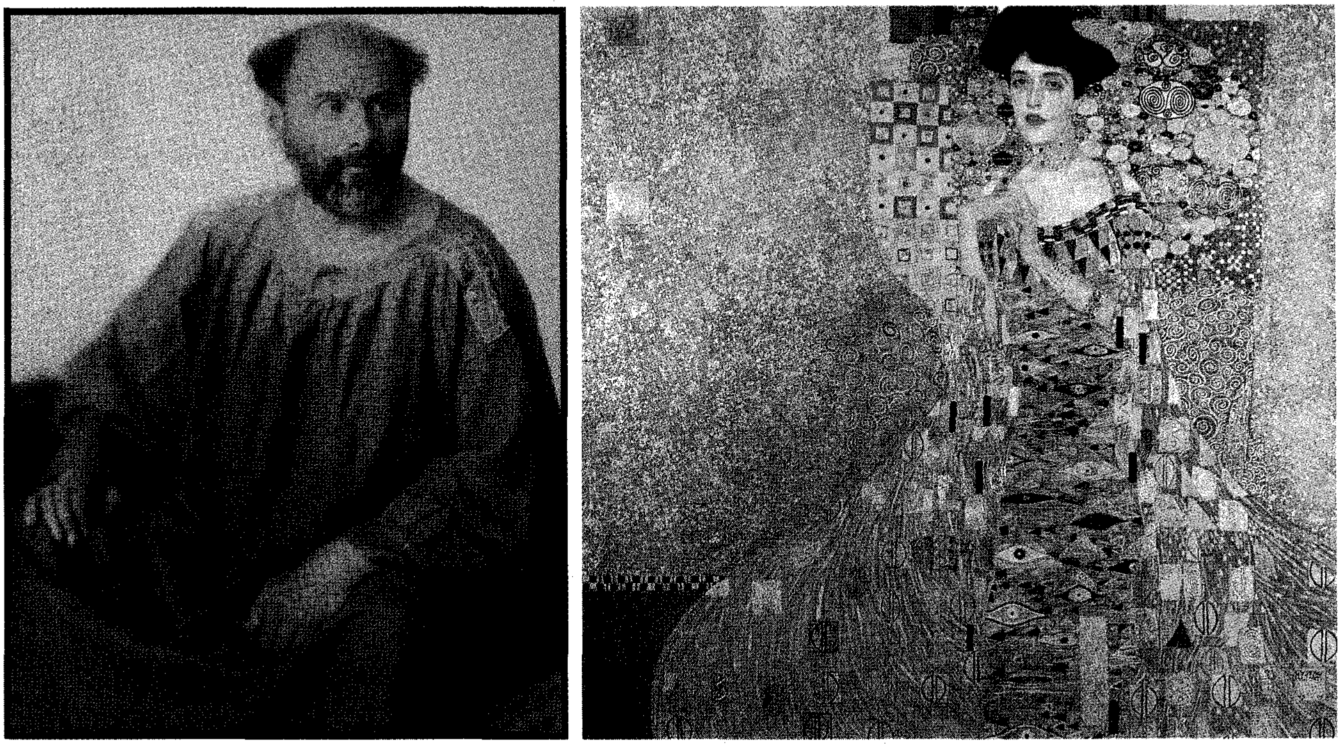
BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

"Adele Bloch-Bauer I" (1907), by Gustav Klimt, is a showboat painting that, last month, fetched a showboat price: a hundred and thirty-five million dollars, the most on record for a work of art. The cosmetics magnate and collector Ronald S. Lauder bought it for the Neue Galerie, the spruce little museum of Austrian and German modern art at Fifth Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street which he co-founded in 2001 with the late dealer Serge Sabarsky. "Adele" is now on display there, along with four other Klimts, among them "Adele Bloch-Bauer II" (1912), which are owned by "Adele" 's seller, the estate of Ferdinand Bloch-Bauer. An Austrian Jewish sugar industrialist and Adele's husband, he fled the country after the Anschluss, in 1938; his belongings were seized by the Nazis. (Adele had died in 1925, of meningitis; Ferdinand died in 1945.) The works hung in the Austrian Gallery of the Belvedere Palace, in Vienna, while, year after year, lawyers wrangled over ambiguous wills; an Austrian arbitration panel awarded the paintings to the heirs early this year. Adele, a twenty-five-year-old socialite and patroness in 1907, was probably one of the priapic Klimt's many lovers, though perhaps not for long: the gold- and silver-leafed hieratic portrait is piercingly erotic; its brushy, more Expressionist 1912 sequel is not. Klimt was working in the Indian summer of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the period of Robert Musil's "The Man Without Qualities"—an efflorescence, soon to be ruined, of pell-mell modernization, careering idealism, incendiary genius (Freud, Mahler, Wittgenstein), and, among the rich and cultivated, zealous decadence. It's all there in "Adele": the painting is exquisite and brazen, compelling and brittle, too self-conscious to be experienced as altogether beautiful but transcendent in its cunning way.

The subject is placed off-center, to the right, on a canvas more than four and a half feet square. Imperious and smart, making her slightly horse-faced features seem a paradigm of feminine perfection, she wears a shoulder-strap gown with a cloak-like, billowing outer layer and broad gold and silver bracelets and a bejewelled silver choker. A storm of patterns—spirals, targets, nested squares, split ovals, checks, dots, short vertical bars, arrowhead triangles, ankh-like eyes—may represent fabric, furniture, and wallpaper, or they may be sheer invention. Most of the ground (not background, because almost everything in the picture that isn't flesh snugs up to the picture plane) is mottled gold. Her asymmetrically upswept hair is painted matte black. Her right hand is oddly raised to her shoulder and, wrist bent at a painful-looking right angle, is grasped by her left, as if to restrain it. (On a Viennese note of that epoch, the pencil-outlined fingers faintly suggest claws.) Her frontal gaze turns inward, registering sensations that can only be sexual. Her dark-shadowed hazel eyes, under tapering black brows, are wells of seduction; someone could fall into them. Her bee-stung red mouth parts to expose two competent teeth. Blue tints along her collarbones, wrists, and hands hint at subcutaneous veins: erogenous zones. She is a lighthouse, or shadehouse, of desire. (Lauder, speaking for the Neue Galerie, has called the painting "our 'Mona Lisa.' " I have seen the "Mona Lisa," and "Adele" is no "Mona Lisa." Not very much is mysterious about this cookie.) The picture is most excitingly viewed, after close inspection, from afar. Patterns shatter into drifting, pure abstraction while the facial expression still reads at full power. The double pleasure dizzies.

Is she worth the money? Not yet. Paintings this special may not come along for sale often, and the hundred and four million dollars spent for a so-

so Picasso, "Boy with a Pipe," two years ago indicated that irrational exuberance could be the booming art market's new motto. But Lauder's outlay predicts a level of cost that must either soon become common or be relegated in history as a bid too far. And the identity of the artist gives pause. The price paid is four and a half times the previous high (already a stunner, in 2003) for a Klimt; until a few years ago, the artist ranked as a second-tier modern master both at auction and in the estimation of most art critics and historians. Unlike another painting that was made in 1907, Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon," "Adele" was the climax, rather than the big-bang launch, of an era. The design and the architecture of the truncated modern movement in Vienna proved vastly more consequential than the Middle-European style of Klimt and his roguish younger colleague Egon Schiele—a blend of Symbolist portent, Jugendstil chic, and archaic elements (Byzantine opulence in Klimt's case and neo-Gothic contortion in Schiele's). Klimt made serious art of frankly decorative aesthetics, in service to a reigning aristocracy of wealth and sensual indulgence, and his greatness is secure partly because no subsequent, first-rate talent or comparable milieu has arisen to rival its terms. Klimt and his world remain marginal to the battered but still persuasive avant-gardist chronicle of Western modern art: roughly, Paris to New York, and Cubism to abstractionism, with special status for futurism, Dada, Russian Suprematism and Constructivism, Dutch de Stijl, and Surrealism. The purchase of "Adele" tests the possibility—ever less to be sneezed at, these days—of rewriting art history with a checkbook.



Gustav Klimt, photographed by Anton Josef Trcka, in 1914, and his portrait "Adele Bloch-Bauer I" (1907).

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On varying scales, such manipulation has been a regular feature of the art game in the century since the Machiavelli of dealers, Joseph Duveen, in order to boost his trade in Old Masters, was said to have bullied a seller into accepting more payment from him than had been asked. But attempts to make self-fulfilling prophecies of publicized prices have never seemed more a participatory sport than they do today—among collectors, auction houses, and dealers. (Lauder sometimes sells works from his collection at auction.) Money talks, always. Lately, it roars, drowning out other measures of comparative value, among them the humble sentiments of critics, curators, and independent scholars. A rule of gold uniquely befits the art business, whose material goods, by any criterion that is not strictly subjective, are worthless. And no chemical analysis can sort out, in a given sale price, a ratio of considerations that may include honest judgment, heartfelt passion, and competitive exigency. Plainly, a decisive factor for Lauder is his devotion to his institutional scion, the Neue Galerie. However the publicity haloing "Adele" affects the expensiveness and prestige of Austrian modern art, it certainly escalates the prominence of the museum, which, to date, has been less well attended than its consistent excellence deserves. (It is miles above the class of Huntington Hartford's short-lived Gallery of Modern Art, though that 1964 folly, on Columbus Circle, promoting the supermarket heir's anti-modernist taste, can't help but come to mind as a precedent.) I met Lauder by chance at the Neue Galerie, days before the opening, and remarked that, thanks to "Adele," the intimate place may soon have a crowd-control problem. He replied quickly, "I hope so!" ♦

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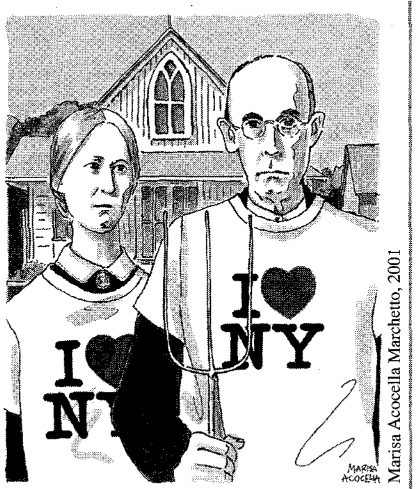

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THE THEATRE

CZECHS AND BALANCES

Tom Stoppard on Prague's rock revolution.

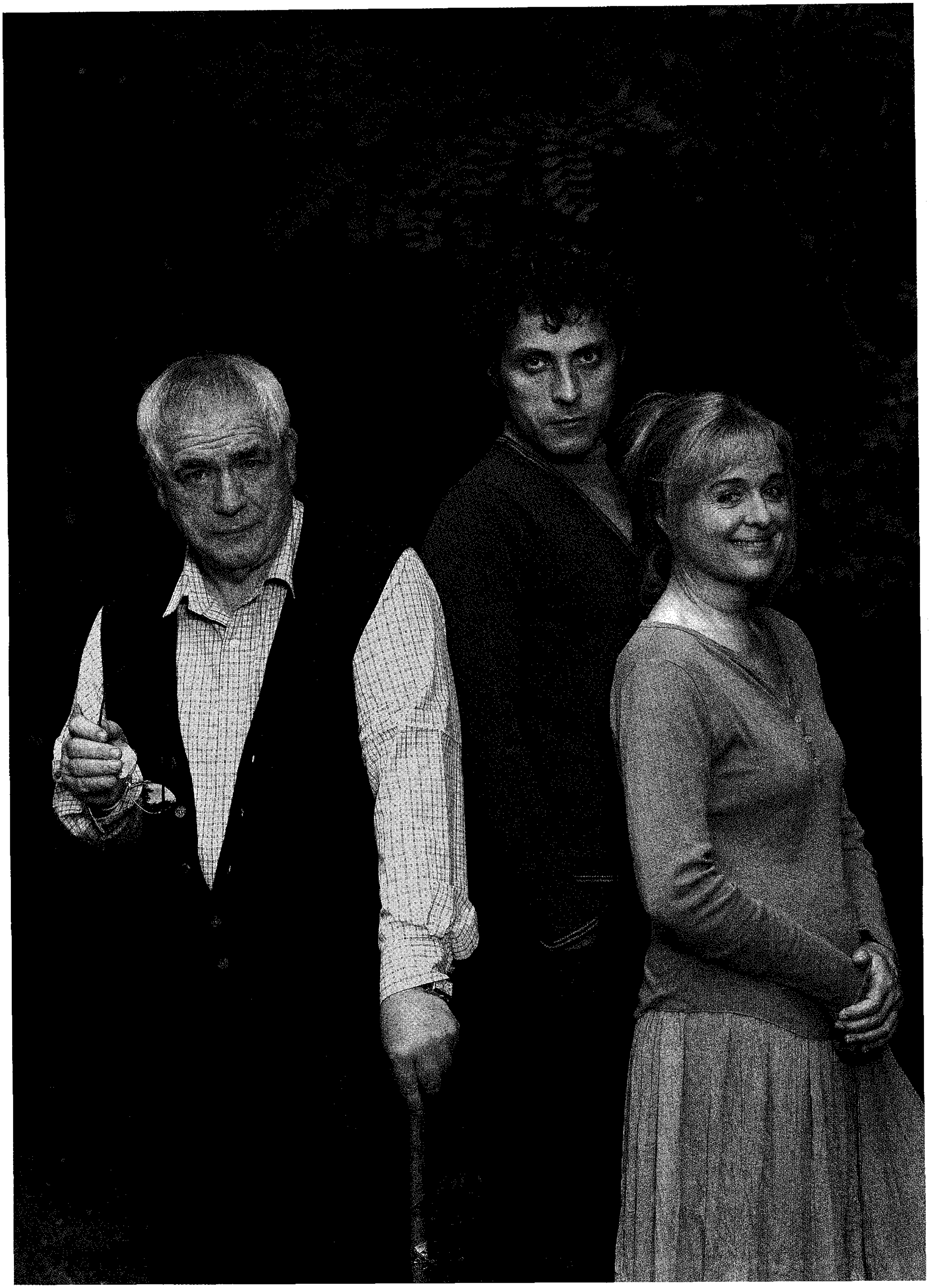
BY JOHN LAHR

"Hail, hail, rock 'n' roll / Deliver me from the days of old," Chuck Berry sang in the late fifties. From the outset, the rollicking beat of rock music was seen as transformative. The sound cast an irresistible spell over the imaginations of the young, for whom it was a call to action, to rebellion, and to ecstasy, not necessarily in that order. In a time of cultural turmoil and high anxiety, corrupting the world with pleasure was rock and roll's messianic mission. But even the *philosophes* of fun couldn't have predicted just how wild a ride the music would engineer on the world's stage. Tom Stoppard, in his latest intellectual piñata, "Rock 'n' Roll" (transferring from London's Royal Court to the Duke of York's on July 22nd), which is set in Cambridge and Prague between 1968 and 1990, contrives to look at music from the perspectives of both the West and the East.

Stoppard, who was born Tomáš Straüssler, in Zlín, Czechoslovakia, arrived in England, via Singapore and India, in 1946, a nine-year-old refugee from the Nazis. "I put on Englishness like a coat," he told the *Independent* recently. "It fitted me and it suited me." Now a knight of the realm, and revered as one of his generation's most important playwrights, Stoppard has been amply rewarded by the culture he adopted. Although he has written more than twenty plays and numerous scripts for film and television, "Rock 'n' Roll" is only his second attempt to imagine himself back in the Czech landscape. The first was "Professional Foul," an excellent 1977 TV play, which dealt with a soccer-loving professor of ethics whose moral horizons are widened by the false arrest of a former student. In "Rock 'n' Roll," those widening horizons belong to Jan (the outstanding Rufus Sewell), a twenty-nine-year-old Czech Marxist scholar who in 1968 leaves the doctoral program at Cambridge "to save socialism" at home by supporting the liberal agenda of the Communist leader Alexander Dubček.

In the eyes of his rebarbative British tutor Max Morrow (the fiery Brian Cox), who calls himself "the last white rhino," Jan is a "bed-wetter." Max is a hard-line Communist who thinks that Czechoslovakia's "going it alone is going against the alliance." He has no truck with Dubček, "a reform Communist," as Jan calls him—"Like a nun who gives blow jobs is a reform nun," Max sneers. Max is a true believer in the U.S.S.R. "If it wasn't for eleven million Soviet military dead, your little country'd be a German province now—and you wouldn't be bellyaching about your socialist right to piss everywhere except the toilet, you'd be smoke up the chimney," he says. Max believes that the mind is "a biological machine" and that "the struggle was for socialism under organized labour and that was that. It wasn't a revolution of the head."

Max's faith is in collective social justice; Jan, as his love of rock music indicates, is ravished by the notion of individual freedom. Max won't have any of it: not the nineteen-sixties ("I was embarrassed by the sixties," he says in 1990. "It was like opening the wrong door in a highly specialized brothel") or the newfangled Euro-Communism ("Why call it Communism? . . . If I said to you, 'I'm a Euro-vegetarian, so I'm allowed lamb chops,' would you . . . laugh in my face?"). "Altering the psyche has no effect on the social structure," Max argues. Stoppard surrounds the materialist old bull with a number of intellectual picadors who prod and exhaust him with their romantic idealism. Max's cancer-ridden wife, Eleanor (Sinead Cusack), a classics professor who reminds her students that Eros means "uncontrollable, uncageable," uses her body to refute his reason. "They've cut, cauterised, and zapped away my breasts, my ovaries, my womb, half my bowel, and a nutmeg out of my brain, and I am undiminished," she tells him. "I am exactly who I've always been. *I am not my*



Brian Cox, Rufus Sewell, and Sinead Cusack, in London, July 4, 2006. Photograph by Jillian Edelstein.

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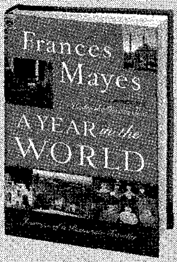

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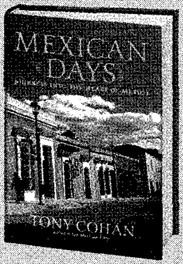

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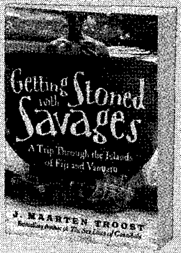
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body." Lenka (Nicole Ansari), one of Eleanor's students, who takes up with Max after he is widowed, tells him, "To you consciousness is subversive—because your thing is the collective mind. But politics is over. You're looking for revolution in the wrong place."

Rock and roll legislates by joy, not by reason, which is why Stoppard opens his play with an image of Pan—a tousled youth playing the flute to a stoned teenage hippie girl—and why the Czech state banned rock as "socially negative music." The focus of state censorship fell, in particular, on the Plastic People of the Universe, a Czech band of anarchist artists who were driven underground and whose trial made a sensational shambles of the Communist regime. "The Plastics don't care at all," Jan says, explaining the band's subversive appeal to a dissident friend. "They're unbribable. They're coming from somewhere else, from where the Muses come from. They're not heretics. They're pagans." (When "Rock 'n' Roll" is made into a movie—Mick Jagger is reportedly interested in acquiring the rights—the Plastics will likely be at the center of the story. Onstage, like so much else in the play, their plight is narrated but not dramatized.) Eventually, rock music and its musicians were the catalyst for Czechoslovakia's Charter 77 and the Velvet Revolution. At the finale of the play, Jan is on his feet in the Prague stadium where the Communists formerly held their rallies, cheering the Rolling Stones. By then, a lot of blood has flowed under the bridge; Jan has lived through loyalty pledges, purges, unemployment, imprisonment as a "parasite," and rehabilitation as a bakery worker. As the Stones bring the curtain down—"Hey, hey, you got me rocking now / Hey, hey, there ain't no stopping me"—Jan's amazement at his hard-won liberty is something that the smug Western audience also feels. This is a considerable theatrical achievement.

The problem with "Rock 'n' Roll," however, is that dramaturgically speaking it doesn't rock. Stoppard at his best—in "Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead," "Travesties," and "Arcadia"—is capable of inspired imaginative flights, thrilling grooves of verbal and scenic surprise. But that swift, irrepressible interplay of form and feeling is not in evidence here. The play, which is sluggishly directed by Trevor Nunn, can't quite find its beat. Bob Dylan, Pink Floyd, John Lennon, the Beach Boys, and Guns N' Roses, among others, provide pertinent segues between scenes, but they serve only to underline the sedateness of the action onstage. We don't really care about Max's family or about Jan, because the focus never lingers long enough for us to know them; we understand the plot points of their lives and their psychologies, but these function more like factors in an intellectual equation than as emotional experience. Toward the end of the play, for instance, Jan returns to England for Max's seventieth birthday and to make peace with the past. When he leaves, he says a wistful goodbye to Max's daughter, Esme (also played by Cusack), the hippie girl we saw in the first scene, who has gone from a commune to motherhood and then to aimless middle age. This is the first time the two have met as adults. Jan exits, and minutes later reënters:

> Jan: I came to ask, will you come with me?
> Esme: Yes.
> Jan: To Prague.
> Esme: Of course. Yes. Of course.
> Jan: Will you come now?
> Esme: Yes. All right. I'll have to get my passport. . . . It's upstairs.

The flatness of the exposition makes notional the drama of two resigned, disappointed souls finding each other; they become mere stick figures, their depth sacrificed to design. Real rock and roll goes straight to the heart; the play, however, is an appeal to the head.

"Rock 'n' Roll" is bookended by two haunting images of collapse: that of Syd Barrett, one of the founders of Pink Floyd, who suffered a mental breakdown in the late sixties, and who features in the play as a reclusive offstage figure living (as the real Barrett did until his death earlier this month) in Cambridge; and that of the Iron Curtain. Both collapses—one internal, one external; one negative, one positive—embody rock music's youthful call for rebirth. Just how well this protean spirit was woven into the fabric of the new Czech order is shown in one piquant entry on the time line that Stoppard includes with the published text of the play. "1990. January," it reads. "The Czech government appoints Frank Zappa, the American rock musician, as Czechoslovakia's representative of trade, culture and tourism; later rescinded as 'over-enthusiastic.' " ♦

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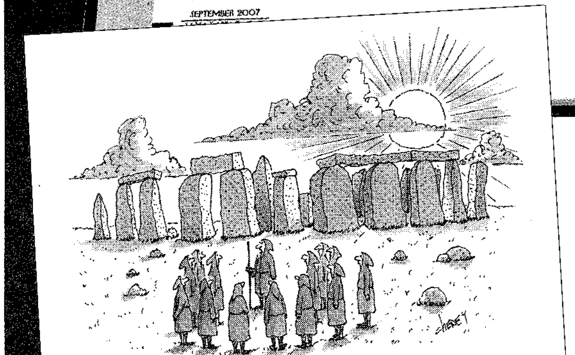

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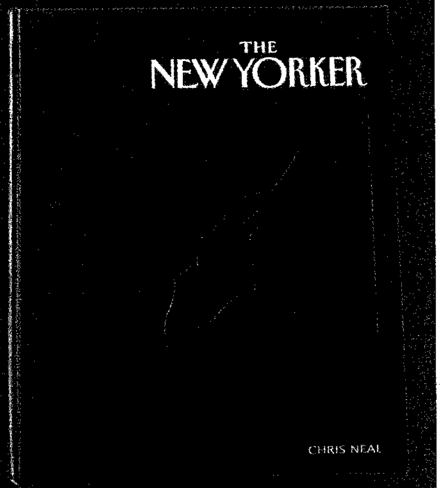
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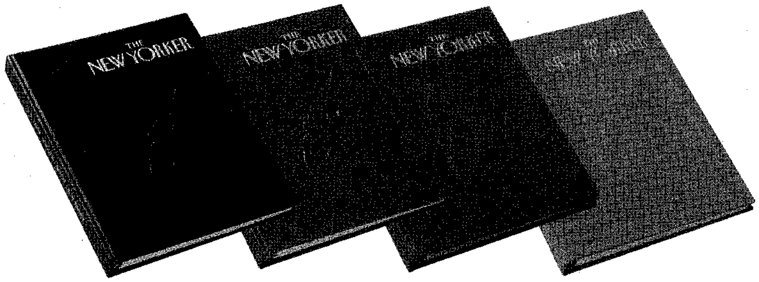

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

MEN AT SEA

"Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest" and "Edmond."

BY ANTHONY LANE

In order to understand what's happening in "Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest," it helps to have seen the first installment, "The Curse of the Black Pearl." But it doesn't help *that* much. The new plot has all the appeal of a seaweed sandwich, being dark, salty, and indigestible. Most of the characters from the earlier film return, their lives nicely endangered by fresh plights. Will Turner (Orlando Bloom) and his paramour, Elizabeth (Keira Knightley), are arrested on the orders of the small but poisonous Lord Beckett (Tom Hollander) and charged with aiding the flight of Jack Sparrow (Johnny Depp), who himself is wanted by the Crown for falsely impersonating a Rolling Stone. New to the fray is Will's father, Bootstrap Bill (Stellan Skarsgard), now toiling under the waves for Davy Jones (Bill Nighy). Both men could use an urgent trip to the Clarins counter. Turner, Sr., has a starfish clamped to his head, while the lower half of Jones's face is composed of moist, writhing tentacles, so dexterous that they can play the keys of an organ. I don't know if there is a Mrs. Jones, but if there is she must be a contented woman.

Jones is captain of the Flying Dutchman, a ship constructed largely of rag and bone, which can dive and surface like a submarine. Like the rest of the crew, Jones has the misfortune to be dead, but, within the fluid world of these movies, that is no bar to adventure. "Life is cruel," he points out, adding, "Why should the afterlife be any different?" The blasphemous splendor of that question resounds through the movie, spawning a mass of morbid detail and thus bolstering one's conviction that computer-generated images, while constitutionally unfit for certain textures—all seas look fake, as do all healthy humans—grow ever more attuned to the monstrous, the decaying, and the deceased. (One of Jones's shipmates is *Homo sapiens* up to the neck, but beyond that he is all hammerhead shark.) Domestic drama has nothing to gain from the new technology; horror has nothing to lose.

Johnny Depp as Captain Jack Sparrow in Gore Verbinski's movie.

TOM BACHTELL

Jack Sparrow, apparently, owes Davy Jones his soul. How and why this bargain was struck is something of a blur; the director, Gore Verbinski, is so cheerfully adept at the galvanic set pieces that the quieter incidents, or shifts of motivation, tend to slip his grasp. To dramatize a dice game, for instance, with Jones and the Turners each casting his lot, should hardly be the most taxing of setups, but it rattles by in mumbled confusion, and there were times, as the action zipped from beach to crag to poop deck, when I could have used one of those helpful maps with which Spielberg charted the course of his hero in "Raiders of the Lost Ark." On the bright side, we have so many people trying to steal Jack's magic compass, rushing to unearth what Davy Jones keeps inside his chest, and wondering what, or who, makes Elizabeth's heart flutter inside *hers*, that most of the movie's encounters sprawl into overpopulated farce. One way to bring new mettle to a sword fight is to have three fellows slashing the air instead of two: Will, Jack, and Norrington (Jack Davenport), the naval officer from the first film, engulfed in a *mêlée à trois*. Nobody wins that particular scrap, but so what? Jack has already won the war, not to mention the favor of the audience.

This film was always going to be Depp's baby. Both "Pirates" pictures (and there is one more to come) bear the signs of a creaking corporate enterprise—they are pure Disney products, culled initially from a ride at Disneyland. If they are relieved of that load, it is because Depp, as if pursuing a whim, or honoring a drunken bet, chose to float them into our eyes and ears as his own personal prank. He knows that, with the best buffing in the world, he would never cut it as a strapping roustabout. (He will also realize, if he scours his movie history, that as far back as 1952 Robert Siodmak delivered "The Crimson Pirate" as an affectionate spoof, trusting that piracy was too archaic, and too encrusted with legend, to be taken seriously—and that was in a movie with Burt Lancaster, the leading strapper of his time.) So Depp was left to concoct his own insouciance, and what he came up with was not so much a haze of hippiedom as the latest in a singular cinematic breed: the effeminate leading man.

At the birth of the breed, unsurprisingly, lies Chaplin, with his simpers, his balletic borrowings, and his bustling, wide-kneed run. Depp, too, has a special sprint, waving his arms in a helpless semaphore—not like a girl, but like a schoolboy's mocking impression of a girl. From Bob Hope, Depp has stolen the notion of the lusting yellowbelly, out only for himself, and happy to leave any thrusting, mannish bravado to the fairer sex. When he smooches Keira Knightley in the new film, it is both a relief (anything to scoop her away from the invertebrate Orlando Bloom) and a nod to the fact that, while he piles on the mascara with a trowel, she has spent much of the movie clad in male dress; the gender swapping in this story pulls it close to pantomime. At two and a half hours, "Dead Man's Chest" is far too long, but thanks to Depp—and to Bill Nighy, properly mean beneath his suckers and blubber—it swerves away from the errors committed by the other big movies this summer. If it swallowed a hundred and thirty-five million dollars in its first weekend, that is because of what it doesn't do. It doesn't bother to philosophize; it has nothing to report on perturbations within the human or superhuman condition; nor does it labor the nostrum, beloved of every sage from Gandalf to Xavier in "X-Men," that with power comes responsibility. Instead, Verbinski's movie trumpets the joy of irresponsibility, and, as for power, it never gets invited to the party. Hence the wonderful exchange in which Elizabeth assures Jack that one day, whatever his past sins, he will seize the moment to do a good and honorable deed. "I love those moments," he replies. "I love to wave at them as they pass by."

The story of "Edmond" is a hard day's night. Edmond Burke (William H. Macy) has been working like a dog. He gets home to his wife (Rebecca Pidgeon) and tells her, "I'm going." Not ducking out for cigarettes, that is, but going for good, in search of the evils that the New York evening has to offer, and upon which Edmond has, until now, declined to feast.

In a bar, our hero confides to a stranger (Joe Mantegna), "I don't feel like a man." It is the oldest, most plaintive cry of all: the mew of the gelded male. The treatment prescribed by the stranger—that Edmond should get himself laid—is unoriginal but sound, and it leads to a string of comic hagglings. He visits a twilit club, and balks at the cost of the compulsory drink that precedes a sexual service; he tries a peep show, where the girl writhes behind a glass screen and communicates only by phone, as if she were visiting him in jail; he bridles in a massage parlor when asked to pay in cash. ("I'd like to have intercourse with you," he tells the masseuse, with the air of someone proposing a game of checkers.) These meetings strike me as the twitching heart of the film, because, far from allowing Edmond to shed his regular self, they prove that the ingrained habits of a suit-and-tie man—exchanging courtesies, jousting over change from twenty bucks—will color even his efforts to escape.

There is no actor more at ease with battered nerves than William H. Macy. Is it really true that, way back in the Macy line, someone married into a family of bloodhounds? I see no other explanation for the sag of the jowls and eyelids, the inbuilt frown of the brow, the watered-down blue of the gaze, and, most terrible of all, that sickly smile, no sooner risen than collapsed: such are the marks of a hopelessness so complete that one cannot conceive of any hopes being nourished in the first place. The trouble is that the movie was written by David Mamet and directed by Stuart Gordon, who is best known for "Re-Animator" and other delirious dips into schlock. That is an unlikely, not to say volatile, combination, and the two of them were never going to let Edmond the sad sack go the distance. They want to dig deeper, into Edmond the unchained id, Edmond the braying bigot, and finally Edmond the knifeman, spattered with furious blood.

This, to put it mildly, is new terrain for Macy, and his journey—from Arthur Miller, as it were, to Céline and Dostoyevsky—does not always convince. I believe more in Edmond's contained rage than in its cathartic release; more in his reluctant, self-scathing membership of the bourgeoisie than in his vicious rebellion against it. When the De Niro of "Taxi Driver" scolded the scum of the streets, or when Michael Douglas hefted his baseball bat in "Falling Down," there was something spitting and humorless in both performers that hauled you along in their wake, whereas you listen to Mamet's choicest, taboo-busting lines emerge from Macy's mouth ("Don't fuck with me, you coon") and you think, Nope, he's too meek for that. Around him, meanwhile, the movie spirals grimly down, winding up in a prison cell. "I think I'm going to like it here," Edmond says. Spoken like a man. ♦

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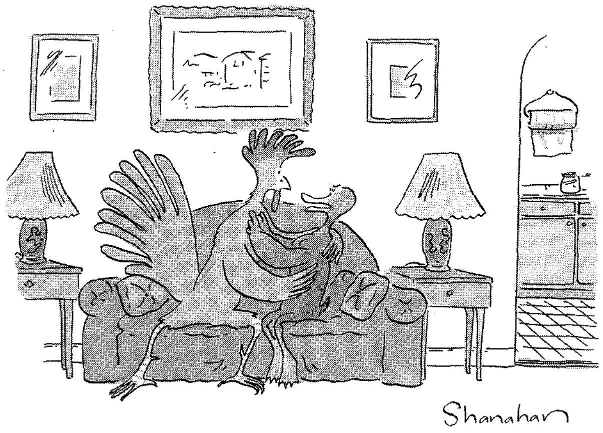
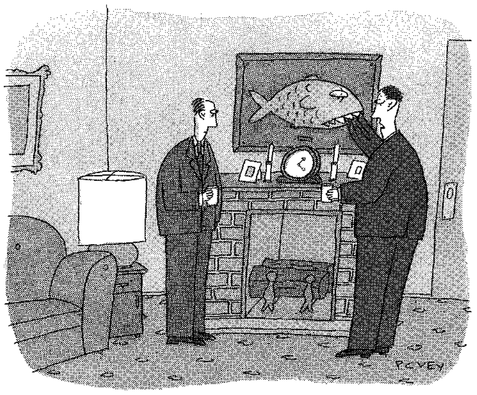
CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Drew Dernavich, must be received by Sunday, July 23rd. Finalists in the July 3rd contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the August 7th & 14th issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

THE WINNING CAPTION



"Wait. Would we still be doing this if the sky weren't falling?"
Cary Wong, New York City



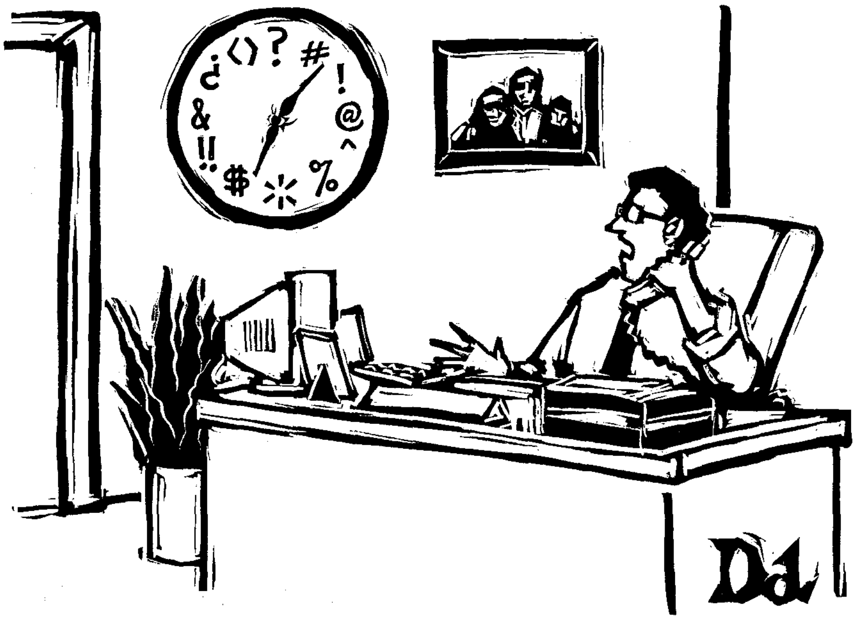
THE FINALISTS

"There may be some lingering resentment."
Tim McDaniel, Alta, Iowa

"Watch out for the moose head in the parlor."
Ben Goldberg, Berkeley, Calif.

"It's painful, but I couldn't stand another chorus of 'Take Me to the River.' "
Richard Beck, Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



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Biofuels Today BP has been selling ethanol blended fuels in the U.S. for over 25 years. Right now, we're one of the world's largest blenders of biofuels. In 2005, BP fuels contained more than 575 million gallons of biofuels. Today, they're available in more than 20 states across the country.

Biofuels Investment Tackling the challenges of supply and carbon emissions requires a new commitment. So BP is planning to invest $500 million over the next 10 years to fund bioscience research, as well as establishing a dedicated biofuels business to bring more clean energy supplies to market.

Biofuels Research BP plans to create the Energy Bioscience Institute, the world's first integrated research center dedicated to applying biotechnology to the energy industry. The goal is to develop the next generation of biofuels that will further reduce emissions and enhance fuel performance.

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